

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS*

The Son of  
ULYSSES

In Five Parts.

PART I

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for A. and J. Churchill,  
at the Black-Swan in Pater-  
Noster-Row. M DCC.

*Wm. Brockman*



case F345  
T1565

PREFACE

THE Original of this Book  
is attributed to the Bishop of  
Carmarthen. And certainly  
it is not unworthy a Bishop who has dis-  
tinguished himself by his Learning of Letters.  
I have seen Mr. Jones and others; De-  
voted to promote the Good of Mankind,  
which are the most necessary in the following  
Story. I have seen the Original of the Author  
for so great a Gift. The Bishop be-  
lieved to receive his Episcopate in the  
old will be obvious to all who shall  
consider that as he wrote for Posterity  
who believe. I have seen the Original  
that are not written in the Original. In  
the first volume of the Original. I have  
not seen the Original. I have seen the  
Original in the Original. I have seen the  
Original in the Original.

Original in the Original

## PREFACE.

**T**HE Original of this Piece is attributed by the Publick Voice to the Arch-Bishop of Cambray: And certainly 'tis not unworthy a Person who was entrusted with the Education of Princes. That Virtue, Wisdom, and Ardent Desire to procure the Good of Mankind, which are interwoven with the following Story, shew the fitness of the Author for so great a Trust. The Reason he had to involve his Instructions in Fable, will be obvious to all who shall consider that as he wrote for Princes, who seldom fail to reject all Precepts that are not guilded with Delight; so he lives under a Monarchy that will not suffer open and undisguised Truth. His Style is Poetical, and Copied from  
Homer;

## P R E F A C E .

Homer ; or rather from Monsieur de la Valterie's *Excellent Version* of the Divine Poet, which is esteem'd a Master-piece in the Kind. How far this Translation has imitated the Perfections of these Originals, is submitted to the Judgment of Others.

---

Lately Printed for Awnsham and  
John Churchill,

**T**HE Historical Library of Diodorus the Sicilian. In fifteen Books. The first Five, contain the Antiquities of Egypt, Asia, Africa, Greece, the Islands and Europe. The last Ten, an historical Account of the Affairs of the Persians, Grecians, Macedonians, vnd other Parts of the World. To which are added, the Fragments of Diodorus that are found in the Bibliotheca of Photius. Together with those Publish'd by M. Valart, L. Rhodomanus, and F. Ursinus. Made English by G. Smith, of the City of Chester, Esq; in Poem.

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TELEMACHUS

The Son of

ULLYSSES.

CALYPSO continued Dis-  
console for the departure  
of Ulysses: Her Grief was  
so violent, that she thought  
her self unhappy in being Immortal:  
Her Grotto was no more heard ec-  
choing to her rueful Voice: The  
Nymphs that serv'd her, durst not  
venture to speak to her: She often  
B walk'd

walk'd alone on the Beach, which was  
 cover'd with a charming Mixture of  
 Green, and Flowers quite round the  
 Island: But these beautiful Walks  
 were so far from allwaging her Grief,  
 that they serv'd only to awaken the  
 killing Thoughts of *Ulysses*, whose  
 Company she had so often enjoy'd in  
 those Places: Sometimes she stood still  
 and wept, watering the Banks of the  
 Sea with her Tears, and always turn-  
 ing her Eyes to that side where she  
 had last seen *Ulysses* his Ship plowing  
 through the Waves; when on a sud-  
 dain she perceived the broken pieces  
 of a Vessel that was just then forc'd up-  
 on the Rocks, the Oars and Sails of  
 the Rowers scatter'd here and there  
 upon the Sands, the Mast, Rudder  
 and Cables floating near the Shore:  
 Immediately after this, she disco-  
 vered two Men at a distance, one of  
 them appearing to be Aged, and the  
 other, tho' Young, resembling *Ulysses*  
 the same sweetness and dignity in his  
 Looks; the same noble Mien and no-  
 jectick Port. The Goddess presently

knew



knew him to be *Telemachus*, the Son  
 of that Hero. But tho' the Duties  
 of this Order for forswore all Men, in  
 Knowledge; yet she could not dis-  
 cover who was the venerable Person  
 that accompanied *Telemachus*. For the  
 superior Gods conceal from the infe-  
 rior whatever they please; and *U-  
 lixes*, who in the shape of *Mentor*, ac-  
 companied *Telemachus*, would not be  
 known to *Calypso*.  
 In the mean time *Calypso* overjoy'd  
 at this Shipwreck, that had brought  
 the Son of *Ulysses*, and to hide his  
 estate, into her Island, advanc'd to-  
 wards him; and without seeming to  
 know who he was, whence had you,  
 said she, the Confidence to enter my  
 Island? Know, young Stranger, that  
 there are Punishments for all those that  
 come within my Empire. Under such  
 threatening Language she endeavour'd  
 to cover the joy of her Heart, which  
 soon this appear'd in her Face.  
*Telemachus* answer'd, O whoever  
 you are, whether a Mortal or a God-  
 des, (tho' by your Looks you should  
 know

Is something Divine, can you be in-  
 sensible of a Son's Misfortune, who  
 seeking his Father, and committing  
 his Life to the mercy of the Winds  
 and Seas, has seen his Ship dash'd in  
 pieces against your Rocks? Who, I  
 pray, replied the Goddess, is that  
 Father you seek? He is called *Ulysses*  
 and *Telemachus*; and is one of those  
 Kings, who after a Siege of ten Years,  
 destroyed the famous City of *Troy*.  
 His name is celebrated in all Parts  
 of *Greece* and *Asia* for his Valour in  
 Fight, and much more for the Wis-  
 dom of his Counsels. But now he  
 wanders in unknown Seas, and has  
 past most astonishing Dangers. His  
 Country seems to fly from him: His  
 Wife *Penelope*, and I, who am his  
 Son, have lost all hopes of seeing  
 him again. I run the same Hazards he  
 has done, to learn where he is: but  
 what do I say! It may be he is now  
 buried in the profound Abyss of the  
 Sea. O Goddess! Pity our Misfor-  
 tunes; and if you know what the  
 Fates have done, either to save or de-  
 stroy

floury *Ulysses*, disdain not to instruct  
his Son *Telemachus*.

*Cypris* fill'd with Amazement and  
Compassion to find so much Wisdom  
and Eloquence in so much Youth,  
could not satiate her Eyes with look-  
ing on him, and stood for some time  
silent. At last she said to him, we  
will inform you, O *Telemachus*, what  
has happen'd to your Father, but the  
Relation is long, and tis more than  
time to repose after all the Fatigues  
you have endur'd. Come into my  
Habitation, and I will receive you as  
my Son: Come, you shall be my  
Consolation in this Solitude, and I  
will make you happy, if you know  
how to be so.

*Telemachus* followed the Goddess,  
who was surrounded by a Crowd of  
young Nymphs, and surpass'd them  
all in stature, as a well grown Oak of  
the Forest raises his lofty Head above  
the rest of the Trees. He admir'd the  
lustre of her Beauty, the rich Purple  
of her long and floating Robes, her  
Hair carelessly but gratefully tied be-

hand her Neck, the Fire that darted  
 from her Eyes, and the sweetness that  
 temper'd this Vivacity. *Mentor*, with  
 a modest Silence, and looking towards  
 the Ground, follow'd *Telemachus*. Ar-  
 riving at the entrance of *Calypsso's*  
*Grotto*, *Telemachus* was surpris'd to  
 see whatever might charm the Eye,  
 cover'd under the appearance of rural  
 Simplicity. There was neither Gold  
 nor Silver to be seen, no Marble nor  
 Pillars of Stone, no Painting nor Sta-  
 tues. The Grotto was cut into divers  
 Vaults within the Rock, which were  
 incrust'd with Shells and Rockwork.  
 The Tapistry was a young Vine, ex-  
 tending its tender Branches equally  
 on every side. The gentle *Zephyrs* pre-  
 serv'd a refreshing coolness in this  
 Place, secure from the scorching Heat  
 of the Sun. Springs of pure Water  
 pass'd sweetly whispering through the  
 Meadows that were painted with Vi-  
 olets and Amaranthus, and form'd di-  
 vers natural Baths as clear and as  
 bright as Chrystal. A thousand Flow-  
 ers enamell'd the green Turf that sur-  
 rounded



surrounded the Grotto. There was an  
 entire Wood of those Trees, that  
 bear Golden Apples, and put forth  
 Flowers in every Season, yielding the  
 sweetest of all Perfumes. This Wood  
 seem'd to Crown the beautiful Mea-  
 dows, and made an artificial Night,  
 which the Beams of the Sun could not  
 penetrate. Here nothing was ever  
 heard, but the singing of Birds, or the  
 noise of Waters impetuously precipi-  
 tating from the Rocks, and gliding  
 away through the Fields.

The Grotto of the Goddess was on  
 the descent of a Hill, from whence  
 she had a view of the Sea, one while  
 clear and smooth as Glass, at another  
 time vainly angry with the Rocks,  
 swelling into Waves, and breaking  
 to pieces against them: From ano-  
 ther side she might see a River, con-  
 taining many little Islands border'd  
 with flowering Lime-Trees, and lo-  
 ry Poplars, that reach'd their stately  
 Heads to the Clouds. The several  
 Channels that formed these Islands,  
 seem'd to play and sport between the  
 banks,



Banks, some rowling their Waters  
 With rapidity, others more gently  
 and quietly: and others after many  
 windings, returning as it were to the  
 Spring from whence they came, seem'd  
 unwilling to leave the charming Place.  
 One might see afar off many Hills and  
 Mountains hiding their Heads in the  
 Clouds, and forming such odd and  
 unusual Figures as were very agree-  
 able to the Eye. The Hills that stood  
 at less distance were covered with  
 Vines, the Grapes of which surpass'd  
 the richest Purple in Colour, and  
 could not conceal themselves under  
 the Leaves of the Trees that bow'd  
 under the weight of their Fruit. The  
 Fig-tree, the Olive and the Pomgra-  
 nat, with all Kinds of other Trees  
 cover'd the rest of the Country, and  
 made it one intire Garden.

*Calypso* having shew'd *Telemachus* all  
 these Beauties of Nature, said to him,  
 'tis time for you to repose, and to  
 change your wet Garments; after  
 which we will see one another again,  
 and I will tell you some things that  
 shall

shall affect your Heart. Having said  
this, he caused them both to enter  
into the most private and retired part  
of a Grotto, which stood near to that  
in which he dwelt. Her Nymphs  
had taken care to light a Fire of Cedar,  
which fill'd the Apartment with an  
agreeable scent, and had left all ne-  
cessary Apparel for the two Strangers.  
Telemachus finding that the Goddess  
had design'd him a Tunic of the  
finest Wooll, and white as Snow, with  
a Velt of Purple, richly embroider'd  
with Gold, was, like a young Man,  
infinitely pleas'd with this Magni-  
ficeuce; which Mentor perceiving, he  
said with a grave and severe Voice,  
Are these, O Telemachus, the  
Thoughts that ought to possess the  
Heart of the Son of Ulysses? Think,  
rather to maintain the Reputation  
your Father has acquired, and to  
overcome the Persecutions of For-  
tune. A young Man who loves to  
dress like a Woman, is unworthy  
of Wisdom and Glory. The Heart  
that knows not how to suffer Pain  
is not

B 5

and

and despite Pleasure, is unfit to pol-  
ish his whole glorious Advantages.

*Telemachus* with a deep Sigh an-  
swer'd; May the Gods destroy me ra-  
ther than suffer me to fall under the  
power of effeminate Pleasures. No  
the Son of *Ulysses* shall never be sub-  
dued by the Charms of a soft and un-  
worthy Life; But what Favour of  
Heaven has brought us to this God-  
des, or to this Mortal, who has re-  
ceived us with so much Goodness?

*Tremble*, replied *Mentor*, lest  
in the end she overwhelm you with  
Evil; be more afraid of her insinu-  
ating Charms, than of the Rocks  
that split your Ship; Death and  
Shipwreck are less dreadful than  
the Pleasures that attack Virtue; be  
upon your Guard, and beware of  
believing any thing she shall say to  
you: Youth is full of Presumption  
and Arrogance, tho' nothing in the  
World be so frail; it fears nothing,  
and vainly relies upon its own  
Strength; believing all Things  
with the utmost Levity, and with  
out

out any Precaution. Beware of  
 hearkning to the soft and flattering  
 Words of Calypso, which will slide  
 into your Heart with Pleasure;  
 fear the concealed Poison, distrust  
 your self, and determine nothing  
 without my Council.

After this they return'd to Calypso,  
 who waited for them; and presently  
 her Nymphs, dres'd in white, with  
 their Hair tied up, brought in a plain  
 but exquisite Repast, consisting of Birds  
 that they had taken with Nets, and  
 of Vention that they had kill'd with  
 their Bows. The Wine was sweeter  
 than Nectar, and flow'd from Jars  
 of Silver into Golden Bowls, that  
 were crown'd with Flowers. All  
 sorts of Fruit that the Spring promises,  
 and Autumn ripens in profusion, were  
 brought in Baskets, and four young  
 Nymphs began to sing. First, they  
 sung the War of the Gods against the  
 Giants, then the Loves of Jupiter and  
 Semele; the Birth of Bacchus, and his  
 Education under the care of old Sil-  
 enus; the Race of Atalanta and Pyllo-  
 menes,



death, which was overcome by means  
 of the Golden Apples that came from  
 that Garden, of the *Hesperides*, and  
 of all they sing the War of *Troy*, and  
 exalteth their Valour, and Wisdom of  
*Ulysses* to the Heavens. The chief of  
 the Nymphs, whose Name was *Lau-  
 dora*, accompanied their sweet Voices  
 with her flute. When *Telamachus*  
 heard the Name of his Father, the  
 Tears that flow'd down his Cheeks,  
 gave a new lustre to his Beauty. But  
*Calisto*, perceiving that he could not  
 stay, and that he was seiz'd with  
 Grief, made a sign to the Nymphs;  
 and presently they began to sing the  
 Fight between the *Centaurs* and the  
*Lapins*, and the descent of *Orpheus* in-  
 to Hell, to recover his dear *Eurydice*.  
 When they had eaten, the Goddess  
 took *Telamachus* aside, and said to  
 him, Now see, O Son of the Great  
*Ulysses*, with what favour I receive  
 you into my Habitation. Yet know  
 that I am Immortal, and that no Mor-  
 tal can enter into this Island without  
 being punished for his rash attempt.  
 wend  
 nay,



any more; your Shipwreck should not  
 separate you from all the Pleasures of this  
 Kingdom; if I did not love you, O your  
 Father had the same Happiness you  
 now enjoy; but, alas! he knew not  
 how to use it. I detain'd him a long  
 time in this Island, and, had he been  
 contented, he might have liv'd with  
 me in an immortal Condition. But  
 a fond Passion to return to his wretched  
 Country, made him reject all these  
 Advantages. You see what He has  
 lost for the sake of the Isle of Juba,  
 which he shall never see again. He  
 will therefore leave me; he went away,  
 and I was reveng'd by a Storm, which  
 his Vessel had serv'd for Sport to  
 the Winds, it was burst under the  
 Waves. Make a right use of this  
 Example; for after this Shipwreck,  
 you can neither hope to see him again,  
 nor ever to reign in the Island of  
 Juba. Forget this Loss, and remember  
 that you have found a Goddess, that  
 offers to make you happy, and to pro-  
 tect you in this Kingdom. These  
 Words Calisto added many more, till  
 she

shew him how happy *Ulysses* had  
 been with her. She related his Ad-  
 ventures in the Cave of the Cyclops  
*Polyphemus*, and the Disaster that be-  
 fel him in the Country of *Antiphates*,  
 King of the *Leleges*; not forgetting  
 what happened to him in the Island  
 of *Cyprus*. Daughter to the Sun; or  
 the Dangers he pass'd between *Scylla*  
 and *Charybdis*. She represented the  
 last Storm that *Neptune* had rais'd  
 against him when he left her, and  
 desired to persuade him, that he had  
 perished in that Shipwreck; but sur-  
 press'd his arrival in the Island of the  
*Phæacians*.

*Telemachus*, who at first had too  
 easily abandon'd himself to Joy when  
 he found he was so well received by  
*Celeste*, now began to perceive her  
 Artifices, and the Wisdom of those  
 Counsels that *Mentor* had given him.  
 He answer'd in few Words, O God-  
 des, pardon my Grief, which at pre-  
 sent I cannot overcome; it may be,  
 hereafter I may have more force to re-  
 sist the Fortune you offer me: Give  
 me

me leave at this time to weep for my Father, for you know better than I do how much he deserves to be regretted.

Cressida not daring to press him any farther on that Subject, resigned to sympathize with him in his Affliction, and to shew her self passionately concerned for the loss of Othello; but that she might the better find the way to his Heart, she ask'd him in what manner he had suffer'd Shipwreck, and by what Adventures he was brought to her Island. The Relation of my Misfortunes, said he, would be too long. No, no, replied she, I am in pain to know them, and therefore give me that Satisfaction. After much Circumlocution she prevailed with him, and he began thus.

I parted from *Idmon* with intention to inquire of those Kings that were return'd from the Siege of Troy, what they knew concerning my Father. The Lovers of my Mother *Penelope* were surpris'd at my departure, which I had taken care to conceal from them, because I was well acquainted

with

with their Perfidiousness. But that  
 that *Mentor*, who received me with  
 Affection at *Lewes*, not *Alcinous*,  
 whom I saw at *Pilos*, could inform  
 me whether my Father were still  
 alive. Weary with living always in  
 suspense and uncertainty, I resolv'd to  
 pass into *Sicily*, where I had heard my  
 Father had been driven by the Winds.  
 But the Sage *Mentor* who is here pre-  
 sent, opposed this rash Design, re-  
 presenting to me on the one hand the  
*Cyclops*, who are monstrous Giants  
 that devour Men; on the other, the  
 Fleet of *Eury* and the *Trojans*, who  
 were upon that Coast. The *Phoenician*  
 said he are highly incens'd against  
 all the *Greeks*; but they would take  
 a singular Pleasure to shed the Blood  
 of the Son of *Ulysses*. Return there-  
 fore to *Ithaca*, it may be your Father,  
 who is a favourite of Heaven, may  
 arrive there as soon as you: But if  
 the Gods have resolv'd his Destruction,  
 and he is never more to see his  
 Country, at least it becomes you to  
 revenge him against his Rivals, to  
 deliver



deliver your Mother, and receive Rich  
 spoils of your Wisdom to all the Peo-  
 ple of Greece; that they may know you  
 are worthy to reign, as ever *Ulysses*  
 lives. This Counsel was useful and  
 honourable; but I had not Prudence  
 enough to follow it, and hearkned  
 only to my own Passion; yet the  
 wise *Mentor* would not be such a Re-  
 gret, that he condescended to accom-  
 pany me in that Voyage, which I  
 rashly undertook against his Advice.  
 While he spoke, *Calypso* look'd ear-  
 nestly, and not without Astonishment  
 upon *Mentor*. She thought she per-  
 ceived something Divine in him, but  
 could not disentangle the confusion of  
 her Thoughts; which caused her to  
 continue apprehensive and diffident in  
 the presence of this unknown Person.  
 But fearing above all Things to dis-  
 cover the disorder of her Mind, she  
 desired *Telemachus* to proceed, which  
 he did in this manner:  
 We had the Wind favourable for  
 some time after our departure for *So-  
 cily*; but then, a violent Storm ar-  
 rising



thing, deny'd us of the view of Hea-  
 ven, and involv'd us in the obscurity  
 of Night: Yet by some flashes of  
 lightning, we perceiv'd other Ships  
 expos'd to the same Danger, which  
 when we understood to be the Fleet  
 of *Essex*, we thought them no less  
 formidable to us than the Rocks them-  
 selves. In this Moment, I despatch'd  
 a messenger, tho' too late, to warn the Fleet  
 of imprudent Youth had hinder'd me  
 from considering before. *Monten*, in  
 the midst of this Danger, appear'd not  
 only Resolute and Intrepid, but more  
 cheerful than he us'd to be. 'Twas  
 he that inspir'd me with Resolution,  
 and I felt the extraordinary force of  
 his Encouragements. He gave out  
 all necessary Orders, when the Pilot  
 knew not what to do. I said to him  
 my dear *Monten*, why did I refuse to  
 follow your Counsels? Am I not yet  
 happy, to act by my own Advice? at  
 such an Age, as has no foresight of  
 Futurity, no experience of things past,  
 nor moderation to govern the pre-  
 sent? O! If ever we escape this Storm,  
 I

I resolve to distrust my self, as I would  
 my most dangerous Enemy, and to  
 believe you alone for ever. To this  
 Answer, answer'd smiling, I shall not  
 blame you for the Fault you have  
 committed: It is enough that you are  
 sensible of it, and make it serve you  
 hereafter to moderate your Desires.  
 But perhaps when the Danger is past,  
 Presumption will return. We may  
 now be apprehensive, and endeavour  
 to prevent the worst; but if all we  
 can do, prove ineffectual, we have  
 nothing left but a generous Contempt.  
 Show your self worthy of such a Fa-  
 ther, and let your Courage be greater  
 than the Dangers that threaten. I  
 was charm'd with the sweetness and  
 magnanimity of the wise Mentor, but  
 I was much more surpris'd, when I  
 saw with what dexterity he brought  
 about our Deliverance. *They would*  
 The Trojans were so near, that they  
 could not fail to discover who were  
 there, as soon as the Light should ap-  
 pear; which Mentor knowing, and  
 in that Instant perceiving one of their  
 Ships

Ship, which was separated from the rest of the Fleet, to be something like ours, except certain Garlands & Flowers that she carried at her Stern; he hung up the same sorts of Flowers on the same part of our Ship, and fasten'd them himself with Ribbons of the same Colour with those of their Triumphant Order'd the Rowers to bow themselves as low as the Oars would permit; that they might not be discovered by the Enemy. In this manner we pass'd through the midst of their Fleet, whilst they shout'd for joy to see us, supposing we were their Companions, which they thought to be lost. We were forced along with them by the violence of the Weather for a considerable time; but at last we found means to keep a little behind, and whilst they were driven by the Winds towards the Shore of Africa we exerted our utmost Efforts to make the nearest Coast of Italy. We arriv'd, as we design'd; but that which we sought, proved almost as fatal to us, as the Fleet we avoid'd.

FINIS

we

with found more *Trojans*, and some  
 quently *Enemies* to all *Greeks*, for  
 did always reign in these Parts. As  
 soon as we got a-board, the *Inhabi-*  
 tants, thinking us to be either some  
 other People of the Island, come to  
 surprise them, or else *Strangers* that  
 designed to seize their Country, burnt  
 our Ship, I kill'd our *Companions*,  
 and reserv'd only *Menor* and me to  
 be presented to *Acestor*, that we might  
 inform him of our *Designs*, and  
 whence we came. We were brought  
 into the Town with our Hands tied  
 behind our Backs, and our Death was  
 design'd only to make us a *Spectacle*  
 to a cruel People, as soon as they  
 should know we were *Greeks*.  
 We were without delay presented  
 to *Acestor*, who sat with a golden  
 Scepter in his Hand, distributing Ju-  
 stice, and preparing himself for a  
 great Sacrifice. He ask'd us with a  
 severe Voice, of what Country we  
 were, and the occasion of our Voyage.  
*Menor* answer'd, We come from the  
 Coast of the great *Hyperborea*, and our  
 Country



Country is not far from thence: By  
this means he avoided to say, that  
we were Greeks. But *Alcides* would  
hear no more, and taking us for Per-  
sons that conceald some bad Design,  
he commanded us to be sent into a  
Neighbouring Fort, there to serve as  
Slaves to those who look'd after the  
Cattle. This Condition seem'd more  
terrible to me than Death. I cried  
out, O King, order us rather to suffer  
Death, than to be treated so unwor-  
thily! Know, that I am *Telemachus*  
the Son of the wise *Ulysses*, King of  
*Ithaca*. I seek my Father in all  
parts of the World; and if I can mi-  
nist find him, nor return to my Coun-  
try, nor avoid Servitude, take that  
Life from me, which I cannot bear.  
Scarcely had I pronounced these Words,  
when all the People in a Rage cried  
out, That the Son of the cruel *Rhessus*  
must die, whose *Achilles* had destroy'd the  
City of *Troy*. O King, no more  
O Son of *Ulysses*, I said *Achilles*, I  
cannot refuse your Blood to the Ghosts  
of so many *Trojans*, that your Father  
pre-

precipitated into the Waters of the  
 black Gyron. You and your Con-  
 ductor shall die. At the same time  
 an Old Man of the Company proposed  
 to the King, that we should be Sacri-  
 ficed upon the Tomb of *Anchisi*.  
 Their Blood, said he, will be grateful  
 to the Soul of that Hero. *Aceste* him-  
 self when he hears of this Sacrifice,  
 will be overjoy'd to see how much  
 you love what was dearest to him than  
 all other Things in the World. Every  
 One applauded this Proposition, and  
 nothing remain'd but to put it in Exe-  
 cution. We were led to the Tomb  
 of *Anchisi*, where two Altars were  
 erected, and the Sacred Fire kindled.  
 The Knife was brought, we were  
 Crown'd with Garlands, and no Com-  
 position would be accepted to save our  
 Lives. Our Fate was determin'd,  
 when *Aceste* calmly desir'd to speak  
 to the King, and having receiv'd Per-  
 mission, said, O *Aceste*, if the Mis-  
 fortunes of Young *Telmachus*, who  
 never carried Arms against the Tre-  
 phes, I may not plead for him, at least  
 let

I have now I think inform'd you of the  
 Affairs of this Kingdom, and I am now  
 at the Will of the God of Israel.  
 That before the end of three Days  
 you shall be attack'd by a barbarous  
 People, who will come down like  
 Torrents from the Mountains, to de-  
 stroy your City, and ravage your  
 whole Country. Hark to prevent  
 this, Arm your People, and from  
 this moment begin to secure within  
 your Walls all the Riches you have  
 in the Fields. If my Prediction be  
 false, you may Sacrifice us when the  
 three Days are expir'd, but if on the  
 contrary it prove true, remember,  
 That he God ought to take away the  
 Lives of those, by whom his own  
 will is preferred. ~~And so~~ <sup>And so</sup> was a Gentleman  
 at these Words, which I have spoke  
 with more assurance than he had ever  
 found in any Man. He said, He  
 O'erruler, That the Gods who have  
 granted you so great a share in their  
 Favour and Fortune, have in Reason-  
 able power given you such Wisdom, as is  
 more valuable than the highest Pro-  
 perity.

penury. At the same time he put  
 off the Sacrifice, and issued out all  
 necessary Orders with the utmost Di-  
 ligence, to prevent the Attack that  
*Mentor* had foretold. On all sides  
 were to be seen Old Men and Wo-  
 men trembling for fear, and ac-  
 companied with great numbers of  
 Young Children, bath'd in Tears,  
 and retreating into the City. The  
 lowing Oxen and bleating Sheep,  
 left the rich Pastures, and came along  
 in confusion; but their number  
 was too great, to find places to  
 contain them all. The Noise and  
 Tumult of People pressing to get  
 in, was such, that no One could  
 understand another. In this Dis-  
 order, some took an unknown Per-  
 son for their Friend, and others ran,  
 tho' they knew not whither. But  
 the Principal Men of the City, think-  
 ing themselves wiser than the rest,  
 suspected *Mentor* to be an Impostor,  
 who had predicted a Falshood to  
 save his Life. Yet before the third  
 Day was expired, whilst they  
 C were



lower full of these Imaginations, a  
 Cloud of Dust was seen rising upon  
 the descent of the Neighbouring  
 Hills, an indumerable Multitude  
 of Barbarians appear'd in Arms, and  
 all those who had despised the  
 Prediction of *Mentor*, lost all their  
 Slaves and their Cattle. Upon this,  
 the King said to *Mentor*, I forget  
 what you are *Greeks*, our Enemies  
 have become our faithful Friends ;  
 the Gods have sent you to save us ;  
 I expect no less from your Valour,  
 than from the Wisdom of your  
 Words : Hasten therefore to assist  
 us. *Mentor* shew'd in his Eyes a bold-  
 ness, that was sufficient to astonish  
 the fiercest Warrior. He takes up  
 a Shield, a Helmet, a Sword  
 and a Lance : He draws up the  
 Soldiers of *Acestes*, puts himself at  
 their Head, and advances in good  
 Order towards the Enemy. *Acestes*,  
 tho' full of Courage, could not fol-  
 low him, but at a distance, by rea-  
 son of his Age, I follow'd him  
 more

more close. But nothing than equal  
 his Valour. In the Fight, his  
 Helmet resembled the immortal  
 one of Minerva. Death flew from  
 Rank to Rank, where ever his  
 Blows fell. As a Lyon of Nemi-  
 da, provok'd by cruel Hunger,  
 falling upon a Flock of unresist-  
 ing Sheep, kills his tears and  
 swims in Blood. Whilst the Shep-  
 herds far from assisting their Flock,  
 fly trembling away from his Ru-  
 ry. These Barbarians, who hoped to  
 surprise the City, were themselves  
 surpris'd and defeated. The Sub-  
 jects of Aestus were animated by the  
 Example and Words of Mentor, and  
 quicken'd a Vigour which they thought  
 not to be in them. With my Lance  
 I kill'd the Son of the Barbarian  
 King. He was of my Age, but  
 much higher than I am; for this  
 People is descended from Giants, and  
 of the same Race with the Cyclops.  
 He despis'd so weak an Enemy, but  
 not at all daunted with his prodi-  
 gious

I gave Strength, or his force and val-  
 ge Rocks, push'd my Lance against  
 his Breast, and made his Soulgush  
 our at the Wound in a Torrent of  
 black and reeking Blood. As he fell  
 he was like to crush me in pieces by  
 his Fall. The sound of his Arms  
 echo'd in the Hills. I took the  
 Spoil, and return'd to *Acetes* with  
 the Arms I had gain'd from this  
 formidable Enemy. *Mentor* having  
 intirely broken the Barbarians, pur-  
 sued them to the Woods, and cut  
 them in pieces. This unexpected  
 success made *Mentor* to be regarded,  
 as one cherish'd and inspir'd by the  
 Gods. And *Acetes*, from a sense of  
 Gratitude, shew'd his Concernment  
 for us, if the Fleet of *Eneas* should  
 return to Italy. He gave us a Ship  
 to carry us to our own Country;  
 made us many and rich Presents, and  
 press'd us to hasten our Departure,  
 that we might prevent any Mischief.  
 But he would not give us either a  
 Pilot, or Mariners of his own Na-  
 tion, for fear they might be expos'd  
 to

to too much Hazard upon the Coast  
of Greece. He committed us to the  
care of certain *Phenician* Merchants,  
who Trading with all the People of  
the World, had no occasion to fear,  
and order'd them to bring back the  
Ship, when they had left us safe in  
*Africa*. But the Gods, who sport  
with the Designs of Men, had re-  
served us for farther Calamities. The  
*Tyrians* by their Insolence had  
highly provoked the King of *Egypt*,  
whose name was *Sesostris*, and who  
had conquered many Kingdoms.  
The Riches they had acquired by  
Trade, and the impregnable Strength  
of *Tyre*, which stands situated in  
the Sea, had render'd this People so  
Proud, that they not only refused  
to pay the Tribute which *Sesostris*  
imposed upon them in his return  
from the Conquests he had made,  
but assisted his Brother with Forces,  
who had conspir'd to murder him,  
on the Festival that was appointed  
to be celebrated on account of his  
great Victories. For these Reasons



resolved to humble them  
 by ruining their Commerce at Sea,  
 and commanded all his Ships to seek  
 out and assault the *Phenicians*. One  
 of his Fleets met with us, as soon as  
 we lost sight of the *Sicilian* Moun-  
 tains, when the Harbour and Land  
 seem'd to fly from behind us, and  
 lose themselves in the Clouds. At  
 the same time we saw the *Egyptian*  
 Ships advancing towards us like a  
 floating City. The *Phenicians* per-  
 ceived, and endeavoured to avoid  
 them, but 'twas too late. Their  
 Ships were better Sailors, their Ma-  
 riners more numerous, the Wind  
 favour'd them, they Boarded us,  
 Took us, and carried us Prisoners to  
*Egypt*. I told them, but in vain,  
 that I was no *Phenician*, they hard-  
 ly vouchsafed to hear me, they  
 look'd upon us as Slaves, in which  
 Merchandise they knew the *Phenici-  
 ans* traded, and thought only of  
 making the best of their Prize. We  
 arrived in the Island of *Pharos*, and  
 from thence were carried up the  
 Nile

*Nile to Memphis.* If the Grief we felt by reason of our Captivity, had not render'd us insensible to all Pleasure, our Eyes would have been charm'd with the fruitful Country of *Egypt*, like a delicious Garden every where Water'd with the purest Streams. We could not turn our Eyes on either side of the River, without discovering many opulent Islands; great numbers of well situated Villa's; Lands richly cover'd with a golden Harvest; Meadows full stock'd with Cattle; Labourers bowing under the weight of the Fruits they had gather'd, and Shepherds that made the Echo's on every side repeat the sweet sound of their Pipes and Flutes.

“Happy, said *Mentor*, is the People, who are govern'd by a wise King: They live in Plenty and Contentment, and love him to whom they owe their Felicity. Thus, said he, O *Telemachus* you brought to Reign, and be the Joy of your People. If ever the Gods

N. 37. "give you the Possession of your  
 "Father's Kingdom, love your peo-  
 "ple as your Children, feel the Plea-  
 "sure of being beloved by them, and  
 "carry your self so, that all the  
 "Tranquility and Pleasure they en-  
 "joy, may lead them to remember,  
 "that they are the rich Presents of  
 "a good King: Kings who make it  
 "their only business to render them-  
 "selves formidable to their own Sub-  
 "jects, and to impoverish them in  
 "order to make them more submis-  
 "sive, are the Plagues of Mankind.  
 "They are perhaps feared, as they  
 "desire; but they are hated, de-  
 "tested, and have more reason to  
 "be afraid of their Subjects, than  
 "their Subjects have to fear them.

I answer'd, alas, *Mentor*, 'Tis not  
 now the Question, by what Maxims  
 a King ought to Reign. We shall  
 never see *Ithaca*, again. We shall  
 never see our Country, or *Penelope*  
 more; and tho' *Ulysses* should return  
 full of Glory to his Kingdom, he  
 would

would never have the satisfaction of  
seeing me there; nor that of obey-  
ing him, and learning the Rules of  
Government from him. No, Let  
us dye, dear *Mentor*; for we must  
have no other Thoughts. Let us  
dye, since the Gods have no Com-  
passion for us. As I spoke, my  
Words were interrupted with sighs.  
But *Mentor*, tho' he could be appre-  
hensive of approaching Evils, knew  
not what it was to fear them when  
they had happen'd. Unworthy  
Son of the wife *Ulysses*, cried he,  
Dost thou suffer thy self to be over-  
come by thy Misfortunes? Know  
that you shall one Day see both  
*Ithaca* and *Penelope*. You shall see  
what your Eyes have never seen.  
The invincible *Ulysses* in his former  
Glory; He, whom Fortune cannot  
Conquer, and who in greater Mis-  
fortune admonishes us never to De-  
spair. O! if he should hear in the  
Regions, where he is driven by the  
Winds and Sea, that his Son knows  
not how to imitate him, either in



Patience or Courage, such News would overwhelm him with Shame, and prove more heavy than all the Misfortunes he has yet suffered.

After this *Mentor* caused me to observe the Fertility and Happiness that was seen over all the Country of Egypt, which contained Two and twenty thousand Cities. He admir'd the regular Government of these Places; the distribution of Justice, which was every where exercised with great regard to the Poor;  
 2. the good Education of Children, who were inur'd early to Obedience, Labour, Sobriety, Arts or Learning;  
 3. the due observation of all the Ceremonies of Religion, a generous and disinterested Spirit, a great desire of Reputation, an universal Sincerity in their Dealings with Men,  
 7. and a just Reverence of the Gods; which every Father took care to infuse into his Children. He thought he could never enough admire this beautiful Order. He would often cry out in a Rapture of Joy, O! how happy

happy is that People, which is thus govern'd by a wise King! But yet more happy is that King, who when he has provided for the Happiness of so great a People, can find himself happy in his own Vertue. Such a one is more than fear'd; he is belov'd. Men not only obey him; but they obey him with Pleasure. He reigns universally in their Hearts; and every Man is so far from desiring his Death, that he fears it above all Misfortunes, and would readily sacrifice his Life for him.

I heark'ned with Attention to what *Mentor* said; and as he spoke, I found my Courage to revive in the bottom of my Heart. As soon as we were arriv'd at the rich and magnificent City of *Memphis*, the Governor commanded us to be sent to *Thebes*, in order to be presented to King *Sesostris*, who being highly incens'd against the *Tyrians*, had resolv'd to examine us himself. So we proceeded in our Voyage up the Ri-  
ver

ver Nile, till we came to the famous  
*Thebes*, which has a Hundred Gates,  
 and serves for a Habitation to that  
 great King. This City appear'd to  
 us of a vast Extent, and more Po-  
 pulous than the most flourishing  
 Cities of *Greece*. The Orders are  
 Excellent, in all that regards the  
 neatness and conveniency of the  
 Streets, the course of the publick  
 Waters, the Baths, the advance-  
 ment of Arts and Sciences, and the  
 common Safety. The Piazza's are  
 adorn'd with Fountains and Obe-  
 lisks. The Temples are Marble;  
 of plain, but majestick Architecture.  
 The Palace of the Prince is like a  
 great City; 'tis full of Marble Pil-  
 lars, Pyramids, Obelisks and vast  
 Statues, with Moveables of solid  
 Gold and Silver. They who took  
 us, inform'd the King, that they  
 found us on board a *Phenician* Ship.  
 For he had certain Hours of every  
 Day, in which he regularly heard  
 all his Subjects, that had any thing  
 to say to him, either by way of  
 Com-

Complaint or Advice. He neither  
 despised nor rejected any Man, and  
 knew he was King for no other  
 end, than to do Good to his Sub-  
 jects, whom he lov'd as his Chil-  
 dren. Strangers also he received  
 with Kindness, and was always de-  
 sirous to see them, because he  
 thought it a useful and advantage-  
 ous Thing to be inform'd of the  
 Customs and Maxims of remote Na-  
 tions; and this Curiosity of the King  
 was the principal Cause that we  
 were brought before him. When  
 he saw me, he was upon a Throne  
 of Ivory, with a golden Scepter in  
 his Hand. He was aged, but come-  
 ly, full of Sweetness and Majesty.  
 He daily distributed Justice to the  
 People, with such Patience and Wil-  
 dom, as made him admired without  
 Flattery. After he had spent the  
 whole Day in doing Justice, and  
 taking care of the publick Affairs,  
 he usually pass'd the Evening in  
 hearing the Discourses of learned  
 Men, or conversing with the best  
 of



of his People, whom he knew how  
 to chuse, and admit into his Famili-  
 arity. During his whole Life he  
 could not be blam'd for any thing  
 except for triumphing with too much  
 Pomp over the Kings he had con-  
 quer'd, and trusting a Man whose  
 Picture I shall draw by and by.  
 He was mov'd with my Youth and  
 my Affliction, and ask'd me my  
 Country and my Name, whilst we  
 wonder'd at the Wisdom that spoke  
 by his Mouth. I answer'd, You  
 have undoubtedly heard, O Great  
 King, of the Siege of *Troy*, which  
 lasted ten Years, and the destruction  
 of that City, which cost so much  
*Grecian* Blood. *Ulysses*, my Father,  
 was one of the principal Kings who  
 ruin'd that Place. He now wanders  
 through all the Seas, without being  
 able to return to the Island of *Ithaca*,  
 which is his Kingdom. I seek my  
 Father, and by a Misfortune equal  
 to his own, have been surpris'd and  
 taken Prisoner. Restore me to my  
 Father and Country, and may the  
 Gods

Gods preserve You to your Children, and make them sensible of the Pleasure of living under so good a Father.

*Sesostres* continued to look upon me with an Eye of Compassion; but being desirous to know if what I said was true, he refer'd us to be examin'd by one of his Officers, commanding him to inquire of those that took our Ship, whether we were *Greeks* or *Phenicians*. If they are *Phenicians*, said the King, they must be doubly punished, first, because they are our Enemies, and then, because they have endeavour'd to deceive us by a base Falshood. But if on the contrary they are *Greeks*, I will have them to be treated favourably, and sent back into their own Country in one of my Ships; for I love the *Greeks*, who have received many Laws from the *Egyptians*. I am not ignorant of the Vertues of *Hercules*, the Glory of *Achilles* has reach'd our Ears, and I admire what I have heard of the  
Wif-

Wisdom of the unhappy *Officer*.  
I have no greater Pleasure than to assist  
unfortunate *Virtue*.

The Officer to whom the King  
had refer'd the Examination of our  
Business, had a Heart as Corrupt-  
ed and Malicious, as *Sesostris* was  
Sincere and Generous. The Name  
of this Man was *Metophis*. He en-  
deavour'd to ensnare us by artificial  
Questions: and when he saw that  
*Mentor* answer'd with more Wis-  
dom than I, he look'd upon him  
with Aversion and Diffidence: for  
ill Men are always Enemies to the  
Good. He caus'd us to be separa-  
ted, and from that time I knew not  
what became of *Mentor*. This Se-  
paration was to me, as if I had been  
struck with Thunder. *Metophis* was  
not without hopes, that by a sepa-  
rate Examination, we might be  
drawn to say contrary Things. At  
least he thought to dazzle my Eyes  
with his flattering Promises, and  
make me acknowledge what *Men-  
tor* had conceal'd from him. In a  
Word,

Word, he sought not to find out the Truth, but by any means to get a pretence to tell the King we were *Phenicians*, that he might keep us for his Slaves.

In effect, notwithstanding our Innocence, and all the Wisdom of the King, he found out a way to deceive him. "Alas! How are Kings expos'd? The wisest are often abus'd by Men of Artifice and Interest, that are about them. Good Men retire from Courts, because they are neither Presumptuous nor Flatterers. They wait till they are sent for; and Princes seldom know how to send for them. On the other Hand, ill Men are Bold, Deceitful, Impudent and Insinuating; dextrous at Dissembling, and ready to do any thing against Honour and Conscience, to gratify the Passions of the Person that Reigns. O! how unhappy is that King, who is open to the Artifices of bad Men? He has lost if he does not



"not suppress Flattery, and love  
those who speak the Truth with  
Confidence. These were the Re-  
flections I made in my Misfortunes,  
when I call'd to mind the things  
that I heard from *Mentor*.

In the mean time *Metaphis* sent  
me towards the Mountains of the  
Desert with his Slaves, that I might  
serve with them to look after his nu-  
merous Flocks. Here *Calyssa* inter-  
rupted *Telemachus*, and said, Well  
and what did you then? You, that  
in *Sicily* had prefer'd Death before  
Servitude. *Telemachus* answer'd, My  
Misfortunes increased Daily; I had  
no longer the wretched liberty of  
choosing between Slavery and Death;  
I was compell'd to be a Slave, and  
to exhaust all the rigours of Fortune.  
I had lost all hope, and could not  
say one word in order to my Delive-  
rance. *Mentor* has since told me,  
that he was sold to certain *Ethiopi-  
ans*, and that he follow'd them to  
*Ethiopia*.

And for me, I am i'd in a horrid  
Desert, where nothing but burning  
Sands was to be seen upon the Plains,  
and Snow that never melted made  
an eternal Winter on the tops of  
the Hills. Only some scatter'd Pa-  
sture for the Cattle was here and  
there found among the Rocks. In  
the midst of these Precipices, the  
Vallies are so profound, that the  
Sun can scarce let fall a Beam up-  
on them. I found no other Men  
in these Places than Shepherds, as  
savage as the Country it self. There  
I pass'd the Nights in bewailing  
my Misfortune, and the Days in  
following my Flock, to avoid the  
brutal Rage of *Bassus*, who was  
chief among the Slaves, and who  
hoping to obtain his Liberty, never  
ceas'd from Calumniating the rest,  
that he might perswade *Metophis* of  
his Zeal and Industry in his Service.  
On this occasion, Impatience was  
pardonable. In the anguish of my  
Heart I one Day forgot my Flock,  
and lay down upon the Grass by a  
Cave,

Cave, where I expected Death to  
 relieve me from the Evils I was not  
 able to bear. In that Instant I per-  
 ceived the Mountain to tremble, the  
 Oaks and Pines seeming to descend  
 from the summit of the Hill: The  
 Winds suppress'd their Breathing,  
 and a hollow Voice issuing out of  
 the Cave pronounc'd these Words:  
 " O Son of the wife *Ulysses*, thou  
 art to be like him, great by Pa-  
 tience. Princes who have always  
 been happy, are seldom worthy  
 to be so: They are corrupted by  
 unmanly Pleasures, and drunk  
 with the Rude of Prosperity.  
 " Happy shalt thou be, if thou canst  
 surmount these Misfortunes, and  
 always remember thy present Con-  
 dition: Thou shalt certainly see  
 " *Ithaca* again, and thy Glory shall  
 ascend to the Heavens: When  
 " thou shalt command Men, re-  
 member that thou hast been like  
 " them in Poverty, Weakness and  
 " Calamity. Take a Pleasure in  
 " being good to them; love thy  
 " People,

People, desert Flatterers, and know that there is no other way to be truly great, than by Moderation and Fortitude to overcome thy Passions.

These divine Words penetrated to the bottom of my Heart, renew'd my Joy, and reviv'd my Courage. I felt none of that horror which makes Mens Hair stand upright, and chills the Blood in their Veins, when the Gods communicate themselves to Mortals. Prose from the Ground with Cheerfulness; I fell upon my Knees, and lifting up my Hands to Heaven, I ador'd *Minerva*, who, I doubted not, had sent me this Oracle. In that Moment, I found my self a new Man; Wisdom enlighten'd my Mind, I found a gentle Force restraining all my Passions, and checking the impetuosity of my Youth. I acquir'd the Love of all the Shepherds in the Desert. My Patience, Sweetness and Diligence mov'd even the cruel *Buffus* to relent, who commanded the rest of the slaves, and had



had made it his Business at first to  
 content me. but I endeavour'd to pro-  
 cure some Books to enable me to  
 support the tediousness of my Cap-  
 tivity and Solitude; for I was ex-  
 ceedingly uneasy for want of some  
 Instructions to nourish and sustain  
 the Faculties of my Soul. **Happy**  
 said I, are they, who ex-  
 tinguishing all violent Pleasures, know  
 how to content themselves with an  
 innocent Life. **Happy** are they,  
 who are diverted with what they  
 learn, and please themselves in en-  
 riching their Minds with Know-  
 ledge, whereforever they are dri-  
 ven by the unjust Persecutions of  
 Fortune! They carry their own  
 Entertainment with them; and  
 the uneasiness that lies upon all  
 other Men, even in the midst of  
 the greatest Pleasures, is unknown  
 to those, who know how to  
 employ themselves in Reading.  
 These Men are truly happy, whilst  
 I am depriv'd of this Felicity. Re-  
 volving these Thoughts in my Mind,  
 I pe-

I penetrated into the thickest of the Forest, and on a sudden perceived an aged Man holding a Book in his Hand. His Forehead was large and high, unfurnish'd with Hair, and somewhat wrinkled: His white Beard descended to his Girdle: He was tall, and of a majestick Port: His Complexion was fresh and well Colour'd. His Eyes lively and piercing. His Voice sweet, and his Discourse plain, but agreeable. I never saw so venerable an old Man. His name was *Termosiris*. He was a Priest of *Apollo*, and the Temple where he serv'd was of Marble, dedicated to that God, and founded by the Kings of *Egypt* in this Forest. He accosted me in a friendly manner. We talk'd together: He related Things past with such clearness, that they seemed present; but his Relations were always attended with brevity, and never tedious. He could predict Things future, by his profound Wisdom, which gave him

eq I a

a thorough Knowledge of Men, and the Designs they are Capable of forming. With all this Prudence, he was Cheerful and Complaisant, and the gayest Youth does nothing with so much Grace as this aged Man. He lov'd those that were Young, if he found them Teachable, and if they had any taste of Virtue. He soon conceiv'd a tender Affection for me, and gave me Books for my Consolation: He call'd me his Son, and I often said to him, Father, The Gods that took Mentor from me, have pitied my Solitude, and sent me in You another support. This Man, like *Orpheus* or *Linus*, was doubtless inspir'd by the Gods.

He would sometimes read to me the Verses he had made, and give me the most excellent Compositions of those Poets, who had been the principal Favourites of the Muses.

When he put on his long Robes of the purest White, and took his golden Harp in his Hand, the Tygers,

gave the Bears and the Lions  
to his sons to hunt, and let his  
Roxas be lefts abandon'd  
To come and Dance about  
them. The Trees themselves seem'd  
to move; and you would have  
thought that the Rocks had been  
touch'd with the Charms of his sweet  
Sons, and were going to descend  
from the tops of the Mountains.  
He sung the Grandeur of the Gods,  
the Vertue of Heroes, and the Wis-  
dom of those who prefer Glory be-  
fore Pleasure.

He often told me that I ought  
to take Courage, and that the Gods  
would not abandon either *Ulysses* or  
his Son. He exhorted me to imi-  
tate *Apollo*, and perswade the Shep-  
herds to apply themselves to the  
Muses. *Apollo*, said he, consider-  
ing with Indignation, that the  
brightest Days were frequently dis-  
turb'd by *Jupiter's* Thunder, re-  
solv'd to be reveng'd upon the  
God, who made the Boles, took up  
his Bow, and pierc'd them with

D

his



his Arrows. Upon this, Mount *O-*  
*Vul-* ceas'd to vomit Cylinders of Fire;  
 and Men no longer heard the ter-  
 rible Hammers striking upon the  
 Anvil, and ecchoing in Groans from  
 the Abylles of Earth and Sea. The  
 Iron and the Brass abandon'd by the  
*Cyclops* began to rust. *Jupiter* in  
 Fury quits his dreadful Forge, and  
 notwithstanding his Lameness,  
 mounts *Olympus* with Expedition;  
 comes cover'd with black Dust and  
 Sweat into the Assembly of the  
 Gods, and makes a most bitter  
 Complaint. *Jupiter*, incens'd against  
*Apollo*, drove him from Heaven, and  
 precipitated him down to the Earth.  
 His empty Chariot perform'd the  
 usual course of it self, and gave Men  
 Night and Day, with a regular  
 change of Seasons. *Apollo* depriv'd  
 of his glorious Beams, was forced  
 to turn Shepherd, and keep the  
 Sheep of King *Admetus*. He plaid  
 upon the Flute, and all the other  
 Shepherds came down to the shady  
 Elms and silver Streams to hear his  
 Songs.

Songs. To that time they had liv'd  
a savage and brutal Life: They  
knew only how to guide their Flocks,  
to shear them, to draw their Milk,  
and to make Cheeses: The whole  
Country was one frightful Desert.

*Apollo* in a short time made all  
the Shepherds acquainted with the  
Pleasures of a rural Life. He sung  
the Flowers that compose the Gar-  
land of the Spring; the beautiful  
Greens, and the sweet Perfumes of  
that agreeable Season. He sung the  
delicious Nights of Summer, when  
the Zephyrs refresh Mankind, and  
the Dews allay the Thirst of the  
Earth. He forgot not in his Songs  
the golden Harvest and autumnal  
Fruits, which recompence the Toil  
of the Husbandman; nor the Re-  
creations of Winter, when the wan-  
ton Youth dance before the glowing  
Fire. He represented the Groves  
and shady Forests that cover the  
Hills; the hollow Vallies, and the  
Rivers that wind themselves about  
the lovely Meadows. He taught  
the

diver from the of h' 160000  
the Shepherds who in the Charms  
of a Country Life, when Men know  
how to relish the Pleasures of pure  
and uncorrupted Nature. The Shep-  
herds with their Flutes soon saw  
themselves more happy than Kings,  
and their Cottages were filled with  
revelry of innocent Pleasures, so  
there to be found in golden Pa-  
dise. Harmless Sports, unaffected  
Graces, and innocent Joys, accom-  
panied the Shepherdesses, where-  
ever they went. Every day was a Festival. No-  
thing was heard but the Singing of  
Birds, the soft whispering of the  
Zephyrs, as they were playing about  
the Branches of the Trees, or the  
murmur of Waters falling from the  
Rocks, or Songs that were inspir'd  
by the Muses, and sung by the  
Shepherds that follow'd Apollo. This  
God taught them also to be victo-  
rious in Races, and to pierce the  
Winds and Stags with their Arrows.  
The Gods themselves became jealous  
of the Shepherds. This sort of Life

appear'd to them more ravishing  
 than all their Glory. 26 They said  
*W*ould back again to Heaven. O is to  
 My Son, This Story may serve  
 for your Instruction, since you are  
 in the same Condition *A*pollo was.  
 Manure this uncultivated Ground;  
 make a Desert fruitful, as he did;  
 like him, teach the Shepherds what  
 are the Charms of Harmony; polish  
 the roughness of their Minds; show  
 them the Beauty of Virtue; and  
 make them feel how sweet it is to  
 enjoy in this Solitude those innocent  
 Pleasures that nothing can take a-  
 way from Shepherds. As Time will  
 come, my Son, a Time will come,  
 when the Toils and Cares that en-  
 compass Kings, will make you re-  
 gret a pastoral Life. *W*ho triumph  
 but *Demetrius* having said this, pre-  
 sented me with a Flute so sweet,  
 that the Echo's of the Hills, which  
 carried the sound on every side,  
 address'd all the neighbouring Shep-  
 herds presently about him. My  
 notice was then my habitation. I  
 sit I to sit still. The shepherds  
 as



( 34 )  
felt my self mov'd, as by a superior  
Power, to sing the Beauties that  
Nature has bestow'd upon the Coun-  
try. We pass'd the Days, and  
part of the Nights in Singing to-  
gether. All the Shepherds forgot  
their Cottages and their Flocks, to  
stay with me whilst I gave them  
Lessons. The savage Rudeness of  
our Deserts disappear'd, all Things  
seem'd to look Gay and Pleasant,  
and the politeness of the Inhabitants  
communicated it self to the Coun-  
try. We frequently met to Sacrifi-  
ce in the Temple of *Apollo*, where  
*Termodiris* officiated as Priest. The  
Shepherds went thither Crown'd  
with Lawrel, in Honour of the  
God. We made a Country Feast,  
and the most delicious of our Fare,  
was the Milk of our Goats and  
Sheep, with various Fruits, which  
gathered with our own Hands, such  
as Dates, Figs and Grapes: Our  
Seats were the green Turf, and our  
spreading Trees afforded us a Shade,  
more Pleasant than the gilded  
Roofs

Roofs in the Palaces of Kings. But  
 that which above all other Things  
 made me famous among our Shep-  
 herds, was, That one Day a hungry  
 Lion fell upon my Flock: already  
 he had begun a dreadful Slaughter;  
 I had nothing in my Hand but my  
 Crook, yet I advanc'd boldly. The  
 Lion erects his Mane, gnashes his  
 Teeth, unheats his dreadful Claws,  
 and opens his parch'd and inflam'd  
 Throat. His Eyes were full of  
 Blood and Fire; and he lash'd his  
 Flanks with his Tail. I took him  
 by the Throat, and threw him up-  
 on the Ground. The little Coat of  
 Mail that I wore, according to the  
 Custom of the Egyptian Shepherds,  
 hinder'd him from tearing my Body.  
 Thrice I threw him upon his Back,  
 and Thrice he rais'd himself again,  
 rearing so loud, that he was heard  
 through all the Forests. At last I  
 threw him to the Ground, and  
 Strangled him with my Hands.  
 The Shepherds who were Wit-  
 nesses of my Victory, oblig'd me to  
 wear

wear the Skin of this terrible Ani-  
 mal. Every one conceals his Ambition.  
 The Fame of this Action, and the  
 wonderful eleration that had hap-  
 pen'd among our Shepherds, spread  
 through Egypt, and came to the  
 Ear of Sesostris. He was inform'd  
 that one of the two Captives, who  
 had been taken for Phenicians, had  
 restor'd the Golden Age to his in-  
 hospitable Deserts. He resolv'd to  
 see me, for he lov'd the Muses;  
 and his great Soul was affected with  
 whatsoever might be useful to Man-  
 kind. He saw me, he heard me  
 with Pleasure, and discover'd that  
 Memphis had deserv'd him through  
 Covetousness. He condemn'd him  
 to a perpetual Prison, and seiz'd  
 his Riches, which he unjustly pos-  
 sess'd. "O! said he, how unhap-  
 py is the Man, who is placed  
 above the rest of Men! He can  
 seldom see the Truth with his  
 own Eyes: He is surrounded by  
 those who keep the Truth from  
 approaching him. Their Inve-  
 " rest

"Every one conceals his Ambition  
 under the appearance of Zeal.  
 They pretend to love the King;  
 but indeed love only the Riches  
 he can give. Nay, they love  
 him so little, that to obtain his  
 Favours, they flatter and betray  
 him.  
 From this time *Sesostris* treated  
 me with a tender Friendship, and  
 resolved to send me back to *Ithaca*,  
 with a powerful assistance of Ships  
 and Troops, to deliver *Penelope* from  
 the Persecutions of her Lovers. The  
 Fleet was ready, and we thought  
 of nothing but Embarking. I ad-  
 mired the strange Conduct of For-  
 tune, to exalt those on a sudden  
 that the late most depressed. This  
 experience made me hope that *Ulysses*  
 might return at last to his King-  
 dom after all his Sufferings; and I  
 thought it not impossible to see Men-  
 tor again, tho' he had been carried  
 into the farthest parts of *Ethiopia*.  
 Whilst I delay'd my departure to-



inquire after him, *Sesosthis*, who was very Aged, died suddenly, and his Death brought all my Misfortunes back upon me. All *Egypt* became sensible of this irreparable Loss. Every Family knew they had lost their best Friend, their Protector, their Father. The old Men lifting their Hands to Heaven, cried out with a lamentable Voice, *Egypt* never had so good a King, and never will have one like him. O ye Gods, you should never have shewn him to Men, nor ever have taken him away: Why do we survive, the Great *Sesosthis*? The young Men said, The hopes of *Egypt* are vanished. Our Fathers were happy to live under so good a King.

Multitudes of People from the remotest Parts, came running to *Thebes* during lofty Days. Every one was desirous to preserve the Idea of him, and many to be buried with him. But their Grief was yet farther aggravated: For they knew that his Son *Bocchoris* had

had neither Humanity for Strangers,  
 nor Affection for Knowledge, nor  
 Esteem for vertuous Men, nor De-  
 sire of Glory. The greatness of his  
 Father had contributed to make  
 him unworthy to Reign. He had  
 been Educated in an effeminate Soft-  
 nels, and brutal Pride. He account-  
 ed Men as nothing, believing them  
 made only to be his Slaves, and  
 himself to be of a Nature different  
 from them. He thought of nothing  
 but how he might gratify his Pas-  
 sions; dissipate the vast Treasures  
 his Father had husbanded with so  
 much Care; oppress the People;  
 satiate himself with the Blood of  
 the Unfortunate, and follow the  
 flattering Counsels of young Fools,  
 that he kept about him, whilst he  
 treated with the utmost Contempt  
 all the ancient Sages, who had been  
 entrusted by his Father. In a Word  
 he was a Monster, and not a King.  
 All Egypt groan'd under him; and  
 tho' the name of *Sesostris*, which  
 was so dear to the Egyptians, made  
 them

which suppos'd the best and most  
 conduct of his Son, yet he made  
 such a Ruin, that was impossible  
 that a Prince so unworthy of the  
 Throne should Reign longer  
 ym As for me, I thought no more of  
 returning to *Irax*. I was confin'd  
 into a Tower that stands by the Sea  
 near *Palus*, where I should have  
 embarked, if *Sylvis* had not died.  
 I *Metopius* had been freed from this  
 Imprisonment, and received into  
 favour by the new King. 'Twas  
 he that caus'd my Confinement, to  
 revenge the Disgrace I had brought  
 upon him. I pass'd the Days and  
 Nights in the profoundest Melan-  
 choly. All the Things which  
*Fernox* had foretold, and those  
 that I had heard from the Cave,  
 appear'd to me to be my Dreams.  
 I was ready to sink under the weight  
 of my Grief. I saw the Wayes  
 beating at the foot of the Tower  
 where I was Prisoner. I often em-  
 ploy'd my time, in observing the  
 ships that were overtaken by Storms,

and

land in danger to be split against the  
 Rocks upon which the Tower  
 stand built. Far from pitying these  
 Men, who were threatened with  
 Shipwreck, I envied their Condition.  
 In a short time, said I to my  
 self, they will see an end of all their  
 Misfortunes, or arrive in their own  
 Country. But Alas! I can hope  
 for neither. Whilst thus I con-  
 sum'd away in useless Regrets, I  
 perceiv'd as a Forest of Masts; the  
 Sea was cover'd with Ships, and  
 the Winds fill'd their Sails. The  
 Waters turn'd into a Foam under  
 the Stroaks of innumerable Oars. I  
 heard a confus'd Noise on every  
 side. I saw one part of the Egp-  
 tians upon the Shore, terrified, and  
 running to their Arms, whilst others  
 seem'd going to receive the Fleet,  
 which they saw arriving. I soon  
 perceiv'd that part of these Ships  
 were of Phœnicia, and the rest of the  
 Island of Cyprus. For my Misfor-  
 tunes began to render me experi-  
 enc'd in every thing that relates to  
 Navi-



Navigation. The Egyptians were divided among themselves. And I doubted not that the foolish King, had by his Violences, caused his Subjects to Rebel, and raised a Civil War. I was Spectator of a bloody Battle from the top of my Tower.

That part of the Egyptians who had invited these Foreigners to their Assistance, having favour'd their Descent, fell upon the other Egyptians who had the King at their Head. I saw the King encouraging his Men by his own Example. He appear'd like the God of Battle. Streams of Blood ran down by his side. The Wheels of his Chariot were dird with black, thick and foaming Gore, and could hardly move, for the numbers of dead Men that lay in the way. This young King, vigorous of Body, fierce and haughty in his Looks, had Rage and Despair painted on his Face. He was like a beautiful House that has no Mouth. His  
Courage

Courage push'd him on to Danger, but he had no Prudence to moderate his Valour. He knew neither how to repair a Fault, nor to give the necessary Orders, nor to foresee the Dangers that threaten'd, nor to manage his Men to the best Advantage. 'Twas not that he wanted Understanding; his Quickness was as great as his Courage; but he had never been instructed by Adversity. His Masters had poison'd his good Nature with their Flattery: He was drunk with his own Power and Felicity: He thought every thing must yield to his insatiable Desires. The least Resistance put him into a Rage: He consult'd his Reason no longer; his Pride transform'd him into a Savage Beast; his natural Goodness forsook him in an instant; the most faithful of his Servants were forc'd to fly from him, and he consider'd none but those who flatter'd his Passions. By this means he always fell into Extremities, against  
his

his true Interest, and made all his  
 next Men detect his foolishness  
 after. His Valour sustained him  
 for a long time against the multi-  
 tude of his Enemies; but at last he  
 was born down with Numbers. I  
 saw him perish, the Arrow of a  
*Phoenician* pierc'd his Breast. He  
 sunk down in his Chariot, and not  
 being able to hold the Reins any  
 longer, he was overthrown and  
 trampled under Foot by the Hor-  
 ses. A Soldier of Cyprus cut off  
 his Head, and holding it up by the  
 Hair, shew'd it in Triumph to the  
 victorious Army. I shall ever re-  
 member, that I saw the Head  
 smear'd with Blood; the Eyes shut  
 and extinguish'd; the Face pale  
 and disfigur'd; the Mouth half  
 open, and attempting to finish some  
 Words it had begun, a fierce and  
 menacing Air, which Death it self  
 could not efface. This sight will  
 be always before my Eyes to the  
 last day of my Life. And if ever  
 the Gods permit me to Reign, I  
 shall

shall never forget, after this fatal  
 Example, "That no King is ever  
 "in the Possession of his Pow-  
 "er, unless he himself be govern'd  
 "by Reason; and that 'tis the ut-  
 "most of all Misfortunes for a  
 "Man, who is created for the  
 "Publick Good, to govern vast  
 "Numbers of Men only to render  
 "himself miserable.

Clytem heard with Astonishment  
 these wise Reflections: And that  
 which charm'd her the most, was  
 to see how the young *Telemachus*  
 ingeniously related the Faults he  
 had committed, either through pre-  
 cipitation, or want of docility for  
 the sage *Mentor*. She was surpris'd  
 with the greatness and generosity  
 of his Mind; who accused himself  
 and made so good use of his own  
 Imprudences, to become Wise, Sa-  
 gacious and Moderate. Continue,  
 said she, my dear *Telemachus*: I  
 long to know how you left Egypt,  
 and where you found the wise *Men-  
 tor*,



ray, whose Loss was so sensible to  
 you, *Telemachus* resuming his Dis-  
 course, said; The best of the *Egy-  
 ptians*, who were most faithful to  
 the King, finding themselves over-  
 power'd, and the King dead, were  
 compell'd to submit to the rest,  
 and another King called \* \* \* was  
 establish'd. The *Phenicians* and  
 the Troops of *Cyprus* departed from  
*Egypt*, after they had made an Al-  
 liance with the new King. All the  
*Phenicians* that were Prisoners  
 were set at Liberty, and I was ac-  
 counted one of them. I departed  
 from the Court; I embark'd with  
 the rest, and my Hopes began to  
 revive in the bottom of my Heart.  
 Already a favourable Wind fill'd  
 our Sails; our Oars cut the foam-  
 ing Waves; the vast Sea was co-  
 ver'd with our Ships; the Mari-  
 ners shouted for Joy; the Shores of  
*Egypt* fled from us; the Hills and  
 Mountains diminished; we began  
 to see nothing but the Heavens and

among

the

the Waters, whilst the Sun sur-  
rounded with sparkling Flames,  
seem'd to rise from the bosom of  
the Sea; his Rays gilded the tops  
of the Mountains, which we could  
still discover upon the Horizon;  
and the whole Face of Heaven  
painted with a sable Azur, gave  
us Hopes of a happy Naviga-  
tion.

Tho' I had been set at Liberty, as  
one of the *Phenicians*, yet none of  
them knew who I was. *Narbal*,  
who commanded the Ship that car-  
ried me, ask'd me my Name and my  
Country. Of what City, said he, in  
*Phenicia* are you? I am not a *Pheni-  
cian*, said I, but the *Egyptians* took  
me at Sea in a *Phenician* Ship. I have  
been a long time Prisoner in *Egypt*  
as a *Phenician*, under that Name  
I have suffer'd, and under that  
Name I am deliver'd. Of what  
Country art thou then, said *Nar-  
bal*? I am, said I, *Telemachus*, Son  
to *Ulysses* King of *Ithaca* in *Greece*.  
My Father made himself famous  
among

among the Kings, who besieged  
the City of Troy, but the Gods  
have not permitted him to return  
to his Country. I have sought him  
in many Climates, and Port and  
persecutes him still. You see an  
unfortunate Person, who desires no  
other Happiness than to return to  
his Country, and to find his Fa-  
ther. I *Nirbal* looked upon me with  
astonishment, and thought he saw  
in my Face some Marks of Hap-  
piness, that proceed from the fa-  
vour of Heaven, and are not in  
the rest of Men. He was by Na-  
ture sincere and generous. He  
was moved with my Misfortunes,  
and put a confidence in me, that  
the Gods inspired him with, for  
my Preservation.

*Telmachus*, said he, I doubt not  
the Truth of what you say, nei-  
ther can I doubt: The lively Ima-  
ges of Grief and Vertue drawn up  
on your Face, will not give me  
leave to distrust you. I perceive  
that the Gods which I have long  
neared, and I trust not, are bound  
to

b'gail'd only ( 69 ) among the Kings  
 ways serv'd love you, and will  
 have me to love you, as if you  
 were my Son. I will give you  
 safe and useful Advice, and for my  
 Recompence desire nothing of you  
 but Silence. Fear not, said I, for  
 I can without difficulty keep any  
 thing secret that you shall trust  
 to my Discretion. That I am  
 young; yet I have grown up in  
 the Habit of not discovering my  
 own Secret, and much more of  
 not betraying under any pretext  
 the Secret of another. How have  
 you been able, said he, to accu-  
 stom your self to keep Secrets in  
 such tender years. I shall be glad  
 to know, by what means you  
 have acquir'd this admirable Qua-  
 lity, which is the Foundation of  
 the wisest Conduct, and without  
 which all other Talents are Use-  
 less. When Myself said I, departed  
 to assist in the Siege of Troy, he  
 took me upon his knees and em-  
 brac'd me ( for thus I have been  
 told



told the Story ) and after he had  
told me in the tenderest manner,  
he said these Words to me, tho' I  
could not then understand them.

“ O my Son ! may the Gods pre-  
vent me from ever seeing thee  
again ; let rather the fatal Scis-  
sars cut the Thread of thy early  
Days, as the Reaper cuts down  
with his Sickle the tender Flower  
that begins to blow ; let my  
Enemies dash thee in pieces be-  
fore the Eyes of thy Mother  
and Me, if ever thou art to be  
Corrupted, and to relinquish  
the Ways of Vertue. O my  
Friends, continued he ; I leave  
my dear Son with you ; take  
care of his tender years ; if you  
love me, banish all Pernicious  
Flattery from about him ; in-  
struct him how to overcome his  
Passions, and let him be like a  
tender Plant, that Men often  
bend in order to make it grow  
upright. Above all, forget not  
to render him Just, Beneficent,  
Sincere

Sincere and faithful in keeping  
 a Secret. Whoever is guilty of  
 Lye, is unworthy to be ac-  
 counted a Man; and whoever  
 knows not how to be Silent, is  
 unworthy to govern.  
 I am exact in the Repetition of  
 these Words: because care was  
 taken to inculcate them often into  
 me. My Father's Friends made  
 it their Business to exercise me  
 early in keeping Secrets. I was  
 yet in my Infancy, when they  
 trusted me with all the Troubles  
 they sustained, to see my Mother  
 expos'd to the Persecutions of so  
 many that pretended to marry  
 her. Already they treated me as  
 a Man of Reason and Fidelity.  
 They entertain'd me privately of  
 the most important Affairs, and  
 acquainted me with all the mea-  
 sures they took to expel the Pre-  
 tenders.  
 I was ever joy'd to be trusted in  
 this manner; I never abus'd the  
 confidence repos'd in me; I never  
 let

by fall one single Word; they might discover the least Secret. The Inter-  
 renders often endeavour to make  
 the talk, expecting that a Child,  
 who had seen or heard any thing  
 of Importance, would not have  
 been able to conceal it. But I knew  
 how to answer them without ly-  
 ing, and without informing them  
 of any thing that I ought not to  
 discover.

28 Upon this, *Nardal* said to me;  
 You see, *Telemachus*, the Power of  
 the *Phœnicians*. They are formida-  
 ble to all their Neighbours by their  
 numerous Fleets. The Trade they  
 drive as far as the Columns of *Her-  
 cules*, furnishes them with Riches  
 surpassing all those of the most  
 flourishing Nations. The great  
*Alexander*, who could never have sub-  
 dued them by Sea, did with great  
 difficulty defeat them by Land  
 with those Armies that had con-  
 quer'd all the East, and impos'd a  
 Tribute upon us, which has not  
 continued long.

The

The *Phœnicians* found themselves too Rich and too Potent, to wear the Yoke of Servitude with Patience. *Sesostrius* was prevented by Death from finishing the War against us. 'Tis true, we had reason to fear the Event, and that much more on account of his Wisdom than his Power. But as soon as his Power, without his Wisdom, had pass'd into the Hands of his Son, we concluded we had no more to fear.

In effect, the *Egyptians* have been so far from returning in Arms to make an intire Conquest of our Country, that they have been constrained to call us to their Assistance to deliver them from the Yoke of an impious and outrageous King. We have been their Deliverers, and have added the glory of this Action to the Liberty and Riches of our Country. But whilst we deliver others, we our selves are Slaves. O *Telemachus*, beware of  
 E falling



falling into the cruel Hands of *Pagan*  
*and* our King. He has already  
 died them in the Blood of *Sichem*,  
 his Sister *Didd's* Husband. *Didd*,  
 full of Horror and Revenge, is fled  
 from *Tyre* with many Ships. Most  
 of those who are best affected to  
 Liberty and Virtue have attended  
 her. She has founded a Magnifi-  
 cent City upon the Coast of *Africk*,  
 and called it *Carthage*. *Pigmalion*,  
 tormented with an insatiable Thirst  
 of Wealth, renders himself every  
 Day more wretched, and odious to  
 all his Subjects. 'Tis a Crime at  
*Tyre* to be Rich. His Avarice fills  
 him with Suspicion, Distrust and  
 Cruelty. He persecutes the Weal-  
 thy, and fears the Poor. Every  
 thing disturbs him; affrights him,  
 preys upon him. He trembles at  
 his own Shadow; he sleeps neither  
 by Night nor by Day. The Gods,  
 to confound him, load him with  
 Treasures which he dares not en-  
 joy. The Things he covets to  
 make

make him happy, or are precisely  
 those that make him miserable.  
 He regrets whatever he receives;  
 dreads to loose, and torments him-  
 self with Hopes of Gain. He is  
 seldom seen. He shuts himself up  
 in the remotest parts of his Palace,  
 sad, alone, and comfortless. His Friends  
 dare not approach him, for fear of  
 being suspected. An Guard, terri-  
 ble to see, stands round his House,  
 with Swords drawn, and erected  
 Pikes. Thirty Chambers on a  
 Floor, with Doors of Iron, and six  
 small Bolts upon each, make up  
 the dreadful Apartment, where he  
 hides himself. No one ever knows  
 in which of these Chambers he lies.  
 It is said, he never lies in any of  
 them two Nights together, for  
 fear his Threat should be cut.  
 He knows no sweet Enjoyments,  
 nor the sweeter Effects of Friend-  
 ship. If any one speak to him of Joy,  
 he finds it will not come near him,  
 and refuses to enter into his Heart.

His hollow Eyes are full of a fierce and savage Fire, incessantly rowling on every side. He is mov'd at the least Noise; he hearkens attentively; becomes pale and dejected; and anxious Care sits pictured upon his wrinkled Face. He sighs; is silent, and groans from the bottom of his Heart. He is unable to conceal the Remorse that rends his Soul. He relishes not the most delicious Food. His Children, instead of being the Hopes of his Age, are the Subjects of his Fear. He looks upon them as his most dangerous Enemies. He never thought himself secure one Moment of his Life. He preserves himself only by shedding the Blood of every one he fears.

Foolish Man! who sees not, that his Cruelty which he so much relies upon, will be his Destruction. Some Domestick Servant, as suspicious as he, will soon deliver the World from this Monster.

As

As for me, I fear the Gods, and  
 will be faithful to the King they  
 have given me, whatever it cost.  
 I had rather die, than take away  
 his Life, or fail to defend him.  
 For your part, O *Telemachus*, ac-  
 quaint him, not that you are the  
 Son of *Ulysses*; for he would make  
 you a Prisoner, in expectation of a  
 great Ransom, when *Ulysses* returns  
 to *Ithaca*.

When we arriv'd at *Tyre*, I fol-  
 low'd his Counsel, and found eve-  
 ry thing he had said to be true. I  
 could not comprehend how a Man  
 could make himself so miserable as  
*Pygmalion* appear'd to be. Sur-  
 priz'd with a thing so astonishing,  
 and so new to me, I said thus to  
 my self. This Man design'd to be  
 happy, and perswaded himself, that  
 Riches and Arbitrary Power would  
 make him so. He do's what he  
 will, and yet is made miserable  
 even by that Power and those Ri-  
 ches. If he were a Shepherd as I  
 lately



lately was, he would be as happy  
as I have been. He would en-  
joy the innocent Pleasures of the  
Country, and would enjoy them  
without Remorse. He would not  
fear either Dagger or Poison. He  
would love Men, and be beloved  
by them. He would not indeed be  
Possessor of those vast Treasures,  
which are as useless to him as Sand,  
since he dares not touch them; but  
he would really enjoy the Fruits of  
the Earth, and suffer no manner  
of want.

This Man seems to do whatever  
pleases him; but the Case is far  
otherwise, for he does all that his  
Passions command. He is compel-  
led to follow, wheresoever his Co-  
vetousness and Suspensions lead.  
He seems to be Master of all o-  
ther Men; but he is not Master of  
himself, and has as many Masters  
and Tormenters, as he has violent  
Desires.

Thus

Thus I reason'd concerning *Pygmalion* without seeing him, for he  
 was not to be seen. Men only see  
 those lofty Towers that are sur-  
 rounded Night and Day with  
 dreadful Guards, where he shuts  
 himself up as it were in Prison  
 with his beloved Treasures. I  
 compar'd this invisible King with  
*Sesostrie*, who was so good, so ca-  
 sie of Access, so Affable, so ready  
 to hear any Stranger, so attentive  
 in giving Audience to all Men,  
 and to find out the Truth which  
 is always conceal'd from Kings.  
 The good *Sesostrie*, said I, fear'd  
 nothing, and had nothing to fear.  
 He shew'd himself to all his Sub-  
 jects as to his own Children. Of This  
 Man fears all, and has all to fear.  
 This wicked King is always ex-  
 pos'd to the danger of a violent  
 Death, even within his inaccessible  
 Palace, and in the midst of his  
 Guards. On the contrary, the good  
 King *Sesostrie* was always safe in  
 and E 4 the

the midst of the greatest Numbers of his People, as a gentle Father in his own House with all his Family about him.

*Pygmalion* gave orders to send home the Forces of *Cyprus*, who came to his Assistance by virtue of an Alliance that was between the two Nations. *Nabal* took this Occasion to set me at Liberty. He caus'd me to be muster'd among the *Cyprian* Soldiers; for the King was jealous to the last degree. The usual defect of easie and thoughtless Princes is, to deliver themselves up to the Conduct of crafty and corrupt Ministers. On the other side, the defect of this Man was to distrust the most Virtuous. He knew not how to distinguish Men of Probity and Uprightness, who always act without Disguise. He had never seen an honest Man; for such will never flatter a corrupted King.

Besides,

Besides, he had found in all those who had serv'd him since his Accession to the Crown, so much Dissimulation and Perfidiousness, with so many horrid Vices disguis'd, and only the bare Appearances of Virtue, that he look'd upon all Men without Exception, as living under a Mask, and concluded there was no real Virtue in the World.

But to return to my self: I pass'd in the Muster for a *Cyprian*, and escap'd the watchful Jealousie of the King. *Narbal* trembled for fear I should be discover'd, which would have cost his Life and mine also. He was under great impatience to see us imbark'd; but contrary Winds detained us at *Tyre*.

I made use of this time to inform my self of the Manners of the *Phoenicians*, so famous in all parts of the known World. I admir'd the happy Situation of their City,



which is built upon an Island of  
 the Sea. The Neighbouring Coast  
 is delicious and fruitful, abounding  
 in exquisite Fruits, and so cover'd  
 with Towns and Villages, that  
 they seem to touch one another.  
 The Air is sweet and temperate;  
 for the Mountains shelter that  
 Coast from the scorching Winds  
 which come from the South. The  
 Country is every where refresh'd  
 by the North Wind that blows  
 from the Sea. It lies at the foot  
 of Mount Libanus, which pier-  
 ces through the Clouds, and ad-  
 vances to meet the Stars. His  
 Forehead is cover'd with an eter-  
 nal Ice, and Rivers mingled with  
 Snow, fall down like Torrents  
 from the Rocks that surround his  
 Head. A vast Forest of ancient Cedars  
 stands near the top, which appear  
 as old as the Earth on which they  
 grow, and shoot their spreading  
 Branches to the Clouds. Under  
 this

this Forest are rich Pastures, leaning  
 on the descent of the Mountain. Here one may see the be-  
 lowing Bulls wandering up and  
 down, and the bleating Yews with  
 their tender Lambs bounding upon  
 the Grass. A thousand Streams of  
 the clearest Water runs down these  
 charming Fields. Below these Pastures is the foot  
 of the Mountain, which appears  
 like a Garden on every side. Here  
 Spring and Autumn reign together,  
 and join the Fruits of the one to  
 the Flowers of the other. Neither  
 the infected Breath of the South  
 Wind, that parches and burns up-  
 ally on the cruel Blasts of the North-  
 East, have ever dared to deface the  
 lively Colours that adorn this Gar-  
 den. Hard by this beautiful Coast,  
 an Island rises in the Sea, where  
 the City of Tyre is built. This  
 great City seems to float upon the  
 Waters, and to be Queen of all  
 the Sea. The Merchants arrive  
 from

from all parts of the World, and  
 below Inhabitants are the most  
 famous Merchants from the Uni-  
 verse, busied with Gold and  
 Silver. When Men enter into this City,  
 they cannot think it to be a Place  
 belonging to a particular People,  
 but rather to be a City common  
 to all Nations, and the Center of  
 all Trade. Two great Moles ad-  
 vancing their Arms into the Sea,  
 embrace a vast Port, where the  
 Winds cannot enter. In this Har-  
 bour one may see, as it were, a  
 Forest of Masts; and the Ships  
 are so numerous, that the Sea  
 which carries them can hardly be  
 discover'd. All the Citizens apply themselves  
 to Commerce, and their vast Riches  
 never divert them from that Labour  
 which is necessary to increase their  
 Treasure. In every part of the  
 City one may see the fine Linnen  
 of Egypt, and Tyrian Purple, twice  
 dyed, and of a noble Lustre. This  
 double

Double Tincture is so lively, as not  
 to be defaced by Time. It is cut  
 upon the finest Cloth, which is to  
 be garnished with Gold and Silver.  
 The Phenicians maintain a Trade  
 with all People as far as the Straits  
 of Gades. Nay, they have pene-  
 trated into the vast Ocean that en-  
 compasses the Earth. They have  
 made long Voyages upon the Red  
 Sea, and visited unknown Islands,  
 from whence they bring Gold, and  
 all Sorts of Perfumes, with vari-  
 ous Animals not where else to be  
 seen. I could not satiate my Eyes with  
 the sight of this great City, where  
 every thing was in Motion. I did  
 not see, as in the Islands of Greece,  
 idle and inquisitive Persons, going  
 about to hear News in the publick  
 Places, and to gaze upon Strangers  
 as they arrive in the Ports. The  
 Men are employ'd in unloading their  
 ships; sending home their Goods;  
 putting their Magazines in order;  
 selling



selling their Merchandise, and keeping an exact Account of what is due to them from Foreigners. The Women are always busie in spinning of Wool, in folding up the richest Stuffs, and in various Works of Embroidery. Whence comes it, said I to *Narr*, that the *Phenicians* are Masters of the Trade in all parts of the World, and enrich themselves at the expense of all other Nations? You see, said he, the Situation of *Tyre*, how conveniently it lies for Navigation. The *Tyrians* were the first (if we may believe what is told us concerning obscure Antiquity) who in a feeble Ship durst commit themselves to the Mercy of the Waves; who subdued the Pride of the Sea; who observ'd the Stars, that are so far from the Earth, according to the Knowledge they had learnt from the *Egyptians* and *Babylonians*; and who by these means reunited so many People, that the

Com

Sea

Sea seemed to have separated into  
ever. The **Tyrants** are Industrious,  
Patient, Laborious, Sober and  
Frugal; exact in their Civil Go-  
vernment, and united among them-  
selves. No Nation has ever been  
more constant, more sincere, more  
faithful, more honest, and more  
kind to Strangers. These, these  
are the Things that have given them  
the Empire of the Sea, and all the  
Advantages of Trade. If they  
should fall into Divisions and Je-  
alousies; if they should emasculate  
themselves with Pleasures and Idle-  
ness; if the principal Citizens should  
come to despise Labour and Fruga-  
lity; if Arts should cease to be ac-  
counted Honourable; if they should  
violate their Faith with Strangers,  
and transgress, tho' but a little, the  
Rules of free Trade, you would soon  
see the Ruin of that Power you ad-  
mire. But pray, said I, instruct me how  
I may hereafter establish the like  
Com-

Commerce in *Ithaca*. Do, said he, as  
 you see done here. Receive all Stran-  
 gers kindly, let them find safety  
 in your Ports, with Convenience  
 and entire Liberty. Suffer not your  
 self to be possess'd with Covetous-  
 ness or Pride. The true way to  
 gain much, is never to desire to gain  
 too much, and to know how and  
 when to lose. Acquire the Love  
 of all Strangers, and suffer small  
 Wrongs from them. Beware of  
 exciting their Suspensions by insolent  
 Behaviour. Be constant to the  
 Rules of Trade: Let them be plain  
 and easie. Accustom your self to  
 observe them inviolably. Punish  
 Fraud with Severity. Correct the  
 Negligence and Pride of Merchants  
 who ruin Trade by ruining them-  
 selves, that carry it on. Above all,  
 never go about to restrain Trade,  
 or govern it by your own Fancy.  
 The Prince must not intermeddle  
 with it, for fear of discouraging his  
 People, who as they have the Pains,  
 ought

ought to have the Profit: He will find sufficient Advantages by the vast Riches that will be brought into his Kingdom. Commerce is like certain Springs; if you force them to alter their Course, you dry them up.

It is only Profit and Conveniency that invites Strangers. If you render their Trade uneasy and of little Benefit, they insensibly withdraw themselves and return no more; because other Nations taking advantage of your Imprudence, invite 'em thither, and accustom them to live without you. I must own that for some time past the Glory of Tyre has been sadly diminish'd. O! if you had seen it, my dear *Telmachus*, before the Reign of *Pygmalion*, you would have been much more surpris'd. You find only the dismal Remains of a Grandeur that threatens Ruin.

O unhappy Tyre! Into what Hands art thou fallen? The Sea formerly brought



brought thoe the Tributell of all the Nations in the World. *Pygmalion* is afraid of all; both Strangers and Subjects. Instead of opening his Ports with an intire Liberty to all People however remote, he requires constantly to be inform'd, what number of Ships arrive, and from what Country, the Names of the Men on Board, the Trade they drive, the Nature and Price of their Merchandise, and the Time they design to stay. He do's yet worse; for he uses all manner of Artifices to surprize the Merchants, and to confiscate their Goods. He contrives to ensnare the most wealthy under various Pretences. He burdens the Trade with innumerable Imposts: He will be a Merchant himself, and all Men are afraid to deal with him.

Thus our Commerce languishes. Foreigners by degrees forget the way to Tyre, which was once so agreeable to them; and if *Pygmalion*

*lion*

lion will not alter his Conduct, your  
 Glory and our Power must in a  
 short time be transported to some  
 other People, who are better go-  
 verned, than we are.

I then demanded of *Nabal*, by  
 what means the *Tyrians* had render'd  
 themselves so powerful at Sea: For  
 I was not willing to be ignorant of  
 any thing that might contribute to  
 the good Government of a Kingdom.  
 We have, said he, the Forests of  
*Libanus*, which furnish us with  
 Timber for the building of Ships;  
 and we preserve them with Care  
 for that use. They are never cut  
 but for the publick Service. We  
 have numbers of skilful Workmen;  
 who perfectly understand the Ar-  
 chitecture of a Ship: How came  
 you, said I, to find those excellent  
 Artists? " They grew up, said  
 he, by degrees in the Country.  
 When those who excel in Arts  
 are liberally rewarded, Men will  
 quickly be found, who shall car-

" ry

" ry them to the utmost Perfection.  
 " For Men of the best Talents and  
 " Understanding, never fail to ap-  
 " ply themselves to those Arts that  
 " are attended with the greatest  
 " Recompences.

In this City we honour all such  
 Persons as succeed in any of those  
 Arts and Sciences which are useful  
 to Navigation. We respect a Man  
 that understands Geometry; we  
 esteem an able Astronomer, and  
 bountifully reward a Pilot who  
 surpasses the rest of his Profession.  
 We despise not a good Carpenter;  
 On the contrary, he is well paid,  
 and well used. Men dexterous at  
 the Oar, are sure of a Reward pro-  
 portion'd to their Service. They  
 are fed with wholesome Provisions;  
 they are carefully attended when  
 they are Sick; care is taken of their  
 Wives and Children in their ab-  
 sence; if they perish by Shipwrack,  
 their Family is indemnified; every  
 Man is sent home to his Habita-

tion after he has serv'd a certain  
Time.

By these means the *Trains* have  
as many Seamen as they will. Fa-  
thers are glad, to bring up their  
Children in so good an Employ-  
ment, and hasten to teach them  
in their tender Years to handle an  
Oar, manage the Tackle, and scorn  
a Storm.

These Rewards and this good  
Order, leads Men to be useful to the  
Publick without compulsion: "Au-  
thority never do's well alone; the  
Submission of Inferiors is not  
enough; their Hearts must be  
won, and they ought to find  
their own Account in serving the  
State.

After this Discourse, *Narbal* con-  
ducted me to see all the Magazines:  
the Arsenal, and the several Trades  
that serve for the building and equip-  
ping of Ships. I inquir'd into all  
particulars, even to the minutest  
Things, and wrote down all that I  
had



had learnt, for fear of forgetting any useful Circumstance.

In the mean time *Narbal*, who knew *Pygmalion* as well as he lov'd me, was impatient for my departure, fearing I might be discover'd by the King's Spies, who were about the Town day and night; but the Winds would not yet permit us to embark. One day as we stood viewing the Port, an Officer of *Pygmalion* came up to us, and said to *Narbal*, The King is just now inform'd by a Captain of one of those Ships which return'd with you from *Egypt*, that you have brought a certain Stranger who passes for a *Cyprian*. 'Tis the King's Pleasure to have him seiz'd and examin'd, that he may know who he is. And for this You are to answer with your Head.

In that Moment I was at some distance from *Narbal*; in order to take a nearer view of the Proportions which the *Tyrans* had observ'd

in building a Ship, that was then almost new, and accounted by reason of this exact Proportion of all its Parts, the best Sailor that had ever been seen in the Harbour. I ask'd the Builder, who he was that had form'd the design of that Ship?

Narbal surpris'd and terrified with this Message, answer'd; I my self am now looking for this Stranger, who is of *Cyprus*. As soon as the Officer was gone out of his sight, he run to me, and inform'd me of the Danger I was in. I too well foresaw, said he, what would happen my dear *Telemachus*, we are lost; the King tormented night and day with his Fears, suspects you not to be a *Cyprian*. He will have you seiz'd, and will take away my Life, if I do not put you into his Hands: What shall we do? O God! Give us Wisdom, to deliver our selves from this Danger. I'll bring you to the King's Palace, where you shall

shall affirm that you are a *Cyprian* of the City of *Amathus*, and Son to a Statuary of *Venus*. I will declare that I formerly knew your Father; and perhaps the King may let you depart without farther Examination. I see no other way to save your Life and mine. I answer'd, O *Narbal* suffer me to perish since Fate has decreed my Destruction. I know how to die, and am too much indebted to you, to draw you into my Misfortune. I cannot perswade my self to speak a Lie; I am not a *Cyprian*; I cannot say that I am. The Gods see my Sincerity; It belongs to them to preserve my Life by their Power. But I will not save it by a Falshood.

*Narbal* answer'd me, This Falshood, O *Telemachus*, is in all respects Innocent. It cannot be disapprov'd by the Gods; it do's no injury to any one; it saves the Lives of two innocent Persons, and deceives the King, only to prevent him from com-

committing a great Crime. You carry the love of Virtue too far, and are too nice an observer of Truth.

But, said I, Falshood is Falshood still; and on that account unworthy of a Man, who speaks in the Presence of the Gods, and owes the highest reverence to Truth. He that offends the Truth, offends the Gods, and injures himself, because he speaks against his Conscience. Propose no more, O *Narbal*, that which is unworthy of us both. If the Gods have any pity for us, they know how to deliver us. But if they suffer us to perish, we shall be the Victims of Truth, and leave an Example to instruct Men to prefer unblemish'd Virtue before long Life. My own is already too long, and too unhappy. 'Tis you alone, my dear *Narbal*, that grieve my Heart: Was it necessary that your Kindness to an unfortunate Stranger should prove so fatal to you?

F

We



We continued long in this kind of Dispute: till at last we saw a Man quite out of Breath running towards us. He was one of the King's Officers, and lent to *Narbal* by *Astarbé*. This Woman was beautiful as a Goddess: The Charms of her Face were attended by the finest Wit. She was Gay, Infatuating, Flattering; and under the appearance of Gentleness, she cover'd a Heart fill'd with Malice and Cruelty. Yet she knew how to conceal her Designs with the profoundest Art. She had conquer'd the Heart of *Pygmalion* by her Wit and Beauty, and by the Charms of her Voice and Lute: And *Pygmalion* blind with Love, had abandon'd *Tapha*, his legitimate Wife.

He thought of nothing so much as how to content the Passions of the ambitious *Astarbé*. The love of this Woman was little less pernicious to him than his infamous Coverousness. But tho' he had so great

great a Passion for her, she despis'd  
and loath'd him in her Heart; yet  
understood so well how to cover her  
private Sentiments, that she seem'd  
to live only for him.

At the same time that she had  
these Thoughts of *Pygmalion*, there  
was in *Tyre* a young *Egyptian*, called  
*Milachon*, of admirable Beauty, but  
Voluptuous, Effeminate and drown'd  
in Pleasures. His chief Business  
was to preserve the delicacy of his  
Complexion; to comb his Hair  
that fell down in Curls upon his  
Shoulders; to Perfume; to Dress  
nicely; to sing amorous Songs, and  
play upon the Lute. She lov'd him,  
and became furiously transported  
with her Passion. He despis'd her,  
because he was in Love with ano-  
ther Woman: And besides, he  
dreaded to expose himself to the  
cruel jealousy of the King. *Asarbel*  
finding she was scorn'd, abandon'd  
her self to Resentment. In her De-  
spair she imagin'd it possible to

make *Malachon* pass for the Stranger that the King had demanded of *Narbal*. In effect she soon perswaded *Pygmalion* as she desired, and corrupted all those who were able to undeceive him. For having no Affection for virtuous Men, whom he neither knew nor valued, he was always surrounded by such only as were full of Artifice, addicted to their Interest, and ready to execute his unjust and bloody Orders. These Men feared the Authority of *Astarbe*, and help'd her to deceive the King, that they might not offend this haughty Woman, who intirely possess'd his Confidence.

Thus the young *Malachon*, tho' known by all the City to be of *Crete*, passed for the young Stranger that *Narbal* had brought from *Egypt*. He was seiz'd, and sent away to Prison. *Astarbe*, who feared *Narbal* might go to the King, and discover her Imposture, had dispatch'd this Officer in haste, and commanded him

him to say these Words: *Astarbe* forbids you to discover your Stranger to the King; she requires nothing of you but Silence, and promises to satisfy him concerning you. In the mean time take care that the young Stranger, who came with you from *Egypt*, may embark among the *Cyprians* with all expedition, and be no longer seen in the City. *Narbal* overjoy'd to save his own Life and mine, promised to be silent; and the Officer pleas'd that he had obtain'd what he demanded, immediately return'd to *Astarbe* with an account of his Commission.

*Narbal* and I admir'd the goodness of the Gods, who had rewarded our Sincerity, and taken such care of those who had hazarded all for the sake of Virtue. We reflect-ed with Horror upon a King given up to Voluptuousness and Avarice. He deserves to be deceiv'd, and we, who dreads it so excessively: And he is so most frequently



and grossly ; for he trusts not Men of  
Honesty, but abandons himself to  
Villains. He is the only Person  
who knows nothing of what is do-  
ing.

See how *Pygmalion* is made the  
scorn of an immodest Woman ;  
whilst the Gods make use of wick-  
ed Men to save the Good, who  
chuse to part with Life rather  
than deceive. As we were ma-  
king these Reflexions, we perceiv-  
ed the Wind to turn, and be-  
come favourable to the *Cyprian*  
Fleet.

The Gods declare themselves ;  
said *Narbal* ; they resolve to take  
care of your safety, my dear *Tele-  
machus*. Fly from this unfortunate,  
accursed Land. Happy he, that  
could follow you to the remotest  
parts of the Earth ! Happy, who  
might live and dye with you ! But  
my cruel Fate ties me to my un-  
happy Country. I must suffer with  
her, and perhaps be buried in her  
Ruins.

Ruins. No matter, provided I may  
 always speak the Truth, and my  
 Heart love nothing but Justice. As  
 for you, O my dear *Telemachus*, I  
 pray the Gods, who lead you as it  
 were by the Hand, to grant you the  
 most precious of all their Gifts, a  
 pure and unblemish'd Virtue to the  
 last Moment of your Life. Live,  
 return to *Ithaca*, comfort *Penelope*,  
 deliver her from the Persecutions  
 of her Lovers. May your Eyes see,  
 and your Arms embrace the wise  
*Ulysses*, and may he find in you a  
 Son equal to him in Wisdom. But  
 in the midst of your Felicity remem-  
 ber the unhappy *Narbal*, and con-  
 tinue always to love me.

When he finish'd these Words,  
 my Tears run down so fast, that I  
 was not able to answer him: My  
 Sighs, which I drew from the bot-  
 tom of my Heart, would not suf-  
 fer me to speak: We embrac'd in  
 Silence: He brought me to the  
 Ship. He staid upon the Shoar;

and when the Vessel put off, we continued to look upon each other as long as we could.

*Calypso*, who all this while had hearkn'd with the utmost Attention and Pleasure to the Adventures of *Telemachus*, interrupted the pursuit of his Narration, that she might perswade him to take some Rest. 'Tis time, said she, after so many Toils to taste the sweetness of Sleep: In this place you have nothing to fear: All that's here is favorable to you: Abandon your Heart to Joy and Tranquility, and receive the Favours of the Gods. To Morrow, when *Aurora* has open'd the golden Gates of the East with her rosy Fingers, and the Horses of the Sun springing from the briny Main, spread the Flames of Light, and drive away the Stars before 'em, we will resume the History of your Misfortunes, my dear *Telemachus*. No, your Father never equal'd you in Wisdom and Courage. *Achilles*,  
who

who conquer'd *Hector*; *Theseus*,  
 who return'd from Hell; the great  
*Alcides* himself; who deliver'd the  
 World from Monsters, never shew'd  
 so much Constancy and Virtue.  
 May the softest and profoundest  
 Sleep make the Night seem short  
 to you. But alas! how tedious will  
 it be to me? How I shall long to  
 see you again? To hear your Voice;  
 to make you to repeat what I know  
 already, and to ask you what I know  
 not? Go, my dear *Telemachus*, with  
 the wise *Mentor*, whom the Favour  
 of the Gods has restor'd to you; go  
 into the Grotto, where every thing  
 is prepar'd for your Repose: May  
*Morpheus* shed the sweetest of his  
 Charms upon your falling Eyelids;  
 May he infuse a divine Vapour  
 through all your wearied Limbs,  
 and send you easy Dreams, which  
 hovering about you may flatter  
 your Senses with the most delight-  
 ful Images, and chase away what-  
 ever



ever might disturb your Rest, or  
 awaken you too soon,  
 The Goddess brought *Telemachus*  
 to the Grotto, which was separated  
 from her own, but not less agree-  
 able, nor less rustick. A Fountain  
 of liquid Chrystal ran down in one  
 corner, and sweetly murmuring  
 seem'd contriv'd to invite Sleep.  
 The Nymphs had prepared two  
 Beds compos'd of the softest Greens,  
 and had cover'd them with two  
 large Skins, the one of a Lyon for  
*Telemachus*, the other of a Bear for  
*Mentor*.

Before Slumber had clos'd their  
 Eyes, *Mentor* spoke thus to *Telemachus*.  
 The pleasure of relating your  
 Adventures has carried you too far;  
 you have charm'd the Goddess with  
 the History of those Dangers, from  
 which your Courage and Industry  
 have deliver'd you. By this means  
 you have added to the Flames of  
 her Heart, and are preparing for  
 your self a most dangerous Capti-  
 vity.

vity: How can you hope I should  
 suffer you to depart from her Island;  
 you, who have charm'd her with  
 the relation of your Story? Affecta-  
 tion of vain Glory has induc'd you  
 to talk without Prudence. When  
 will you be wise enough, O *Tele-  
 machus*, never to speak with Vani-  
 ty? and when will you know how  
 to conceal what may commend you,  
 if it be not fit to be said? Others  
 admire your Wisdom at such Years  
 as may want it without blame.  
 But for me, I can forgive you no-  
 thing; I alone know, and love you  
 enough to tell you of all your Faults.  
 How far do you yet come short of  
 your Father's Wisdom? But, said  
*Telemachus*, could I refuse to relate  
 my Misfortunes to *Calipso*? No,  
 replied *Mentor*, 'twas absolutely ne-  
 cessary: But you ought so to have  
 related them, as might only excite  
 her Compassion. You should have  
 told her that you had been some-  
 times wandering in Deserts, then a  
 Prisoner

Prisoner in *Sicily*, and afterwards in *Egypt*. This had been enough; and all the rest has only serv'd to augment the Poison, that has already seiz'd her Heart. May the Gods grant, that yours may be untouch'd. But what shall I now do, said *Telemachus*, in a modest and reachable accent? 'Tis now in vain, replied *Mentor*, to conceal the rest of your Adventures; she knows enough to secure her from being deceiv'd in that which is to come; any reserve on your part would only serve to provoke her. Finish therefore your Relation to Morrow; tell her all that the Gods have done for you; and learn for the future to speak with Moderation of all Things that may tend to your own Praise. *Telemachus* kindly received this good Advice, and both lay down to Sleep.

As soon as *Phæbus* had shed the first Rays of his Glory upon the Earth, *Mentor* hearing the Voice of the

the Goddess who called to her  
 Nymphs in the Wood, awaken'd  
*Telemachus*! 'Tis time, said he, to  
 shake off Sleep. Come, let us re-  
 turn to *Calypso*; but beware of the  
 Charms of her Tongue: Never  
 open your Heart to her; dread the  
 insinuating Poison of her Praises.  
 Yesterday she exalted you above  
 your wife Father, above the invin-  
 cible *Achilles*, or the renowned *The-  
 seus*, or *Hercules* himself, who has  
 obtain'd Immortality by his glori-  
 ous Actions. Could you not per-  
 ceive the Excess of this Commen-  
 dation? Or did you not observe  
 what she said? Know, that she be-  
 lieves it not her self. She only com-  
 mends you, because she thinks you  
 weak and vain enough to be de-  
 ceiv'd with Praises far exceeding  
 your Actions.

After this Discourse, they went  
 to the place where the Goddess ex-  
 pected them. She smil'd when she  
 saw them approaching, and under  
 an



an appearance of Joy, conceal'd the  
 Fears and Suspensions that disturb'd  
 her Heart. For she forelaw that  
*Telemachus*, under the Conduct of  
*Mentor*, would escape her Hands,  
 as *Ulysses* had done. Go on, said  
 she, my dear *Telemachus*, and satis-  
 fie my Curiosity. I thought all the  
 Night, I saw you departing from  
*Phœnicia*, and going to seek a new  
 Destiny in the Island of *Cyprus*.  
 Tell me then the success of this  
 Voyage, and let us not lose one mo-  
 ment. They sat down in a shady  
 Grove, upon the green Turf inter-  
 mix'd with Violets. *Calipso* could  
 not refrain from looking upon *Te-  
 lemachus* with Tenderness and Pas-  
 sion; nor see without Indignation,  
 that *Mentor* observ'd her, even to  
 the least motion of her Eyes.

In the mean time the Nymphs  
 stood silent, forming a half-circle,  
 and leaning somewhat forward, that  
 they might both hear and see with  
 more advantage. The Eyes of all  
 the

the Assembly were unmoveably  
fix'd upon the young Man. *Tell-  
machus* looking down, and grace-  
fully blushing, thus resum'd the  
Thread of his Discourse.

Scarce had the Breath of a favo-  
rable Wind fill'd our Sails, when  
the Coast of *Phœnicia* intirely disap-  
pear'd from us. And because I  
was with the *Cyprians*, whose Man-  
ners I knew not, I resolv'd to be si-  
lent, and to observe all, keeping my  
self within the strictest Rules of Di-  
cretion, that I might acquire their  
Esteem.

During my silence, a soft and  
powerful slumber seiz'd upon me;  
my Senses were ravish'd and sus-  
pended; my Heart was quiet and  
full of joy. On a sudden I thought  
I saw *Venus* launching down from  
the Clouds in a Chariot, guided  
by a pair of Doves. She had the  
same shining Beauty, the same live-  
ly Youth, and those blooming  
Graces that appear'd in her, when  
she

she arose from the Foam of the Ocean, and dazzled the Eyes of Jupiter himself. She descended with extreme Rapidity, plac'd her self by me, laid her Hand upon my Shoulder, call'd me by my Name, and smiling pronounc'd these Words.

Young Greek, thou art going into my peculiar Empire; thou shalt soon arrive in that fortunate Island, where Pleasures, Sports and wanton Joys abound. There thou shalt burn Perfumes upon my Altar, There I will plunge thee into a River of Delights: Open thy Heart to the most charming Hopes, and beware of resisting the most powerful of all the Goddesses, who resolves to make thee happy.

At the same time I saw Cupid as a Child, gently moving his little Wings, and hovering about his Mother. He had the tenderest Graces in his Face, and the Smiles of an Infant; yet there was something

thing so fierce in his Eyes, as to make me afraid. He smil'd when he look'd upon me; but his Smiles were malicious, scornful and cruel. He took the sharpest of his Arrows from his golden Quiver: he drew his Bow, and was going to pierce my Heart, when *Minerva* appear'd, and cover'd me with her immortal Shield.

The Face of this Goddess had not the same effeminate Beauty, nor that passionate Languishing, which I had observ'd in the Face and Posture of *Venus*. On the contrary, her Beauty was natural, unaffected, modest: all was grave, vigorous, noble, full of Power and Majesty. The Arrow too weak to pierce the Shield fell down upon the Ground; *Cupid*, in a rage, sigh'd bitterly, and was asham'd to see himself overcome. Be gone, cried *Minerva*, rash Boy, be gone; Thou can't Conquer none but the Base, who prefer dishonourable Pleasures before Wisdom, Virtue and Glory.

At



I At these Words, *Cupid*, fill'd with Indignation, flew away; and as *Venus* re-ascended towards *Olympus*, I saw her Chariot and Doves, rowling in a Cloud of Gold and Azure a long time before she disappear'd. When I turned my Eyes towards the Earth, I could no where see *Minerva*. Methought I was transported into a delicious Garden, as Men paint the *Elysian* Fields. There I found *Mentor*, who said to me, Fly from this cruel Country, this pernicious Island, where the Inhabitants breath nothing but Pleasure. The boldest Virtue ought to tremble, and cannot be safe but by Flight. As soon as I saw him, I endeavour'd to throw my Arms about his Neck and to embrace him; but I found my Feet unable to move; my Knees sunk under me, and my Hands attempting to lay hold upon *Mentor*, follow'd an empty Phantom that would not be touch'd.

As

As I was making this Effort I  
 awaked, and perceiv'd that this Mi-  
 sterious Dream was no less than a  
 Divine Admonition. I found in  
 my self a firm Resolution against  
 the Allurements of Pleasure, a  
 watchful Jealousie of my own Con-  
 duct, and a just Abhorrence of the  
 dissolute Manners that reigned in  
 Cyprus. But that which wounded  
 me to the Heart, was, that I  
 thought Mentor dead; that he had  
 pass'd the Stygian Lake, and was  
 become an Inhabitant of those for-  
 tunate Fields, where the Souls of  
 the Just reside. This Thought  
 made me shed a Torrent of Tears.  
 The Cyprians ask'd me why I wept?  
 These Tears, said I, are but too  
 suitable to the Condition of an un-  
 happy Stranger, who has lost all  
 Hopes of ever seeing his Country  
 more.

In the mean time all the Cyprians  
 that were in the Ship abandon'd  
 themselves to the most extravagant  
 Follies;

Follies; the Rowers who hated to take Pains, fell asleep upon their Oars. The Pilot put a Garland of Flowers on his Head; left the Rudder, and held a vast Flaggon of Wine in his Hands, which he had almost emptied. He, and all the rest of the Crew, inflam'd with the Furies of *Bacchus*, sung such Verses in the honour of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as ought to be abhor'd by all those who love Virtue.

Whilst they thus forgot the Dangers of the Sea, a sudden Tempest arose: The Elements seem'd to mix: The Winds were let loose, and roar'd in every Sail: The Waves beat furiously upon the Flanks of the Ship, which groaned under the Weight of their Strokes. One while we mounted upon the Back of the swelling Waters; another while the Sea seem'd to steal from under the Vessel, and to precipitate us into the dark Abyss. We saw the Rocks close by our side,  
and

( 117 )

and the angry Waves breaking up  
on them with a dreadful Noise.  
Then I found by experience the  
Truth of what I had heard from  
*Mentor* That Men of dissolute  
Lives, and abandon'd to Pleasure,  
always want Courage in time of  
Danger. All our *Cyprians* sunk in  
to despair, and wept like Women.  
I heard nothing but lamentable Ex-  
clamations; bitter Regrets upon  
the Pleasures of Life; vain and in-  
significant Promises of Sacrificing  
abundantly to the Gods, if they  
should arrive safe in the Harbour.  
No one had sufficient presence of  
Mind, either to give necessary Or-  
ders, or to work the Ship. In this  
Condition, I thought my self ob-  
lig'd to save my own Life, and  
the Lives of those that were with  
me. I took the Rudder into my  
Hand, because the raving Pilot was  
utterly incapable of knowing the  
Danger we were in. I encourag'd  
the astonish'd Mariners; I made  
them



them take down the Sails, we  
 steer'd by the Reeks and Quick  
 sands, and saw all the Horrors of  
 Death staring us in the Face. At  
 last we arriv'd in the Island of  
*Cyprus*.

This Adventure seem'd like a  
 Dream to all those, who ow'd the  
 Preservation of their Lives to my  
 care. They look'd upon me with  
 Astonishment. We landed at *Cy-  
 prius* in the Month of *April*, which  
 is consecrated to *Venus*. This Sea-  
 son, say the *Cyprians*, is most suita-  
 ble to this Goddess, because she  
 seems to revive the whole System  
 of Nature, and to give Birth to  
 Pleasures and Flowers at the same  
 time.

As soon as I arriv'd in the Island,  
 I perceiv'd an unusual Sweetness in  
 the Air, rendring the Body fleshful  
 and unactive, but infusing a jovial  
 and wanton Humour. I observ'd  
 the Country, tho' naturally fruitful  
 and delicious, to be almost every  
 where

where uncultivated, through the Idleness and Negligence of the Inhabitants, I saw great numbers of Maids and Women vainly and fantastically dress'd, singing the Praises of *Venus*, and going to devote themselves to the Service of her Temple. Beauty, Graces, Joy and Pleasure, were equally apparent in their Faces and Gesture. But their Graces were too much affected: There was not that noble Simplicity, nor that lovely Modesty, which makes the greatest Charm of Beauty. A certain Air of Dissolution; an artful way of adjusting the Face; their vain Dress and languishing Gestures; their Eyes that seem'd in pain to find out the Eyes of Men; their mutual Jealousie, who should raise the greatest Passions: In a word, all that I saw in these Women appear'd vile and contemptible to me. By endeavouring to please me moderately, they excited my

I was conducted to a Temple of the Goddess. She had Divers in this Island; for she is particularly ador'd at *Cythera*, *Idalia* and *Euphrosia*. 'twas to that of *Cythera*, I was brought. The Temple is built with Marble; 'tis a perfect Peristylum; the Pillars are lofty, and well proportion'd, that they give a majestick Air to the whole Fabrick. At each Face of the Temple stands a Portal with a large Fronton, on which the most agreeable Adventures of the Goddess  
*\* Basso-relievo.* are curiously represented in *\* raised Stone-work.* Great numbers of People are always at the Gate, attending to make their Offerings. No Victim ever suffers the Knife within the Precinct of the sacred Ground. The Fat of Bulls and Heifers is not eat here as in other Places. No Blood is ever shed. The Cattle to be sacrific'd, are only presented before the Altar; and no Beast may be offer'd

ser'd, unless it be Young, White, without defect, and without blemish. They are adorn'd with purple Pillars embroyder'd with Gold; their Horns are garnish'd with bunches of the most fragrant Flowers; and when they have been presented at the Altar, they are lead to a private Place without the Wall, and kill'd for the Table of the Priests that belong to the God-  
des.

Here also are offer'd all sorts of perfum'd Liquors, and Wines more delicious than Nectar. The Priests are cloathed in long white Robes, with Girdles of Gold and Fringes of the same. The most exquisite Perfumes of the East are burnt Night and Day upon the Altars, and form a curling Cloud as they mount into the Air. The Pillars are adorn'd with Festons of wreathed Flowers; the Vessels for the Service of the Altar are of fine Gold; a sacred Wood of Myrtle encompasses the  
G Build-



Building; none but Boys and Girls  
of admirable Beauty may present  
the Victims to the Priests, or kin-  
dle the Fire upon the Altars. But  
Dissolution and Impudence disho-  
nour this magnificent Temple.

At first I detested what I saw;  
but it soon began to grow familiar  
to me; I was no longer afraid of  
Vice; all Companies inspir'd me  
with an inclination to Intempe-  
rance. They laugh'd at my Inno-  
cence; and my Modesty serv'd for  
Sport to this dissolute People.

They forgot nothing that might  
ensnare me, that might excite my  
Passions, and awaken in me an Ap-  
petite to Pleasure. I found my self  
losing Ground every day. The  
good Education I had receiv'd,  
could support me no longer; all my  
best Resolutions vanish'd away; I  
wanted Strength to resist the Evil  
that press'd me on every side; I  
grew even ashamed of Virtue. I  
was like a Man swimming in a  
deep

deep and rapid River. At first he cuts the Waters and mounts vigorously against the Stream; but if the Banks are high and perpendicular, and he finds no place to rest on either side, he at last tires by degrees; his Force abandons him; his exhausted Limbs grow stiff, and the Torrent carries him down. So my Eyes began to grow dim; my Heart fainted; I could not make use of my Reason, nor call to mind the Misfortunes of my Father. The Dream that shew'd me *Mentor* in the *Elysian* Fields, utterly discourag'd me. An ease and dissolute Languishing seiz'd upon me; I already began to love the flattering Poison that crept into my Veins, and penetrated through the Marrow of my Bones.

Yet for all this, sometimes I would Sigh; I shed bitter Tears; I roar'd like a Lyon in Fury. O! unhappy Youth, said I! O Gods! that divert your selves so cruelly

with the Fate of Men! and Why I do  
 you cause them to pass through that  
 Age, which is a time of Folly, and  
 resembles a burning Fever? and  
 why am I, not covered with Gray  
 Hairs, bow'd down and sinking in  
 to the Grave, like my Grand-father  
*Laertes*? Death would be more well  
 come to me, than the shameful  
 Weakness I now feel.  
 Scarce had I utter'd these Words,  
 when my Grief began to abate, and  
 my Heart drunk with a foolish Pas-  
 sion, shook off almost all Shame.  
 After this I found my self plung'd  
 into an Abyss of Remorse. Whilst  
 I was under these Disorders, I went  
 raving up and down the Sacred  
 Wood, like a Hind that has been  
 wounded by a Hunter; she crosses  
 vast Forests to assuage her Pain;  
 but the fatal Arrow sticks fast in her  
 side, and follows her wheresoever  
 she flies. Thus I endeavour'd to run  
 away from my self; but nothing  
 could cure my wounded Heart.

know

G

In

ob In this Moment, I precisely in  
 some distance from me, under the  
 most shady part of the Wood, the  
 Figure of the Wise Mentor. But his  
 Face was so pale, so sad, and so se-  
 vere, that I knew not how to re-  
 joice. Is it you then, O my dear  
 Friend? My last, and only hope,  
 is it you? Is it you, your self? Or  
 is a deceitful Image come to abuse  
 my Eyes? Is it you, O Mentor? Or  
 is it your Ghost, still sensible of my  
 Misfortunes? Are you not among  
 the Blessed Spirits, that possess the  
 Rewards of their Virtue, and by the  
 Bounty of the Gods enjoy an Eter-  
 nal Peace, and uninterrupted Plea-  
 sures in the Elysian Plains? Mentor,  
 do you yet live? Am I so happy  
 to see you? Or is it only the shadow  
 of my Friend?  
 With these Words in my Mouth,  
 I ran to him so Transported, that  
 I lost my Respiration. He stood  
 still unmov'd, and made not one  
 step towards me. O Gods! by you  
 I know-



know with what Joy I felt him in  
my Arms. No, tis not an empty  
• Shadow; I hold him fast; I em-  
brace him; my dear *Mentor*. Thus  
I cried out; I shed a Flood of Tears  
upon his Face; I hung about his  
Neck, and was not able to speak.

He look'd sadly upon me, with  
Eyes full of tender Compassion. At  
last I said, alas! Where have you  
been? To what Dangers have you  
abandon'd me by your absence?  
And what should I now do without  
you? But he without answering  
my Questions, with a terrible Voice  
cried out; Fly, fly without delay.  
This Soil produces nothing but  
Poison: The Air you breath is in-  
fected with the Plague; The Men  
are contagious, and converse with  
each other only to spread the fatal  
Venom: Base and infamous Plea-  
sure, the worst of all those Evils  
that sprung from *Pandora's* Box,  
dissolves them in Luxury, and suf-  
fers no Virtue in this Place. Fly,  
stay

stay not a Moment: look not once  
behind you, and as you run, shake  
off the remembrance of this Exetra-  
ble Island.

He said, and immediately I felt  
as it were a thick Cloud dispersing  
from about my Eyes, and perceiv'd  
a more pure and beautiful Light.  
A sweet and noble Joy, accompa-  
nied with Resolution and Courage,  
reviv'd in my Heart. This Joy was  
very different from that loose and  
foolish Joy which had Poison'd my  
Senses. The one is disorderly and  
unquiet, interrupted with extrava-  
gant Passions and cruel Remorse:  
the other is a Joy of Reason, at-  
tended with a Heaven of Happiness.  
It is always pure, equal, inexhausti-  
ble. The deeper we drink, the  
more delicious is the Taste. It ra-  
vishes the Soul without the least dis-  
order. I began to shed Tears of  
Joy, and found a sweetness in Weep-  
ing. Happy, said I, are those Men  
who can see the beauty of Virtue!

Is it possible to see her without lov-  
ing her? Is it possible to love her  
without being Happy?

Here *Mentor* interrupted me, and  
said, I must leave you: I must de-  
part this Moment. I may not stay  
any longer. Where, said I, are  
you going? Into what Desert will  
I not follow you? Don't think you  
can leave me: for I will rather die  
than not attend you. Whilst I spoke  
these Words, I held him fast with  
all my Strength. 'Tis in vain, said  
he, for you to hope to detain me.  
The Cruel *Metopis* sold me to cer-  
tain *Ethiopians* or *Arabs*. These Men  
going to *Damascus* in *Syria*, on the  
account of Trade, resolved to sell  
me, supposing they should get a  
great sum of Money for me of one  
*Hazael*, who wanted a *Greek Slave*  
to inform him of the Customs of  
*Greece*, and instruct him in our Arts  
and Sciences.

This *Hazael* purchased me at a  
dear Rate. What he has learn'd  
from

from the concerning our Manners,  
 has given him a Curiosity to go on  
 to the Island of *Cyprus*, to study the  
 wise Laws of *Mim*. During our  
 voyage, the Weather has forced us  
 to put in at *Cyprus*, in expectation  
 of a favourable Wind. He is come  
 to make his Offerings in the Tem-  
 ple, see there, he is going out;  
 the Winds call; our Sails are aloft;  
 adieu, dear *Telemachus*, a Slave that  
 fears the Gods, ought faithfully to  
 serve his Master: The Gods do not  
 permit me to dispose of my self: If  
 I might, they know it, I would be  
 only yours: Farewell, remember the  
 Labours of *Ulysses*, and the Tears of  
*Penelope*, remember that the Gods  
 are just. O Gods, the Protectors of  
 Innocence! in what a Country am  
 I constrain'd to leave *Telemachus*?  
 No, no, said I, my dear Mentor,  
 it shall not depend upon you to  
 leave me here; rather Die, than see  
 you depart without me. Is this  
 your Master inexorable? Was his  
 more



Infaney nourish'd by a Tygred  
 Would he rear you out of my Arms?  
 He must either kill me, or suffer me  
 to follow you; You exhort me to  
 fly, and will not permit me to fly  
 with you; I'll go to *Hazael*;  
 perhaps he will pity my Youth and  
 my Tears. He loves Wisdom, be-  
 cause he goes so far in search of  
 it; such a one cannot have a savage  
 and insensible Heart. I will throw  
 my self at his Feet; I will embrace  
 his Knees; I will not let him go,  
 till he has given me leave to follow  
 you. My dear *Mentor*, I can be a  
 Slave with you; I will offer my  
 Service to him; if he refuses me,  
 'tis resolv'd; I will deliver my self  
 from this burden of Life.

In this Moment, *Hazael* call'd  
*Mentor*. I prostrated my self before  
 him; he was surpriz'd to see an un-  
 known Person in this Posture. What  
 is't you desire, said he? Life, re-  
 plied I; for I cannot live unless  
 you suffer me to follow *Mentor*, who

be

belongs to you. I am the Son of  
 the Great Ulysses, the most Wise of  
 all those Grecian Kings that destroy'd  
 the great City of Troy, which was  
 so famous throughout all Asia. I  
 speak not this to boast of my Birth,  
 but only to inspire you with some  
 Pity of my Misfortunes. I have  
 sought my Father in all the Seas,  
 accompanied by this Man, who has  
 been to me another Father. For-  
 tune to make me compleatly unhap-  
 py, has taken him away from me;  
 she has made him your Slave; let  
 me be so too. If it be true, that  
 you are a lover of Justice, and that  
 you are going to Crete to inspect the  
 Laws of the good King Minos, re-  
 ject not my Sighs and my Tears.  
 You see the Son of a King reduc'd  
 to desire Servitude as his only Re-  
 fuge. Formerly I would have cho-  
 sen Death in Sicily to avoid Sla-  
 very; but my first Misfortunes were  
 only the weak Essays of Fortune's  
 Injustice. Now I tremble, lest I  
 should,

Should not be nativ? drawing? Slaves.  
 O God! b? Every Calamity ; b? W-  
 re? v? m? c? m? d? M? h? , & whose M? s-  
 d? m? y? o? u? a? d? m? s? , and w? h? o? w? i? l? l? i? n? g? d? e  
 h? s? b? o? d? y? i? n? t? h? e? K? i? n? g? d? o? m? e? o? f? M? e? d? i-  
 t? o? f? i? s? r? a? e? l? g? l? o? o? k? i? n? g? u? p? o? n? ; m? e? o? w? i? t? h  
 K? i? n? d? n? e? s? a? n? d? C? o? m? p? a? s? s? i? o? n? , i? p? u? t? f? o? r? t? h  
 h? i? s? H? a? n? d? a? n? d? s? a? k? 'd? m? e? u? p? o? n? s? I? a? m  
 n? o? t? v? i? d? u? a? t? o? n? f? a? i? d? o? h? e? i? o? d? t? h? e? W? i? s-  
 d? o? m? a? n? d? V? i? r? t? u? e? o? f? U? l? y? s? s? e? s? M? e? n? t? o? r  
 h? a? s? o? f? t? e? n? t? o? l? d? m? e? o? f? t? h? e? G? l? o? r? y? h? e  
 h? a? s? a? c? q? u? i? r? 'd? a? m? o? n? g? t? h? e? G? r? e? e? k? s? ; a? n? d  
 t? h? i? s? i? d? e? s? , F? a? m? e? h? a? s? n? o? t? b? e? e? n? w? a? n? t? i? n? g  
 - t? o? s? p? r? e? a? d? h? i? s? N? a? m? e? o? v? e? r? a? l? l? t? h? e  
 o? N? a? t? i? o? n? s? o? f? t? h? e? E? a? s? t? ; f? o? l? l? o? w? m? e? ,  
 - t? h? o? S? o? n? o? f? U? l? y? s? s? e? s? , I? w? i? l? b? e? y? o? u? r  
 g? F? a? t? h? e? r? ; v? i? l? l? y? o? u? , f? i? n? d? h? i? m? ; w? h? o  
 g? a? v? e? y? o? u? L? i? f? e? . B? u? t? t? h? o' I? w? e? r? e? n? o? t  
 a? m? o? v? 'd? w? i? t? h? t? h? e? G? l? o? r? y? o? f? y? o? u? r? F? a-  
 m? i? l? y? , o? h? i? s? M? i? s? f? o? r? t? u? n? e? s? , a? n? d? , y? o? u? r  
 o? w? n? ; y? e? t? t? h? e? F? r? i? e? n? d? s? h? i? p? I? h? a? v? e? f? o? r  
 - M? e? n? t? o? r? , I? w? o? u? l? d? e? n? g? a? g? e? m? e? t? o? t? a? k? e  
 c? a? r? e? o? f? y? o? u? . T? h? i? s? t? r? u? e? , I? b? o? u? g? h? t  
 h? i? m? a? s? a? S? l? a? v? e? , b? u? t? I? k? e? e? p? h? i? m? a? s  
 - a? f? a? i? t? h? u? l? F? r? i? e? n? d? ; t? h? e? M? o? n? y? h? e? c? o? s? t? ,  
 h? a? s? a? c? q? u? i? r? 'd? m? e? t? h? e? d? e? a? r? e? s? t? a? n? d? m? o? s? t  
 v? a? l? u? a? b? l? e

valuable Friend; what I have heard of the  
World; y<sup>e</sup> humble I have found out  
that I owe all the I have for  
virtue to his Instructions; y<sup>e</sup> from  
this Moment he is free, and y<sup>e</sup> shall  
be so too; I ask nothing of either  
about your Heart, mo<sup>st</sup> kind and  
kindness and Compassion  
in an Instant I pass'd from the  
bitterest Grief to the most lively Joy  
that Men can feel; I saw my self  
deliver'd from the worst of Dan-  
gers; I was drawing near to my  
Country; I had found One to assist  
me in my return; I had the Plea-  
sure of being with a Man, who  
lov'd me already for the sake of Vir-  
tue; in a Word, I found everything  
in finding *Mentor*; and that which  
dear'd my good Fortune to me,  
was, that I fear'd not to lose him  
again; I quit the Friendship I had  
take in the meantime; *He* and  
I and I to the Shoar; we follow'd;  
we embark'd with him; our Oars  
float the yielding Waters; the Ze-  
phyrus plaid in our Sails; gave life  
and



and easie Motion to the Ship, the  
 Island of *Cyprus* soon disappear'd  
*Hazel*, impatient to know my Sen-  
 timents, ask'd me what I thought  
 of the Masters of that Island? I  
 told him ingenuously of what Dan-  
 gers my Youth had been expos'd,  
 and the Combat I had suffer'd with-  
 in me: He was tenderly mov'd with my  
 abhorrence of Vice, and said these  
 Words: O *Venus*! I acknowledge  
 your Power, and that of your Son;  
 I have burnt Incense upon your Al-  
 tars: But give me leave to detest  
 the infamous dissolution of the In-  
 habitants of your Island, and the  
 brutal Impudence, with which they  
 celebrate your Festivals. After this,  
 he discours'd with *Merton* of that  
 first Being which form'd the Hea-  
 vens and the Earth; of that pure,  
 infinite and unchangeable Light  
 which is communicated to all with-  
 out any Diminution; of that Su-  
 preme and universal Truth which  
 en-

enlightens the Spiritual World as  
the Sun enlightens the Corporeal  
He who has never seen this Light,  
saith he; I is as blind as one born  
without Sight; he passes his Life in  
a dismal Night, like that of those  
Regions where the Sun never shines  
for many Months of the Year; he  
thinks himself Wise, and is a Fool;  
he fancies he sees all, and sees no-  
thing; he Dies without seeing any  
thing; at most he perceives only  
false and obscure Flashes, vain Sha-  
dows, Phantoms, that have no real  
Being. Of this kind are all those who  
are carried away by sensual Pleasures,  
and the Enchantments of Imagina-  
tion. There are no true Men up-  
on the Earth but those who consult,  
Love and obey this eternal Rea-  
son. 'Tis she that inspires us when  
we think well: 'Tis she that re-  
proves us when we think ill. Our  
Reason as well as our Life is her  
Gift. She is as a vast Ocean of  
Light;

Light; the Reason of Men is like  
 little Rivulets emanating from the  
 which return and lose themselves in  
 her again. I did not yet thoroughly  
 comprehend the Wisdom of this Dis-  
 course, I tasted nevertheless some-  
 thing in it so Pure and so Sublime,  
 that my Heart grew warm, and  
 Truth seem'd to shine in all these  
 Words. They continued to speak  
 of the Original of the Gods, of the  
 Hero's, of the Poets, of the Golden  
 Age, of the Deluge, of the first  
 Histories of the World, of the Ri-  
 ver of Oblivion, into which the  
 Souls of the Dead are plung'd, of  
 the eternal Punishments prepar'd for  
 the Impious in the dark Gulph of  
 Tartarus, and of that happy Tran-  
 quility which the Just enjoy in the  
 Elysian Fields without any apprehen-  
 sions of Change.

During this Conversation, we  
 saw great numbers of Dolphins co-  
 ver'd with Scales, that seem'd to be  
 of

of Gold and Azure. They play'd  
 in the Sea, and lach'd the Floods in  
 to a Foam. After them came the  
 Tritons, founding their wretched  
 Trumpets made of Shells: They  
 surrounded the Chariot of Amphitrite,  
 that was drawn by Sea-Horses  
 whiter than Snow. They cut the  
 Briny Sea, and left vast Furrows  
 behind them. Their Eyes darted  
 Fire, and Smoke issued from their  
 Nostrils. The Chariot of the God-  
 dess was a Shell of a wonderful Fi-  
 gure; it was more white than the  
 finest Ivory, and the Wheels were  
 all of Gold. This Chariot seem'd  
 to fly upon the surface of the Wa-  
 ters. A Troop of Nymphs came  
 Swimming behind the Chariot.  
 Their lovely Hair hung loose upon  
 their Shoulders, floating at the Plea-  
 sure of the Winds. The Goddess  
 had in one Hand a golden Scepter,  
 with which she commanded the  
 Waves: With the other she held  
 upon her Knee the little God Pala-  
 mon,



*mon*, her Son, who hung upon her  
 Breast. Her Face was so bright  
 and so majestick, that the black  
 Tempests and all the seditious Winds  
 fled from before her. The Tritons  
 guided the Horses, and held the  
 golden Reins. A large Sail of the  
 richest Purple hung floating in the  
 Air above the Chariot; a Multitude  
 of little Zephyrs hover'd about it,  
 and labour'd to fill it with their  
 Breath. In the midst of the Air,  
*Eolus* appear'd, diligent, restless and  
 vehement; his stern and wrinkled  
 Face; his menacing Voice, his Eye-  
 brows hanging down to his Beard;  
 his Eyes full of a dim and austere  
 Fire, dispers'd the Clouds, and kept  
 the fierce Aquilons silent. The vast  
 Whales, and all the Monsters of the  
 Sea came out of their profound Grot-  
 to's to gaze upon the Goddess, and  
 with their Nostrils made the briny  
 Waters ebb and flow.

After we had admir'd this won-  
 derful Sight, we began to discover

the

the Mountains of *Croco*, tho' yet we could hardly distinguish them from the Clouds of Heaven, and flowings of the Sea. Then we saw the summit of Mount *Ida*, now which rises above all other Mountains of the Island, as an antient Stag carries his branching Head above the young Fawns that follow him in the Forest. By degrees we saw more distinctly the Coast of the Island, representing the form of an Amphitheater; as we found the Lands in *Cyprus* neglected and uncultivated, for those of *Croco* appear'd plentifully cover'd with all manner of Fruits by the Industry of the Inhabitants. On all sides we perceiv'd Towns equalling Cities; well built Villages, and magnificent Cities. We saw neither Hill nor Vale where the Hand of the diligent Husbandman was not stamp'd; the Plow had left deep Furrows in every part; Thorns, Bryars, and such Plants

Plants as are useless Burden to the Earth, are utterly unknown in this Country. We contemplated with Pleasure the fruitful Vallies, where Troops of Oxen go lowing in the sweet Pastures, that abound with Springs of running Water; the Sheep every where Feeding upon the descent of the Hills; the champion Ground cover'd with Corn, presented with a liberal Hand by the bountiful Ceres: in a Word, the Mountains adorn'd with Vines, and Grapes of a rich purple Colour, promising a plentiful Vintage of the delicious Presents of Bacchus, which charm the Cares of Men.

Mentor told us he had been formerly in Crete, and informed us of what he knew. " This Island," said he, " justly admir'd by all Strangers, and famous for its hundred Cities, is more than sufficient to nourish all the Inhabitants, tho' they are innumerable; for the Earth never ceases  
 " to

to produce her Fruits & Industry  
 be not wanting; Her fertile Bo-  
 som can never be exhausted. The  
 more numerous Men are in a  
 Country, provided they be La-  
 borious, the greater abundance  
 they enjoy. They need not be  
 jealous of one another, for this  
 tender Mother multiplies her Gifts  
 according to the number of her  
 Children, if they deserve her Fa-  
 vours by their Labour. The Am-  
 bition and Covetousness of Men,  
 are the only Springs of their Un-  
 happiness. They cover all, and  
 make themselves miserable by de-  
 firing what is superfluous. If  
 they would be moderate, and  
 contented with what is necessary,  
 we should see Plenty, Peace,  
 Union and Happiness restored to  
 the World. *Namos*, the wisest  
 and best of Kings, understood this  
 well. All the admirable Things  
 you shall see in this Island are ow-  
 ing to the excellency of his Laws.

The



The Education he appointed for  
 Children, renders their Bodies strong  
 and healthful. They are accustom-  
 ed from their Infancy to a plain,  
 frugal, laborious Life, because Plea-  
 sure enervates both the Body and  
 the Mind. No other Pleasure is  
 ever propos'd to them but the ac-  
 quisition of an invincible Virtue,  
 and solid Glory. This People do  
 not measure Mens Courage only by  
 despising Death in the hazards of  
 War; but by the contempt of great  
 Riches, and ignominious Pleasures.  
 Three Vices are punish'd here,  
 which remain unpunish'd in all  
 other Nations, Ingratitude, Dis-  
 simulation, Covetousness.

They have no need of Laws to  
 suppress Luxury and dissolution of  
 Manners; for such Things are un-  
 known in Crete. Every Man Works;  
 yet no Man desires to be rich. They  
 think all their Labour sufficiently  
 recompens'd with an easie and re-  
 gular Life, in which they enjoy  
 plen-

plentifully and quietly all that is truly necessary to Men. Costly Furniture, rich Apparel, delicious Feasts and gilded Palaces, are not permitted in this Country. Their Cloths are of fine Wool, wrought with Art; and beautiful in Colour, but without Embroidery or any other Ornament. Their Tables are sober: They drink little Wine; good Bread, with excellent Fruits, and the Milk of the Cattle, make the principal part of their Meals.

At the most, their Meat is plain dress'd, without Sauce or Ragon; and they always take care to reserve the best and strongest of the Cattle to be employ'd in Husbandry. Their Houses are neat, commodious, pleasant; but without Ornaments. They are not ignorant of the most magnificent Architecture; but that's reserv'd for the Temples of the Gods: They dare not live in Houses like those of the immortal Beings.

The

The great Riches of this People are Health, Strength, Courage, Peace and Union in Families; the Liberty of all the Citizens; plenty of Things necessary, and a contempt of those that are superfluous; a habit of Labour, and an abhorrence of Sloth; a mutual emulation of virtuous Actions; submission to the Laws, and a reverence of the just Gods.

I ask'd him in what the Authority of the King consisted? And he answer'd thus. "The King is above  
 " all the People; but the Laws are  
 " above the King. He has an absolute Power to do Good; but  
 " his Hands are tied, so soon as he  
 " attempts to do Ill. The Laws  
 " entrust him with the care of the  
 " People, as the most valuable of  
 " all Trusts, on condition to be the  
 " Father of his Subjects. They  
 " intend, that one Man shall serve  
 " by his Wisdom and Moderation  
 " to make whole Nations happy;  
 " and

“And not that so many Men shall  
“be their Misery and abject Slave-  
“ry, for to flatter the Pride and  
“Vanity of one Man. The King  
“ought to have nothing more than  
“other Men, except such assistance  
“as is necessary either to the dis-  
“charge of his painful Functions, or  
“to imprint on the Minds of the  
“People that Respect which is due  
“to the Person who is to maintain  
“the vigour of the Laws.

“On the other Hand, the King  
“ought to be more sober, more  
“averse to Luxury, more free from  
“Vanity, Haughtiness and Offen-  
“tation, than any other Man. He  
“is not to have more Riches and  
“Pleasures, but more Wisdom,  
“Virtue and Glory than the rest  
“of Men. Abroad, he is to be  
“the Defender of his Country, at  
“the Head of their Armies; at Home  
“he is to distribute Justice to the  
“People; to make them good,  
“wise and happy! 'Tis not for his

H

“ own



showed that the Gods had  
 made him King, but only that  
 he may be the Man of his People.  
 He owes all his Time to the Peo-  
 ple; all his Gains, all his Affec-  
 tions, and he is not otherwise wor-  
 thy of the Crown, than as he  
 forgets his own Interests, to sa-  
 tisfy himself to the Publick  
 Good. *Midas* appointed that his  
 Children should not Reign after  
 him, unless they would Reign by  
 these Rules; for he lov'd his Peo-  
 ple more than his Family. By  
 this Wisdom, he render'd Con-  
 querors so powerful and so happy, by  
 Moderation he has effac'd the  
 Glory of all Conquerors, who  
 make their People subservient to  
 their Greatness, that is, to their  
 Vanity. In a Word, by his Ju-  
 stice he deserv'd to be the supreme  
 Judge of the Dead in the Region  
 below. Whilst *Mentor* was speaking, we  
 arriv'd in the Island; we saw the  
 famous

And thus the Labyrinth built by the  
 Hands of the ingenious Daedalus in  
 imitation of the great Labyrinth  
 which we had seen in Egypt. As  
 we were considering this curious Fa-  
 brick, we beheld the Shore cover'd  
 with People, and Multitudes pres-  
 sing towards a Place that was near  
 the Sea. We ask'd the reason of  
 their haste, and receiv'd this Account  
 from one Nausiclaon, a Native of  
 Ithaca, the Son of Demodochus,  
 the Grand-son to Minos, who went with  
 the rest of the Grecian Kings to the  
 Siege of Troy. After the Destruction  
 of that City, he for sail, in order  
 to return to Greece; but was surpris'd  
 by so violent a Storm, that the Pi-  
 lot and the most experienced Ma-  
 tins in the Ship, gave themselves  
 for lost. Every one had Death be-  
 fore his Eyes; every one saw the  
 Abyss open to swallow him up; eve-  
 ry one deplored his Misfortune; and  
 had not so much as the wretched

Hopes of that imperfect Rest, which  
 the Souls enjoy, that have cross'd  
 the River Styx, after their Bodies  
 have receiv'd Butch'ry *Talmentire*,  
 lifting up his Eyes and Hands to  
 Heaven, invoc'd *Neptune* in these  
 Words. O powerful God! who  
 commandest the Empire of the Sea,  
 vouchsafe to hear the Prayer of the  
 Distress'd; if thou deliverest me  
 from the fury of the Winds, and  
 bringest me safe to Crete, the first  
 Head I see, shall fall by my own  
 Hands a sacrifice to thy Deity.  
 In the mean time his Son impa-  
 tient to see his Father, made haste  
 to meet and embrace him at his  
 Landing; unhappy Youth! who  
 knew not that he was running to  
 his own Destruction. The Father  
 escap'd the Storm, and landed in  
 the Port of *Syria*. He gave Thanks  
 to *Neptune* for hearing his Prayers,  
 but soon found how fatal they had  
 been to him. A black Presage of  
 his Misfortune made him bitterly

step on his rash Vow. He dreaded  
 his own Arrival; he fix'd his Eyes  
 upon the Ground: He fear'd to see  
 whatever was dear to him in the  
 World. But the inexorable God-  
 dess Nemesis, who never fails to  
 punish Men, and especially haugh-  
 ty Kings, push'd him on with a fa-  
 tal and invisible Hand: He arriv'd  
 hardy, hardly daring to lift up his  
 Eyes: He sees his Son. He starts  
 back with Horror; his Eyes in-  
 vain look about for some other Head  
 to serve for his vow'd Sacrifice. His  
 Son approach'd, and threw  
 his Arms about his Neck, surpris'd  
 to see his Father dissolving in Tears,  
 and making no return to his Tender-  
 ness. O my Father, said he! Whence  
 comes this Sadness, after so long ab-  
 sence? are you displeas'd to see your  
 Kingdom, and to be the Joy of your  
 Son? What have I done? You turn  
 your Eyes away for fear of seeing me.  
 The Father overwhelm'd with  
 Grief, made no answer. At last, af-  
 ter



that many bitter Sighs, he said, Ah  
*Nephtali* what have I piden? and he  
 bore me to the Winds, and to the  
 Rocks, which ought to have alight  
 me in Pines, and finish'd my watch-  
 ed Life. Let my Son live. O thou  
 cruel God, here take my Blood and  
 spare his. *M. Asriel* spoke, he drew  
 his Sword to pierce his own Heart,  
 but those that were about him stopp'd  
 his Hand. *Thi* sage *Sapra* said,  
 by whom the will of the Gods is  
 convey'd to Men; assur'd him, that  
 he might satisfy *Nephtali* without  
 the Death of his Son. Your Pro-  
 mise, said he, was imprudent; the  
 Gods will not be honour'd by Cruel-  
 ty. Beware of adding to the Error  
 of your Promise, the crime of ac-  
 complishing it against the Laws of  
 Nature. Offer a hundred Bulls,  
 white as Snow to *Nephtali*; let their  
 Blood stream about his Altar crown'd  
 with Flowers; let the sweetest In-  
 cense smoke in Honour of the God;  
 you'll sell down into his own Blood;

He heard this Discourse, in-  
 clining his Head towards the Earth,  
 and answer'd not one Word. His  
 Tears fill'd his Eyes, his pale and  
 disfigur'd Face chang'd Colour eve-  
 ry Moment, and all his Limbs shook  
 with horror. In the mean time  
 his Son said to him A My Father,  
 here I am; your Son is ready to die,  
 to appease the Gods. Is he content-  
 ed, such my Death will have pre-  
 vented yours. Strike, O my Father,  
 and suspect not to find in me the  
 least fear of Death, or any thing  
 unbecoming your Son. The Death  
 In that Moment *Idomeneus* tran-  
 sported with Distraction, and pos-  
 sess'd by infernal Furies, surpris'd  
 all that stood about him with A-  
 stonishment. He thrust his Sword into  
 the Heart of this Youth, and drew  
 it out again reeking and full of Blood,  
 to plunge it into his own Bowels.  
 But he was once more prevented  
 by those that were present. The  
 Youth fell down into his own Blood;  
 the

the shades of Death hung upon his Eyes; he open'd them a little to the Light, but could not support its Brightness. As a beautiful Lilly in the midst of the Field, cut up from the Root by the Plowshare, lies down and languishes on the Ground. It receives no more Nourishment from the Earth, and the Springs of Life are intercepted; yet the snowy White and noble Lustre in part remains. So the Son of *Idomeneus*, like a young and tender Flower, is cut down in the bloom of his Age. The Father through excess of Grief is become insensible, he knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor what he ought to do; he reels towards the City and demands his Son.

*The End of the First Volume.*

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS*

The Son of  
ULYSSES

---

PART II, III, IV, V.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for A. and J. Churchill,  
at the Black-Swan in Pater-  
Noster-Row. M DCC.





---



---

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS*  
The Son of  
ULYSSES.

---

PART. II.

---

**I**N the mean time the People being touch'd with Pity for the Son, and full of Horror at the barbarous Action of the Father, cry  
B out,

out, That the just Gods have abandon'd him to the Furies; Their Rage furnishes 'em with Arms; They lay hold of what Weapons come next to hand; Discord breaths a secret Venom into their Breasts; The *Cretans*, the wise *Cretans* forget their 'belov'd Wisdom; They will no longer acknowledge the Son of sage *Minos*; *Idomeneus's* Friends know not how to consult his Safety but by conducting him back to his Ship; They embark with him, and commit their Flight to the Waves. *Idomeneus* being come to himself, returns them Thanks for carrying him away from a Land he had besprinkled with his Son's Blood, and which he could no longer inhabit; the Winds waft 'em over to *Hesperia*, where they lay the Foundation of a new Kingdom in the Country of the *Salentines*.

But now the *Cretans* being destitute of a King to govern 'em, they resolve to chuse such an one as will  
keep

keep up the Purity of the establish'd Laws. And these are the Measures they take for that purpose. All the chief Men of a hundred Cities are now to meet at one Place; they begin with offering Sacrifices; they assemble all the most renown'd Sages of the Neighbouring Countries to examine the Wisdom of those who shall be thought worthy of Command; they order publick Games, where all the Competitors are to fight; for the Crown is the Prize which they propose to him who shall excel, both as to strength of Body and endowment of Mind. They will have a King whose Body must be strong and active, and his Soul adorn'd with Wisdom and Virtue: They invite all Strangers to this grand Assembly. *Nausicrates* having recounted to us this wondrous Story, cries out, Haste therefore, you Strangers, to our Assembly; you shall contend with the Rest, and if the Gods decree the



Victory for either of you, he shall Reign in this Country. We followed him, not out of any desire of being victorious, but only out of a Curiosity to see an Election so extraordinary.

We arrived at a Place resembling a very large *Circus*, surrounded with a thick Wood. The middle of this *Circus* was an *Arena* (or Pit) prepared for the Combatants; it was surrounded by a large Amphitheater of green Turf, whereon sat in order an innumerable multitude of Spectators. As soon as we came there, we were honourably receiv'd; for the *Cretans*, of all Nations in the World, are the most noble and religious Observers of Hospitality; they desired us to take our Places, and invited us to enter the Lifts. *Mentor* excus'd himself, upon account of his Age, and *Haseel* on the score of his Health. My Youth and Vigour left me without Excuse; however, I cast a look upon

upon *Mentor* to discover his Mind, and I perceiv'd he desir'd that I should engage: I therefore accepted their Proposal, and strip'd my self of all my Cloaths; they poured Streams of sweet and shining Oyl on all my Limbs; and being covered with Dust, I put in for one among the Combatants. 'Twas said on every Side, that the Son of *Ulysses* was come to dispute the Prize, and several *Cretans*, who had been at *Ithaca* during my Infancy, knew me again. The first Exercise was Wrestling. A *Rhodian*, about Five and Thirty Years of Age, surmounted all those who dared to encounter him. He had still all the Vigour of Youth; his Arms were nervous and brawny; at the least of his Motions you might discover all his Muscles, and he was no less nimble than strong. He did not think it worth his while to overcome me, and looking with Pity upon my tender Age, he was about

to retire, when I offer'd to contend with him. Thereupon we laid hold of one another; squeez'd each other till we were almost out of Breath; clap'd our Shoulders and Feet one against another; distended all our Nerves, and twined our Arms about like Snakes, either of us striving to lift his Antagonist from the Ground. Sometimes he endeavour'd to trip me over by pushing me on the right side, sometimes he endeavour'd to bend me on the left: But when he had thus spent himself in vain, I gave him such a violent Push as made his Back bend, and so he tumbled down on the Stage; I fell upon him, and tho' he us'd all his Strength to get uppermost, yet I kept him under me without much difficulty: All the People cry'd, Victory to the Son of *Ulysses*, and so I help'd the dismay'd *Rhodian* to get up. The Combate with the *Cestus* was more difficult: The Son of a rich Citizen of *Samos* having

ac-

acquir'd a great Renown in this Exercise, all the rest yielded to him, and I alone offer'd to dispute the Victory with him. At first he treated me with such fierce Blows on my Head and Breast as made me spit Blood, and spread a thick Cloud over my Eyes ; I stagger'd, he press'd me ; I was almost out of Breath, but I was animated by *Mentor's* Voice, who cry'd to me, You Son of *Ulysses*, will you suffer yourself to be vanquish'd ? Anger supply'd me with fresh Strength, and I avoided several Blows which would have crush'd me down. As soon as the *Samian* had made a false Blow at me, and that his Arm was stretch'd out in vain, I surpriz'd him in that stooping Posture, and as he began to step back, I lifted up my *Cestus* that I might fall upon him with greater force ; he endeavour'd to recover, but whilest he was in this disadvantageous Posture, he gave me an opportunity

to throw him down. He had scarce touched the Ground, when I reach'd him my hand to raise him ; but he got up by himself, cover'd with Dust and Blood, full of confusion and disorder, not daring to renew the Fight.

Immediately after began the Chariot-Races : The Chariots were distributed by Lot ; mine happen'd to be the worst, both as to the lightness of the Wheels, and the mettle of the Horses : We started ; a Cloud of Dust flew about us that darkned the very Sky ; at first I let all my Competitors go before me ; a young *Lacedemonian*, nam'd *Creantor*, cast off all the rest behind him ; a *Cretan*, *Policlete* by name, follow'd him close : *Hippomachus*, a Relation of *Idomeneus*, who aspir'd to o'retake him, giving the Reins to his Horses, who were reeking with sweat, leaned on their loose Mane, and his Chariot-Wheels turn'd so very swift, that they seem'd to be with-



without Motion, like the Wings of an Eagle that cuts the Air. My Horses being animated, and having gather'd Breath by degrees, I outstrip'd most of those who started with so much Fury. *Hippomachus*, driving his Horses too fast, the most mettlesome of 'em fell down, and by his fall depriv'd his Master of the Hopes of the Crown. *Policletes* leaning too much upon his Horses, and having no firm sitting, tumbled down at a Shock, lost his Reins, and 'twas great luck that he escap'd Death. *Pisistrates*, seeing with Eyes full of Indignation, that I was got up close to him, redoubled his Eagerness: Now he invoked the Gods, promising 'em rich Offerings; then he cheer'd up his Horses with his Voice: He was affraid lest I should pass between him and the \* Mark; \* *Meta.* for my Horses which I sparred at first, were now able to beat his; so that he had no other Hopes left

left him, than to stop up my Passage: In order to it, he ventur'd to break his Wheel against the Mark, and broke it accordingly. I turn'd about presently to avoid his broken Chariot, and a moment after he saw me at the Goal. The People shouted a second time, and cry'd out, Victory to the Son of *Ulysses*, 'tis He the Gods have destin'd to Reign over us. In the mean time the most illustrious, and the wisest among the *Cretans*, conducted us into an old and consecrated Wood, remote from the sight of prophane Men, where the old Men whom *Minos* had establish'd to be the Judges of the People, and Guardians of the Laws, assembled us. We were the same who had contended at the Exercises, no other being admitted. The Sages opened the Books wherein all the Laws of *Minos* are collected. As I drew near those old Men, whom Age rendred Venerable, without impairing

pairing the Vigour of their Mind, I felt my self seized with an awful Respect and Confusion. They sat in order, and motionless in their Places; their Hair was hoary; some of them had none at all; a calm and serene Wisdom shin'd in their grave Countenances; they spoke with Deliberation, and said nothing beside the purpose; when they happen'd to differ in Opinion, they were so moderate in maintaining their Sentiments, that one would be apt to think that they were all of one Mind. This long Experience of past Transactions, and their constant Application and Study, gave them a clear distinct Idea of every Thing: But what most conduc'd to perfect their Reason, was the Tranquillity of their Minds, freed from the fond Passions and wild Caprices of Youth; they were acted by Wisdom alone, and the Advantage they reap'd from their accomplish'd Virtue, was,

was, that they had such a perfect Mastery over their Passions, that they enjoy'd without trouble the pleasant and noble Delight of being govern'd by Reason. As I was admiring them, I wish'd my Life were contracted, that I might arrive on the sudden to so valuable an old Age; I accounted Youth unhappy, for being so remote from that calm and clear-sighted Virtue. The Chief among those old Men, opened the Volume of *Minos's* Laws, which was a great Book usually kept among Perfumes in a golden Box. All those old Men kiss'd it with great Respect, for they said; That next the Gods, from whom good Laws are derived, nothing ought to be more sacred among Men, than even those Laws themselves which tend to make them Good, Wise, and Happy. Those who have in their Hands the Administration of the Laws for the Government of the People, ought them-

themselves to be govern'd by those  
 very Laws upon all Occasions : 'Tis  
 the Law, and not the Man that  
 ought to Reign. Such was the Dis-  
 course of the Sages. Afterwards he  
 who presided at the Assembly, pro-  
 pounded three Questions which  
 were to be decided by the Maxims  
 of *Minos*. The first Question was,  
*Which of all Men was most free?* Some  
 answer'd, That 'twas a King who  
 had an absolute Power over his Peo-  
 ple, and had conquer'd all his Ene-  
 mies. Others maintain'd, That  
 'twas a Man who being never mar-  
 ried, travell'd all his Life-time thro'  
 divers Countries, without being ever  
 subject to the Laws of any Nation.  
 Others fancied, That it was a *Bar-  
 barian*, who living upon Hunting in  
 the midst of Woods, was indepen-  
 dent upon any Government, and li-  
 able to no manner of Want. Others  
 thought it was a Man newly made  
 Free, who coming out of a rigo-  
 rous Servitude, enjoy'd more than  
 any



any other, the sweets of Liberty. Others at last ventur'd to say, That it was a dying Man, because Death freed him from all Troubles; and that all Men had no more Power over him. When it came to my turn, I was not puzzled how to answer, because I still remember'd what *Mentor* had often told me: The most free of all Men, answer'd I, is he who can be free, even in slavery it self, and in what Condition or Country soever he be; a Man is most free, when he fears the Gods, and none but them: In short, that Man is truly free who disingag'd from all manner of Fear, or anxious Desire, is subject to the Gods and his Reason only. The old Men look'd upon one another smiling, and wonder'd to find that my Answer was exactly the same with that of *Minos*.

Afterwards, they propos'd the second Question in these Words; *Which is the most unhappy of all Men?*  
Every

Every one answer'd as he thought. One said, 'Tis a Man who has neither Estate, Health, nor Honour. Another said, 'Tis a Man who is Friendless. Others maintain'd, That 'tis a Man who has disobedient, ungrateful, and unworthy Children. There came a Sage of the Isle of *Lesbos*, who said, That the most unhappy of all Men, is he who thinks himself so ; for Unhappiness doth not depend so much upon the Things we suffer, as upon our own impatience and uneasiness which aggravates our Misfortunes. This Speech was highly commend- ed and applauded by the whole As- sembly, and every one thought that this *Lesbian* would carry the Prize in thus solving this Question ; but being ask'd my Opinion, I answer'd according to *Mentor's* Maxims : The most unhappy of all Men, is a King, who thinks himself happy, when he makes all the rest of Man- kind miserable ; His blindness makes him

him doubly unhappy; for not knowing his Misery, he cannot apply Remedies to it; nay, he fears to be acquainted with it; Truth cannot pierce through the Crowd of his Flatterers, and reach his View; his Passions tyrannize over him; he is a stranger to his Duty; he never tasted the Pleasure of doing good, nor felt the Charms of true Virtue; he is unhappy, and deserves to be so; his Unhappiness encreases daily; he runs to his own Ruin, and the Gods prepare an eternal Punishment to confound him. All the Assembly confest I had overcome the wise *Lesbian*, and the old Men declar'd I had hit upon the true sense of *Minos*.

The third Question they ask'd, was, *Which of the two is to be preferr'd, either a King victorious and invincible in War; or a King less experienced in War, but able to Rule his People wisely in Peace?* The Majority answer'd, That the King invincible in War  
was

was to be preferr'd; What are we the better, said they, for having a King who knows how to govern well in Peace, if he knows not how to defend his Kingdom when a War comes? For then his Enemies will overcome him, and make his People Slaves. Others on the contrary maintain'd, That the peaceful King was much better, because he would be affraid of War, and consequently take care to avoid it. Others said, That a conquering King would consult and advance as well the Honour of his People as his own, and make his Subjects Masters of other Nations; whereas a peaceful King would sink their Courage into a shameful Effiminacy. They desir'd to know my Opinion, and I answer'd thus; A King who knows not how to govern, but either in Peace or in War, and is incapable to rule his People in both, is but a Demi-King; but if you compare a King, who is only skill'd in War,

War, to a wise King, who, without being acquainted with War, is able to maintain it upon occasion, by his Generals, I think he is to be preferr'd to the other: A King whose Mind is entirely bent upon War, would always be for making War; and in order to extend his Dominion, and advance his Glory, not care if all his People were ruin'd. What are a People the better for the Conquest their King makes over other Nations, if they are miserable under his Reign? Moreover, long Wars are still attended with great Disorders; the Conquerors themselves grow loose and disorderly in those Times of Confusion. See at what a dear Rate *Greece* has triumph'd over *Troy*, she was depriv'd of her Kings for above ten Years; whilst all is ruin'd by War, the Laws grow faint, Agriculture is neglected, all Arts languish and decay; even the best Princes, when they have a War to carry on, are oblig'd



oblig'd to commit the greatest of Ills; which is, to tolerate Licentiousness, and make use of wicked Men. How many profligate Villains would be punish'd during the Peace, whose Audaciousness must needs be rewarded during the Disorders of War? Never had any Nation a conquering Sovereign, but they must suffer much upon account of his Ambition. A Conqueror intoxicated with his Glory, ruins as much his victorious People, as the Nations he has vanquish'd. A Prince, who wants the necessary Qualifications for Peace, cannot make his Subjects relish the Fruits of a War happily ended; he is like a Man who could defend his own Field against his Neighbour, and usurp even that of his Neighbour himself, but could neither Plow nor Sow his Grounds, and so Reap no Harvest. Such a Man seems to be born to destroy, lay waste, and turn the World topsy-turvy,  
and

and not to make the People happy by his wise Government. Now let's consider a peaceful King: 'Tis true, he is not fit for great Conquests; that is to say, he is not born to disturb the Tranquillity of his own People, by endeavouring to subdue those other Nations who are not his lawful Subject; but he is truly fit to govern in Peace, and is Master of all the Qualifications necessary to secure and protect his People against their Enemies. For he never attempts to do any thing that may disturb the publick Peace; he is religiously Faithful in all his Alliances; his Allies love him, they are not in fear of him, but rather repose an intire Confidence in him. If he happens to have some stirring, haughty, ambitious and troublesome Neighbour, all the other Kings who fear that stirring Neighbour, and in no manner distrust the peaceful King, join themselves in Confederacy with that good King,

and

and keep him from being oppress'd. His Integrity, Honesty, and Moderation make him the Arbiter of all the States that surround him; whilest the ambitious King, is odious to all the rest, and ever expos'd to their Leagues. This peaceful Prince has the Honour of being, as it were, the Father and Guardian of all the other Kings. These are the Advantages he has abroad; those he enjoys at home are still more wonderful: Since he is fit to govern in Peace, 'tis certain he governs according to the wisest Laws; he discountenances Pomp, Luxury, and all those Arts that serve only to cherish and foment Vice; he promotes and encourages those that are useful, and can supply Mankind with the real Wants of Life; more particularly, he causes his Subjects to apply themselves to Agriculture, and by that means, he procures them Plenty of all Necessaries. This laborious People, plain in their Manners,

Manners, and thrifty in their way of living, get an easie livelihood by Tilling of their Lands, and multiply every day. This Kingdom contains a numberless Multitude of People, but a People sound in Body, vigorous and strong; not softned by Pleasures, exercis'd and inur'd in Virtue, not addicted to the Enjoyments of an effeminate luxurious Life; a People that know how to despise Death, and had rather part with their Lives, than with the Liberty they enjoy under a wise King, who Reigns only by the Dictates of Reason and Justice. Let now a neighbouring Conqueror attack this People, perhaps he may find them not so well us'd to a Camp, ranking themselves in order of Battle, or the besieging of a Town; but he will find them invincible by their Numbers, their Courage, their Patience upon hard Duty, their Familiarity with Want and Poverty, their Resolution and Obstinace in Fights,

Fights, and their constant Virtue not to be shaken even by ill Success and Disasters. Moreover, if the King have not Experience enough to Command his Armies in Person, he will easily find those who shall be able to Command them, and will make use of them without losing his Authority. In the mean time his Allies will furnish him with Supplies; his Subjects will rather die than undergo the Yoke of another unjust and tyrannical King, nay, the Gods themselves will fight for him. See how many Helps and Advantages he will find amidst his greatest Dangers: I therefore conclude, That a peaceful King who is unskil'd in War, is a very imperfect King, since he cannot discharge one of his most important Functions, which is to overcome his Enemies; but at the same time, he is infinitely superiour to a conquering King, who wants the necessary Qualifications to govern in Peace, and



and is only fit for War. I perceiv'd a great many in the Assembly who seem'd to dislike my Opinion; but however, the old Men declar'd I had spoken the Sentiments of *Minos*. The first of those old Men cry'd out, I see the fulfilling of one of *Apollo's* Oracles, which is known through all our Island: *Minos* having consulted the God to know how long his Progeny would Reign, according to the Laws he had establish'd; *Apollo* answer'd him, Thy Off-spring will cease to Rule when a Stranger coming into thy Island, shall cause thy Laws to Reign. We fear'd lest some Stranger should come and Conquer the Isle of *Crete*, but *Idomeneus's* Misfortune, and the Wisdom of the Son of *Ulysses*, who best of any Mortal understands the Laws of *Minos*, do plainly discover to us the meaning of the Oracle; Why do we any longer deferr Crowning of him whom Destiny appoints to be our King?

King? Thereupon the old Men went out of the sacred Wood, and the first of them taking me by the hand, declar'd to the People, who were impatient to know the Decision, That I had carried the Prize. His words were scarce out of his Mouth, when there was heard a confus'd Noise of all the Assembly, every one giving a shout for Joy; the Shore and all the Neighbouring Hills eccho'd with this general Acclamation, Let the Son of *Ulysses*, who is as wise as *Minos*, Reign over the *Cretans*.

I paus'd a while, and then making Signs with my hand, I demand-  
ed Silence. In the mean time *Mentor* whisper'd me in the Ear: What! will you renounce your own Country? Will your ambitious Desire of a Crown make you forget *Penelope*, who now expects you as her only Hopes, and the great *Ulysses*, whom the Gods resolv'd to restore to his Family? These words went  
C to

to my Heart, and check'd my Ambition of being a King. But now the profound Silence of this tumultuous Assembly gave me occasion thus to proceed; Illustrious *Cretans*, I am not worthy to Command over you. The Oracle you mention'd, shews indeed that the Off-spring of *Minos* shall cease to Rule when a Stranger comes into this Island, and causes the Laws of that wise King to flourish; but it is not said that that Stranger shall Rule. I will suppose I am that Stranger mark'd out by the Oracle: I have made his Prediction good, I am come into this Island, I have discover'd the true Sense of the Laws, and I wish my Explanation may contribute to make them Reign with the Man whom you shall chuse: For my own part, I prefer my Country, the little Island of *Ithaca*, before the hundred Cities of *Crete*, and the Glory and Wealth of this fine Kingdom. Suffer me to pursue what  
Fate

Fate hath destin'd; if I entred your  
 Lifts here 'twas not with hopes to  
 Rule here, but only to merit your  
 Esteem and your Pity, and that I  
 might be furnish'd by you with  
 Necessaries for my speedy Return  
 into my Native Country; I would  
 rather chuse to obey my Father  
*Ulysses*, and comfort my Mother  
*Penelope*, than Reign over all the  
 Nations of the Universe: Oh! *Cre-*  
*tans*, you see the bottom of my  
 Heart: I must leave you, but Death  
 alone shall put a Period to my con-  
 tinued Gratitude; yes, *Telemachus*  
 will love the *Cretans*, and be as  
 much concern'd for their Honour,  
 as if 'twere his own, as long as he  
 has Breath. I had scarce done speak-  
 ing, when there arose through the  
 whole Assembly a hollow Noise,  
 like that of the Sea-Waves, which  
 dash one against another in a Storm.  
 Some said, Is this a God in an hu-  
 mane Shape? Others maintain'd,  
 They had seen me in other  
 C 2 Countries,

Countries, and that they knew me again. Others cry'd, we must force him to Reign here. At last I resum'd my Discourse, and every one was silent in a moment, not knowing whether or no I was going to accept what I had at first reject-ed; in these words therefore I address'd my self to 'em:

Suffer me, Oh! *Cretans*, to tell you my Thoughts; You are the wisest of all Nations, but methinks Wisdom requires a Precaution which you seem to have forgot; you ought to fix your Election, not on that Man who best Discourses about the Laws, but on him who with a most steddy and constant Virtue, puts them in Practice. For my part, I am young, and consequently without Experience, expos'd to the Violence of Passions, and more fit to be instructed by Obeying, in order to Command hereafter, than to Command at present: Therefore seek not a Man that has overcome others  
in



in those Tryals of Wit and Strength; but one that has overcome himself; look for a Man that has your Laws deeply engraven in his Heart, and whose Life is a continu'd Practice of those Laws; let his Actions rather than his Words, bespeak your Choice.

All the old Men charm'd with this Discourse, and seeing the Applauses of the whole Assembly still encreasing, told me, Since the Gods will not suffer us to hope to see you Reign among us, at least do us the favour to assist us in the finding out a King that will govern according to our Laws: Do you know any Body that can Command with that Moderatiou you speak of? I know a Man, answer'd I, to whom I am beholden for all you have admir'd in me; 'tis his Wisdom and not mine that spoke to you; 'tis he who suggested to me all those Answers you heard just now.

Thereupon all the Assembly cast their Eyes upon *Mentor*, whom I shew'd to them, holding him by the hand; moreover I told them what care he had taken of me from my Infancy; what Dangers he had rescued me from; what Misfortunes had befallen me as soon as I began to neglect his Counsels. At first they took no notice of him because of his plain negligent Dress; his modest Countenance, his being silent almost all the while, and his reserv'd Looks: But when they view'd him more attentively, they discover'd in his Countenance something that bespoke a firm, noble, and elevated Soul; they took notice of the liveliness of his Eyes, and how active he was in all his Actions; they ask'd him several Questions, which he answer'd to the Admiration of all; they resolv'd to make him their King, but he excus'd himself without any concern: He told them he preferr'd the Sweets  
of

of a private Life, before the grand Pomp of a Crown; that even the best Kings were unhappy in that they scarce ever did that Good they had a mind to do; and that through Surprize, and the Insinuations of Flatterers, they often did that Mischief they never intended. He added, that if Slaves be miserable, the Condition of a King is no less wretched, since 'tis but servitude in a disguise. When a Man, said he, is King, he is still dependent upon all those whom he has occasion for to support his Authority, and make others obey: Happy is he who is not oblig'd to Command! 'Tis only to ones own Country, when she invests a Man with Power, that he ought to offer the dear Sacrifice of his Liberty, in order to consult and promote the publick Good.

At these words the *Cretans*, still full of wonder and admiration, ask'd him, What Man they ought to chuse? A Man, reply'd he, that's

well known to you all, since you must be govern'd by him, and such a one as is affraid to govern you. Whoever desires Sovereignty, is not acquainted with it; and how then will he perform the Duties incumbent upon his Dignity, if he be a stranger to them? He courts a Crown for himself, but you ought to endeavour after one who accepts it only for your advantage.

All the *Cretans*, being very much surpriz'd to see these two Strangers refuse a Crown, which a great many others seek after with eager Ambition, they enquir'd who came along with them. *Nausicrates*, who had conducted them from the Port to the Circus, where the Games were celebrated, shew'd them *Hafael*, who was come with *Mentor* and my self from the Isle of *Cyprus*; but their wonder still encreased, when they heard that *Mentor* had been *Hafael's* Slave: That *Hafael* deeply affected with the Wisdom  
and

and Virtue of his Slave, had made him his Counsellor and intimate Friend. That, that Slave made free, was the same who just now refused to be King; and that *Hasael* was come from *Damascus* in *Syria* to make himself acquainted with the Laws of *Minos*, so much was his Heart possess'd with the love of Wisdom. The old Men said to *Hasael*, We dare not to desire you to Rule over us, for we suppose your Thoughts are the same with those of *Mentor*; you despise Men too much to be willing to take upon you the Conduct of them. Besides, you have so far renounc'd Riches, and the vain Pomp of a Crown, that you would not purchase them at the expence of your Liberty, and with the Fatigue and anxious Cares which are inseparably attending upon Rule and Government. *Hasael* answer'd, Do not understand me, Oh! *Cretans*, as if I despis'd Men. No: I know too well what great and noble Employ-



ment it is to make them good and happy; but that Employment is full of Trouble and Dangers; the Pomp that attends it has but a false Brightness, which can only dazzle the Eyes of Vain-glorious Men. Life is short; Greatness and Elevation do more provoke the Passions, than they can satisfy them: My design in coming so far was not to purchase those false Goods, but only to learn to be easie without them. I must bid you farewell; I have no other Thoughts than to return to a peaceful and retir'd Life, where Wisdom shall fill my Heart, and nourish my Soul; and where the hopes that result from Virtue towards a better Life, shall comfort me under the Miseries of old Age; if I wish for any thing, 'tis not to be a King, but rather never to be parted from those two Men you see here before you.

At last the *Cretans* (addressing themselves to *Mentor*) cry'd out, You, the

the wisest and greatest of all Mortals, tell us then who it is we must chuse to be our King, for we will not let you go till you have determin'd our Choice. To which he answer'd, Whilst I was among the Crowd of the Spectators, I took notice of a vigorous old Man who shewed no manner of eagerness or concern; I ask'd who he was, and answer was made, he was call'd *Aristomedes*: Afterwards I heard some Body telling him that his two Sons were amongst the Combatants, at which he exprest no manner of Joy; he said, That as for the one, he did not wish him the Dangers which attend a Crown; and as for the other, he lov'd his Country too well, ever to consent that he should be King. By that I understood that this Father had a reasonable Love for one of his Sons, who is good and virtuous, and that he did not countenance the other in his vicious Excesses. My Curiosity still en-

creasing,

creasing, I enquired into the Life  
 and Conversation of this old Man;  
 One of your Citizens answer'd me,  
 He bore Arms a long time; his Bo-  
 dy is cover'd with Wounds and  
 Scars, but his plain and sincere Vir-  
 tue, entirely averse to Flattery, ren-  
 der'd him troublesome to *Idomeneus*,  
 which is the Reason that King did  
 not employ him in the *Trojan* War.  
 He fear'd a Man who would give  
 those wise Counsels, which he was  
 not inclin'd to follow; he was even  
 jealous of the Honour and Reputa-  
 tion which he would infallibly have  
 acquir'd in a little time; he forgot  
 all his past Services, and left him  
 here Poor, and expos'd to the Con-  
 tempt of those base Men, who va-  
 lue nothing but Riches; but con-  
 tented in his Poverty, he lives a  
 pleasant Life in a remote Place of  
 this Island, where he Tills and Ma-  
 nures his Grounds with his own  
 Hands. One of his Sons helps him  
 in his Work, and they are both  
 hap-

happy in their mutual Love. By their Frugality and Labour they have sufficient of all Necessaries for a plain way of Living. That wise old Man distributes to the Sick and Poor of his Neighbourhood, all that he can spare from his own Wants, and his Son's. He sets all young People to work, and encourages, admonishes, and instructs them; he decides all Controversies amongst his Neighbours, and is, as it were, the Father of all Families. His own Misfortune is, that he has a second Son, who would never follow his Advice in any Thing: The Father having born with him a long time, with hopes to reclaim him from his Vices, has at last turn'd him out of his House, since which he has abandon'd himself to fond Ambition, and all extravagant Pleasures. This, Oh! *Cretans*, is what I have been inform'd; you can tell whether that Relation be true: But if that Man be such as he is, describ'd to be,

what

what need you celebrate any Games? Why do you assemble so many unknown Persons? You have amongst you a Man who knows you, and whom you know; one who understands the War; who has shewn his Courage not only against Darts and Arrows, but against dreadful Poverty, and has despis'd Riches acquir'd by Flattery; one who loves Work; who knows how useful Agriculture is to a Nation; who abhors Pomp and Luxury; who suffers not himself to be unmann'd by a blind Fondness for his Children, and loves the Virtue of the one, and condemns the Vices of the other; in a word, a Man who is already the Father of the People: This must be your King, if so be you desire to see the Laws of wise *Minos* flourish amongst you.

All the People cry'd out, 'Tis true, *Aristomedes* is such as you describe him; 'tis he that deserves the Crown. The old Men order'd he should



should be called; he was found amongst the Crowd, undistinguish'd from the meaner Sort; and having appear'd before 'em, calm and unconcern'd, they declar'd to him that they made him King. He answer'd, I cannot consent to it but upon these three Conditions: First, That I shall lay down my Dignity in two Years time, in case I cannot make you better than you are at present, and that you remain refractory to the Laws. Secondly, That I shall be free to continue my plain and frugal way of Living. And Thirdly, That my Children shall have no Promotions; and that after my death, they shall be treated without any other distinction than according to their Merit, like the rest of the Citizens. At these words the Air was fill'd with joyful Acclamations; the Chief of those old Men who were the Guardians of the Laws, put the Crown on *Aristomedes's* Head; and afterwards they

they offer'd Sacrifices to *Jupiter*, and the other great Gods. *Aristomedes* gave us Presents, not with that Magnificence which is usual to Kings, but with a noble Simplicity: He gave to *Haseael* the Laws of *Minos*, written with *Minos's* own Hand; he likewise gave him a Collection of all the History of the Isle of *Crete*, from *Saturn* and the Golden Age, down to that Time: He sent Aboard his Ship all kinds of the choicest Fruits that grow in *Crete*, but are unknown in *Syria*, and offer'd him all the Assistance he had occasion for. Now because we press'd our Departure, he order'd a Ship to be fitted up, and mann'd with a great number of strong Rowers, and arm'd Men; he gave us withal, changes of Cloaths, and all manner of Provisions. At that very instant there arose a fair Wind for *Ithaca*; this Wind being contrary to *Haseael*, oblig'd him to stay behind; he saw us go away, and embrac'd us as dear.

dear Friends, whom he fear'd he  
 should see no more: However, said  
 he, the Gods are just; they see a  
 Friendship founded on Virtue alone;  
 they will one day bring us together  
 again; and those happy *Elysian*  
 Fields, where the Good and Just are  
 said to enjoy an eternal Peace after  
 death, shall see our Souls meet, ne-  
 ver to be parted any more. Oh!  
 that my Ashes might be gather'd  
 into the same Urn with yours! As  
 he spoke these last Words, he shed  
 a Flood of Tears, and his Voice  
 was check'd by his deep Sighs: We  
 wept no less than he, and in this  
 solemn Woe he conducted us to our  
 Ship. As for *Aristomedes*, he told  
 us, 'Tis you made me King; re-  
 member what Dangers you have  
 expos'd me to, and therefore require  
 the Gods that they would inspire me  
 with true Wisdom, and make me  
 as much superior to other Men in  
 Moderation, as I am above them  
 in Authority. For my part I be-  
 seech

seek them to conduct you safe in-  
 to your Country, to confound the  
 Insolence of your Foes, and bless  
 you with the sight of *Ulysses*, reign-  
 ing in Peace with his dear *Penelope*.  
*Telemachus*, I give you a good Ship  
 full of able Mariners and Soldiers,  
 who may serve you against those  
 unjust Men that persecute your Mo-  
 ther. Oh! *Mentor*, whose bound-  
 less Wisdom leaves me no room,  
 even to wish you an addition of any  
 Thing: Go both in Peace, and make  
 each other happy; remember *Aris-  
 tomedes*, and if ever the *Ithacians*  
 have occasion for the *Cretans*, de-  
 pend upon me as long as I have  
 Breath. He embrac'd us, and we  
 could not forbear mingling our  
 Tears with our Thanks.

In the mean time the Wind which  
 fill'd our spreading Sails, seem'd to  
 promise a safe Voyage. And now  
 Mount *Ida* began to decrease in our  
 sight, and look'd like a little Hill;  
 the *Cretan* Shore disappear'd, and  
 the

the Coast of *Peloponesus* seem'd  
to advance into the Sea to meet us  
half way : But on the sudden a black  
Storm over-cast the Sky, and pro-  
vok'd the boisterousness of the  
Waves; the Day was turn'd into  
Night, and ghastly Death hover'd  
over us. Oh, *Neptune*, 'tis you, who  
with your proud Trident, stirr'd up  
the Rage of the watry Deep! *Venus*,  
to be reveng'd upon us, for despising  
her, even in her Temple of *Cythera*,  
went to that God, and spoke to him  
full of Grief, and with Eyes dissolved  
in Tears; at least, 'tis what *Mentor*,  
who is acquainted with Celestial  
Things, has assur'd me. Oh! *Nep-*  
*tune*, said she, will you suffer those  
impious Men to defie my Power  
unpunish'd? The Gods themselves  
are sensible of it, and these rash  
Mortals have dared to condemn all  
they have seen in my Island; they  
pretend to a Wisdom which is proof  
against all Passions, and look upon  
Love as a Fit of Madness: Have  
you



you forgot that I was born in your Dominions? Why do you delay any farther to swallow up in the deep Abyss of your Kingdom those two Men whom I abhor? She had scarce done speaking, when *Neptune* made his boisterous Waves rise up to the very Skies, and *Venus* smil'd, believing our Wreck inevitable. Our Pilot being now beside himself, cry'd out, That he could no longer oppose the violence of the Winds, which fiercely drove us upon some Rocks; a Gust of Wind broke our Main-Mast, and a moment after we heard the bottom of our Ship splitting against the pointed Rocks. The Water comes in at several Places; the Ship sinks; all the Crew of Rowers fill the tempestuous Air with lamentable Cries. I embrac'd *Mentor*, and told him, Death is come at last, we must embrace it with Courage; the Gods have deliver'd us from so many Dangers only to destroy us this day: Let's  
die,

die,  
com  
'twe  
Live  
Men  
find  
it is  
calm  
with  
all o  
You  
Seat  
fear  
lofs  
Me  
one  
The  
cut  
lear  
hee  
seve  
it c  
on  
Th  
and  
An

die, Oh! *Mentor*, let's die; 'tis a comfort to me that I die with you; 'twere in vain to contend for our Lives against the Storm. To this *Mentor* answer'd, True Courage finds always some Remedy or other; it is not enough to expect Death calmly and unconcern'd, unless, without being affraid of it, we use all our Endeavours to avoid it. Let You and I take one of the Rower's Seats, whilst that Multitude of fearful and troubled Men regret the loss of their Lives, without using Means to prevent it; let's not lose one moment to save our selves. Thereupon he took a Hatchet, and cut off the broken Mast, which, leaning into the Sea, made the Ship heel a-port: The Mast being thus sever'd from its Stump, he shov'd it out of the Ship, and leap'd upon it amidst the furious Waves. Then he call'd me by my Name, and encourag'd me to follow him. And now, as a great Tree, which  
all

all the confederate Winds attack in vain, and which remains unmov'd, and fix'd to its deep Roots; so *Mentor*, not only resolute and courageous, but also calm and undisturb'd, seem'd to command the Winds and the Sea. I follow'd him: For who would not have follow'd, being encourag'd by *Mentor*? And now we are a-drift upon the Mast, which we steer sometimes one way, sometimes another: This Mast prov'd a great help to us, for we sate a-stride upon it; whereas had we been forc'd to swim all the while, our strength had soon fail'd us. But the Storm did often over-set that great Tree; so that being sunk into the Sea, we swallow'd great Draughts of the briny Flood, which run afterwards out of our Mouths, Ears, and Noses; and we were fain to contend with the Waves to get uppermost again. Sometimes also we were over-whelm'd by a Billow as big as a Mountain, and then we kept

kept  
viol  
our  
our  
that  
calm  
upon  
you  
your  
and  
they  
have  
over  
there  
Sea  
the  
Jove  
you  
Top  
unde  
to th  
into t  
listen  
Speed  
fort,  
enough

kept fast to the Mast, for fear that  
 violent Push should make us lose  
 our Hold of that, which was all  
 our Hopes. Whilest we were in  
 that dreadful Condition, *Mentor*, as  
 calm and unconcern'd as he is now  
 upon this green Turf, told me; Do  
 you think, Oh! *Telemachus*, that  
 your Life is abandon'd to the Winds  
 and the Waves? Do you believe  
 they can destroy you unless the Gods  
 have order'd it? No, no, the Gods  
 over-rule and decree all Things, and  
 therefore 'tis the Gods and not the  
 Sea you ought to fear; were you in  
 the deep bottom of the Sea, great  
*Jove's* Hand were able to deliver  
 you out of it; and were you on the  
 Top of *Olympus*, having the Stars  
 under your Feet, he might sink you  
 to the deep Abyss, or cast you down  
 into the Flames of black *Tartarus*. I  
 listened to, and admir'd his wise  
 Speech, which gave me a little com-  
 fort, but my Mind was not calm  
 enough to answer him. We past a  
 whole

whole Night without seeing one another, trembling and half dead with Cold, not knowing whether the Storm would drive us. At length the Winds began to be pacified, and the roaring Sea was like one who having been a long time in a great Passion, has almost spent his Spirits, and feels only a ruffling Motion which drawstoward a Calm; thus the Sea grown weary, as it were, of its own Fury, made but a hollow rumbling Noise, and its Waves were little higher than the Ridges of Land betwixt two Furrows in a plough'd Field. In the mean time bright *Aurora* with her dewy Wings came to open the Gates of the Sky to introduce the radiant Sun, and seem'd to promise a fair Day. All the East was streak'd with fiery Beams; and the Stars which had so long been hid begun to twinkle again, but withdrew as soon as *Phæbus* appear'd on the lighten'd Horizon. We descry'd  
Land



Land afar off, and the Wind help'd us on towards it. I felt Hopes reviving in my Heart; but we saw none of our Companions. 'Tis probable their Courage fail'd them, and that they sunk with the Ship. Being come pretty near the Shore, the Sea drove us against sharp-pointed Rocks, which were like to have bruise'd us to pieces; but we endeavour'd to oppose to them the end of our Mast, which *Mentor* us'd to as much advantage as a wise Steers-man does the best Rudder: Thus we escap'd those dreadful Rocks, and found at last a clear and easie Coast, where we swam without any hindrance, and came at last to a sandy Shore; there you saw us, Oh! great Goddess, who Reignest in this Island; there you vouchsafed to receive and comfort us.

*Telemachus* having ended his Speech, all those Nymphs, whose deep Attention had kept them motionless, with Eyes fix'd upon him,

D

be-

began to look upon one another, and enquire among themselves who those two Men were, of whom the Gods took so much care. Who did ever hear, said they, such wonderful Adventures? The Son of *Ulysses* does already surpass his Father both in Eloquence, Wisdom and Valour. What a Look! What a Beauty! What Gentleness! What Modesty! But withal, What Nobleness and Majesty! If we did not know him to be the Son of a Mortal, he might easily pass either for *Bacchus*, *Mercury*, or even the great *Apollo*. But who is this *Mentor*, who looks like a plain obscure Man, of mean Extraction? When one views him closely, there appears in him something above a Man.

*Calypso* listened to the Discourse with a Concern which she could not well conceal; her Eyes still wandered from *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, and from *Telemachus* to *Mentor*. Sometimes she would have *Telemachus*

*thus* begin again that long Story of his Adventures; then, on the sudden, she contradicted her self; and, at last rising abruptly from her Seat, she carried *Telemachus* alone into a Wood of Myrtles, where she us'd all her Arts to know from him if *Mentor* was a Deity under the Disguise of a Humane Shape. *Telemachus* could not satisfie her; for *Minerva*, who accompanied him under the Shape of *Mentor*, had not discover'd her self to him, because of his youth; she did not yet trust his Secrecy so far as to make him the Confident of her Designs. Besides, she had a mind to try him in the greatest Dangers; and had he known that *Minerva* was his Companion, such a Support had been able to make him despise the fiercest and most dreadful Accidents without any concern. Therefore he mistook all along *Minerva* for *Mentor*; and all the artful 'Insinuations of *Calypso* could not discover what she desir'd

to know. In the mean time, all the Nymphs crowding about *Mentor*, took great delight in asking him Questions; One of them ask'd him the Particulars of his Travels into *Æthiopia*; another desir'd to be acquainted with what he had seen at *Damascus*; and a third ask'd him, whether he had known *Ulysses* before the Siege of *Troy*? He answer'd every one with gentleness and civility; and tho' his Words were plain, yet they were not without their Graces. 'Twas not long before *Calipso* return'd and interrupted their Conversation; and whilest her Nymphs begun to sing and gather Flowers to amuse *Telemachus*, she took *Mentor* aside in order to make him speak and discover who he was. As the soft Vapours of Sleep do insensibly glide into the heavy Eyes, and wearied Limbs of a Man quite spent with Fatigue, with the same gentleness the flattering Words of the Goddess insinuated themselves in

in order to bewitch the Heart of *Mentor*; but she always found something which baffled her Charms, and disappointed her Endeavours. Just as a steep Rock, which hides its proud Top among the Clouds, and despises the Rage of the insulting Winds; thus *Mentor* unmoveable in his wise Resolutions, suffer'd himself to be attack'd by the inquisitive *Calipso*; nay, sometimes he gave her a Glympse of Hope that she might puzzle him with her Questions, and discover the Truth through his dubious Answers. But when she thought her self most sure to satisfy her Curiosity, her Hopes vanish'd away; what she imagin'd to hold fast, gave her presently the slip, and a short Answer from *Mentor* renew'd her Uncertainty. Thus she spent whole days; now flattering *Telemachus*, and then endeavouring to take him away from *Mentor*, whom she hop'd no more to ingage so far as to make him discover who



he was; she made use of her fairest Nymph to kindle the Fire of Love in young *Telemachus's* Heart, and a Deity more powerful than *Calypso*, came to her Assistance.

*Venus* still full of Resentment for the Contempt which *Mentor* and *Telemachus* exprest of the Worship which was paid her in the Island of *Cyprus*, was enrag'd to see that these two rash Mortals had escap'd the fury of the Winds and Sea in the late Storm; she complain'd bitterly to *Jupiter*; but the Father of the Gods, unwilling to let her know, that *Minerva*, in the Shape of *Mentor*, had preserv'd the Son of *Ulysses*, told *Venus* with a smile, That he gave her leave to revenge her self on those two Men. She therefore leaves the heavenly Mansions; neglects the sweet Perfumes which are burnt on the Altars at *Paphos*, *Cythera* and *Idalia*; flies in her Chariot drawn by Doves; calls her Son *Cupid*, and with a Face full of sorrow,  
but

but adorn'd with new Charms, she thus speaks to him ; Doeſt thou not ſee, my Son, thoſe two Men who contemn my Power and thine ? Who for the future will worſhip us ? Go and pierce with thy ſureſt Arrows their inſenſible Hearts ; come down with me into that Iſland, where I ſhall diſcourſe with *Calypſo*. She ſaid ; and cutting the yielding Air in a golden Cloud, preſented her ſelf to *Calypſo*, who at that moment ſat penſive and alone on the graſſy Brink of a Fountain, remote from her Grotto.

Unhappy Goddeſs, ſaid ſhe to her, the ungrateful *Ulyſſes* has deſpis'd and abandon'd you ; his Son ſtill more cruel than his Father, deſigns to do the ſame : But Love himſelf is come to aid your Revenge ; I leave him with you ; he may remain among your Nymphs, as heretofore young *Bacchus* was bred among the Nymphs of the Iſle of *Naxos* ; *Telemachus* will look upon him as an ordinary Child ;

and not mistrusting him, will soon feel his forcible Influence. She said; and being got up again into that golden Cloud from whence she was descended, she left behind her a sweet smell of *Ambrosia*, which perfum'd all the sacred Thickets around. *Cupid* remain'd in the Arms of *Calipso*, who, tho' a Goddess, began to feel a secret Flame glide into her Breast. To ease her self, she presently gave him to a Nymph who happen'd to come to her at that instant, whose Name was *Eucharis*; but, alas! how often did she repent it afterwards? At first, nothing appear'd more innocent, more gentle, more lovely, nor more graceful than this Child; by his sprightly, flattering, and ever-smiling Looks, one would have thought he could bring nothing but Delight; but as soon as one began to trust his fond Caresses, they were found to be full of a dangerous Venom; that malicious, deceitful Boy never flatter'd

flattered but with a design to betray; and never smil'd but when he had done, or was ready to do mischief. He durst not come near *Mentor*, being frighted away by his Severity; besides, he was sensible that that unknown Man was invulnerable, and not to be pierced by his Arrows. As for the Nymphs, they soon felt the Flames that were kindled by this treacherous Boy, but they took great care to hide the deep Wounds which fester'd in their Breasts. In the mean time *Telemachus*, seeing that Boy playing with the Nymphs, he was surpriz'd with his Beauty and Gentleness; he embraces him; sometimes he sets him on his Lap, and sometimes dandles him in his Arms; he feels within himself a secret uneasiness, whose cause he cannot discover; the more he indulges his innocent Play, the more he is troubled and softned with hidden desire. Do you see those Nymphs, said he to *Mentor*? How

different they are from those Women of the Isle of *Cyprus*, whose very Beauty was shocking, because accompanied with Immodesty and Lewdness; but these immortal Beauties display a charming Modesty and Innocence. At these Words he Blusht, but could not tell why: He could neither forbear Speaking of them, nor go on with his Discourse; his Words were broken, obscure, incoherent, and sometimes wild and foolish. Whereupon *Mentor* told him: Oh! *Telemachus*, the dangers you escap'd in the Isle of *Cyprus* were nothing if compar'd with those you are now expos'd to, and which you are not at all aware of; bare-fac'd Lewdness strikes us with Horror, and brutish Impudence raises our Indignation, but a modest Beauty is most dangerous and surprizing; when we begin to love her, we fancy we are in Love with Virtue, and by insensible Degrees we yield to the deceitful Allure-



Allurements of a Passion, which we can scarce perceive before it is too fierce to be extinguish'd; Fly, my dear *Telemachus*, fly from those Nymphs who are so modest and discreet only to decoy you into their Snares; fly from the Dangers your Youth exposes you to; but above all, fly from that Boy whom you do not know: He is *Cupid*, whom her Mother *Venus* has brought into this Island to revenge your Contempt of those Rites which are perform'd in her Honour in the Isle of *Cythera*; he has wounded the Heart of *Calipso*, and made her passionately in Love with you; he had fir'd all those Nymphs that are now about him; and even *Telemachus* himself: Oh! wretched young Man, you burn without feeling your secret Flame. *Telemachus* often interrupted the Discourse of *Mentor*, and told him; but why shall we not stay in this Island? *Ulysses* is certainly dead, and has been a long time Buried.

ried in the Waves ; and *Penelope* seeing that neither he nor I return home, will never be able to resist so many Lovers ; and without doubt her Father *Icarus* has by this time oblig'd her to Marry a new Husband. Shall I return to *Ithaca* to see her ingaged with another, contrary to the solemn Faith she had given to my Father ? The *Ithacians* have quite forgot *Ulysses*, and we cannot return thither without running upon certain Death, since *Penelope's* Lovers are already possess'd of all the Avenues to the Port, the better to make our Destruction sure at our return. *Mentor* reply'd : Your Discourse is the result of a blind Passion, we are wonderfully industrious in finding all the Reasons which seem to favour it, and with no less care we avoid the sight of those which condemn it ; we employ all our Wit in deceiving ourselves, and stifling those Remorses which give a check to our Desires.

Have

Have you forgot what the Gods have done for you in order to bring you back into your own Country? Which way did you come out of *Sicily*? Those Misfortunes which befel you in *Egypt*, did they not turn on a sudden to your Prosperity? What unknown Hand dispell'd all those impending Dangers which threatned your Head at the City of *Tyre*? After so many wonderful Deliverances can you be doubtful of what the Gods have in store for you? But no, you suppose your self unworthy of their Favours. For my own part I go out of this Island: But you, oh degenerate Son of so wise and noble a Father, you may lead here a soft, inglorious Life amongst Women; and in spite of Heaven do what your Father thought unworthy of him. These reflecting Expressions touch'd *Telemachus* to the very quick; He felt his Heart relenting at *Mentor's* Words; His Griefs was attended with Shame; He

He fear'd both the departure and indignation of so wise a Person, as one to whom he was so very much oblig'd; but a new-born Passion, with which he was but little acquainted, made him quite another Man. What, said he to *Mentor*, with Tears in his Eyes, Do you reckon for nothing that immortal Life which the Goddess offers me? No: answered *Mentor*, I make no account of any thing that is inconsistent with Virtue, and against the supreme Decrees of Heaven, Virtue calls you back into your own Country, that you may see and comfort *Ulysses* and *Penelope*; Virtue bids you not to abandon yourself to an extravagant Passion: The Gods, who deliver'd you from so many Dangers, in order to make your Glory shine as bright as your Father's, the Gods, I say, command you to quit this Island. Love alone, that base Tyrant Love, is able to detain you here. Yet, what

what will you do with an immortal Life, bereft of Liberty, Virtue and Honour? Your sort of Life would still be the more wretched, in that it were endless. *Telemachus* answer'd him only with Sighs: Sometimes he wish'd that *Mentor* had forc'd him away from *Calipso*; and sometimes he wish'd that his Departure had rid him of a troublesome rigid Friend, who ever reproach'd him with his Weakness. His Heart was continually in suspense betwixt various Thoughts, just as the Sea is toss'd by contrary Winds, that sport with its incessant Waves. He often lay motionless on the Sea-shore; sometimes in a lonely and gloomy Covert of a Wood he shed a Flood of bitter Tears, and cry'd like a roaring Lion. He was grown Lean; his hollow Eyes were full of a devouring Fire; and by his pale downcast Looks, and disfigured Face, one could never have thought he had been



been *Telemachus*; his Beauty, his graceful Sprightliness, and his noble Aspect were fled from him; he was like a Flower which blows in the Morning, casts forth its fragancy around all the Day, but fades insensibly towards Night; its fine Colours decay, its Leaves wither, and its fine Top droops, and bears down the feeble Stalk. Thus the Son of *Ulysses* was brought to a languishing and dying Condition.

*Mentor* perceiving that *Telemachus* was not able to resist the violence of his Passion, he thought on a Stratagem to deliver him from so great a Danger. He took notice that *Calipso* was desperately in Love with *Telemachus*, and that *Telemachus* was no less taken with the Charms of the young Nymph *Eucharis*; for cruel *Cupid*, the better to torment Mortals, makes them seldom love the Person by whom they are belov'd. Now upon a Day when *Telemachus* was to go out

a Hunting with *Eucharis*, *Mentor*, in order to raise *Calipso's* Jealousy, told her; I find in *Telemachus* an eager Love for Hunting, which I never perceiv'd in him before; this Recreation makes him slight all other Pleasures; he only delights in Forests and wild Mountains: Is it you, Oh great Goddess! who have inspir'd him with this Passion? *Calipso* was touch'd to the quick with these Words, and was not able to contain her Resentments. That *Telemachus*, answer'd she, who despis'd all the Pleasures of the Isle of *Cyprus*, cannot resist the faint Charms of one of my Nymphs. How dares one to boast of so many wonderful Actions, whose Heart is so easily soften'd by shameful, effeminate Pleasures, and who seems to be Born only to lead an obscure inglorious Life among Women? *Mentor* was not a little pleas'd to find that Jealousy began to work in *Calipso's* Heart, but said no more at that

that time, for fear she should distrust him; only he express'd his concern by his sad and downcast Looks. The Goddess complain'd to him about all she saw, and renew'd her Complaints every Day: This Hunting-match, of which *Mentor* gave her notice, began to raise her Fury; she was told that *Telemachus* had no other Design in his Sports than to withdraw from the other Nymphs, in order to entertain *Eucharis* alone; there was also a Talk of a second Hunting-match, wherein she foresaw he would do, what he had done in the first. But to break *Telemachus's* Measures, she declar'd that she design'd to make one amongst them; and then on the sudden being no more able to contain her Passion, she spoke to him in these Words: Is it thus, Oh young rash Mortal! that thou art come into my Island to escape the just Wreck which *Neptune* prepar'd for thee, and the

Ven-

Vengeance of those Gods thou hast offended? Didst thou come into this Island, which no Mortal ever dares to approach, only to despise my Power, and the Love I have exprest for thee? Oh! all ye powerful Deities of Heaven and Hell, hear the Complaints of an unfortunate Goddess: Hast to confound and destroy this perfidious, ungrateful and impious Man. Since thou art still more cruel and unjust than thy Father, may thy Sufferings be likewise more cruel and unpitied than his; mayst thou never see thy Country again, that poor and wretched *Ithaca*, which thou didst basely prefer before an immortal Life; or rather mayst thou be destroy'd in sight of it, in the middle of the Sea; may thy Body become the Sport of the Waves, and be cast on this Sandy-shore without any hopes of Burial; may my Eyes see it devoured by ravenous Vultures; may she whom you Love see it also;

so; yes, she shall see it, that Sight will break her Heart, and her Despair shall be my Bliss and Delight.

Whilest *Calipso* was thus speaking her Eyes glow'd and spark'd with Fire; her wild, distract'd Looks were ever unsteady; her trembling Cheeks were full of black and blew Spots; her Colour chang'd every moment; her Face was often o'respread with a deadly Paleness; her Tears did not flow so plentifully as before, their Spring being in a great measure dry'd up by Rage and Despair; her Voice was hoarse, trembling and broken. *Mentor* observ'd the different Motions of her Passion, and spoke no more to *Telemachus*; he us'd him as we do a Man desperate ill, and abandon'd by the Physicians, and often look'd upon him with Eyes of Pity. *Telemachus* was sensible how guilty he was, and unworthy of *Mentor's* Friendship; he durst not look up for fear he should meet the Eyes of *Mentor*, whose ve-

ry



ry Silence condemn'd him: Sometimes he had a mind to embrace him, and confess to him how deeply he was sensible of his Fault, but he was hinder'd as well by a mistaken shame, as by a fear of doing more than he intended, to avoid a Danger which seem'd so pleasing to him; for he could not yet be prevail'd upon by Reason to conquer his fond and belov'd Passion. The Gods and Goddesses of bright *Olympus* were now met together, and with profound silence kept their Eyes fix'd on the Island of *Calipso*, impatient to know whether *Minerva* or *Cupid* should remain Victorious. The God of Love by his sporting and playing with the Nymphs had set all the Island on Fire; and *Minerva*, under the shape of *Mentor*, employ'd Jealousie, the inseparable Companion of Love, against Love himself. *Jupiter* was resolv'd to be only a Spectator of this Contest, and to stand Neuter betwixt the Combatants.

tants. In the mean time *Eucharis*, who was affraid to lose *Telemachus*, us'd a thousand Arts to keep him in her Chains: And now she was just ready to go out a second time a Hunting with him; her Dress was exactly like that of *Diana*; *Venus* and *Cupid* had supply'd her with new Charms, insomuch that her Beauty eclips'd then even that of *Calypso* her self. *Calypso* seeing her afar off, view'd her self in one of her Chrystal Fountains, and being asham'd of her own Face, she run to hide her self into the remotest Part of her Grotto, and spoke thus to her self. Then 'tis in vain, I have endeavour'd to disturb the Joys of these two Lovers, by declaring that I design'd to be one of the Hunters. Shall I go with them? Shall I be the occasion of her Triumph, and shall my Beauty serve only to heighten hers? Shall *Telemachus* at the sight of my Charms be still more transported with those of *Eucharis*?

Oh!

Oh! wretched me! What have I  
 done? No, I'll not go: Neither  
 shall they themselves go; I know  
 well enough how to prevent them.  
 I'll go to *Mentor*; I'll desire him to  
 carry away *Telemachus* from this  
 Island, and convey him to *Ithaca*:  
 But, What do I say? And what  
 must become of forlorn me when  
*Telemachus* is gone? Where am I?  
 Oh! cruel *Venus*, what shall I do?  
 Oh! *Venus*, you have deceiv'd me;  
 what a treacherous Present you  
 gave me! Pernicious Child! Poi-  
 soning Love! I gave the free en-  
 trance into my Heart, with Hopes  
 to live happy with *Telemachus*, and  
 thou hast brought nothing into my  
 Heart but Trouble and Despair.  
 My Nymphs have rebell'd against  
 me, and my being a Goddess serves  
 only to make my Miseries eternal.  
 Oh! that I could destroy my self to  
 end my Sorrows! But if I cannot,  
 yet, Oh! *Telemachus*, thou shalt  
 die; I'll revenge thy Ingratitude;  
 I

I will strike thy perfidious Heart,  
 and make thy Nymph the Witness  
 of my just Resentment.—— But,  
 Whither does my raving Passion  
 hurry me! Oh! unfortunate *Calipso*,  
 why would'st thou destroy a guilt-  
 less Youth, whom thou hast thy self  
 plung'd into an Abyss of Misfor-  
 tunes! I my self have convey'd the  
 fatal Brand into the chaste Bosom  
 of *Telemachus*: How innocent he was  
 before! how Virtuous, how much  
 averse to shameful Pleasures! What  
 made me intoxicate his Heart?——  
 He would have abandon'd me.——  
 Well! shall he not either leave me  
 now, or only live to torture me and  
 and make my Rival blest? No, no:  
 My Punishment is just. Go, dear  
*Telemachus*, go, cross the Seas:  
 Leave *Calipso*, whose Life is a Bur-  
 then to her, and who cannot meet  
 Death to ease her Torments; leave  
 her disconsolate, cover'd with shame  
 and full of despair with the proud  
*Eucharis*.

Thus

Thus she spoke to her self in her Grotto; but rushing out on the sudden, transported with impetuous Fury: Oh! *Mentor*, said she, is it thus you support *Telemachus* against the Assaults of Vice, to which he is just ready to yield? You sleep whilest Love is full awake to undo him. I cannot bear any longer with that shameful Indifference you shew; How can you calmly see the Son of *Ulysses* disgrace his Father, and neglect the great Things to which he is destin'd? Is it you or me, whom his Parents have entrusted with his Conduct? I endeavour to find Remedies to cure his distemper'd Heart, and shall you stand idle and unconcern'd? There are in the remotest Part of this Forest tall Poplars, fit for the Building of a Ship; there it is that *Ulysses* built his before he left this Island: You will find in the same Place a deep Cave, wherein are all manner of Instruments necessary to cut out, and join together

E

all



all the different Parts of a Ship.

She had scarce done speaking, when she begun to wish it were in her power to re-call her Words. *Mentor* did not lose one moment of time; he went down into that Cave, found the Instruments, fell'd the Poplars, and in one day equip'd and fitted up a Ship for Sea; for *Minerva's* Power and Industry require but very little time to bring the greatest Works to Perfection. *Calypso*, in the mean time was tortur'd by a cruel anxiety of Thoughts; she had a mind to see whether *Mentor's* Work went forward, but could not find in her Heart to leave the Hunting-match, where *Eucharis* would have enjoy'd the Company of *Telemachus* in full Liberty. Her Jealousie never suffer'd her to lose sight of those two Lovers; but at the same time, she endeavour'd to lead the Hunters toward that Place where she knew *Mentor* was Building the Ship; she heard the strokes  
of

of the Hatchets, and the Hammers ; and every blow she heard, made her quake and tremble ; yet at the same moment, she fear'd her lest minding *Mentor* should make her lose the sight either of a Sign, a Look, or a Wink from *Telemachus* to the young Nymph. In the mean time *Eucharis* said to *Telemachus*, as it were in jest ; Are not you affraid of being reprov'd by *Mentor* for going out a Hunting without him ? Oh ! how much you are to be pitied for living under so rigorous a Master, whose severe Authority nothing can mitigate. He professes himself an Enemy to all manner of Pleasures, and will not suffer you to enjoy any ; he condemns as a Crime, the most innocent Actions ; you might indeed have suffer'd your self to be govern'd by him, when you was not able to govern your self ; but after you have shew'd so much Wisdom, why should you be us'd like a Child ? These cunning, insinuating Words went deep into *Telemachus's* Heart,

and fill'd it with spite and hatred  
 against *Mentor*, whose Yoke he was  
 willing to shake off; he fear'd to see  
 him again, and was so perplex'd  
 that he return'd *Eucharis* no An-  
 swer. Whilest they were a Hunt-  
 ing, every Body was in a continued  
 hurry; but at last, towards the  
 Evening they return'd home thro'  
 that Part of the Forest near which  
*Mentor* had been working all day.  
*Calypso* saw afar off the Ship ready  
 built, and at that sight her Eyes  
 were over-spread with a thick Cloud,  
 like that of gloomy Death. Her  
 trembling Knees betray'd her sink-  
 ing Body; a cold Sweat over-ran all  
 her Limbs; she let her self fall on  
 those Nymphs that stood about her,  
 and as *Eucharis* reach'd her Hand to  
 support her, she put it back with  
 a dreadful Frown. *Telemachus*, who  
 saw that Ship, but did not see *Men-  
 tor*, who was already gone home,  
 having just finish'd his Work, ask'd  
 the Goddess whose that Ship was,  
 and

and what she was design'd for? She knew not at first what Answer to make, but a while after she said; I caus'd her to be built to send away *Mentor*; you'll not be troubled any longer by that severe Friend who thwarts your Happiness, and would grow jealous of you, if you should become immortal. *Mentor* forsake me! I am undone! cry'd *Telemachus*, Oh! *Eucharis*, if *Mentor* abandons me, I have no Friend left but you. Having let these Words fall in the Transports of his Passion, he saw presently how much his Rashness was to blame, but he was not at liberty enough to think on their meaning at first. All the Company was silent and full of surprize: *Eucharis* blush'd, and cast her Eyes down; she staid behind the rest Speechless, not daring to shew her self: Yet whilst her Face was full of Trouble and Confusion, she felt a secret Joy in her Heart. As for *Telemachus*, he could not apprehend himself, nor

think he had spoke so indiscreetly ;  
 what he had done seem'd to him as  
 a Dream, but such a Dream as fill'd  
 him with perplexing and disquiet-  
 ing Thoughts. *Calypso*, more fierce  
 and wild than a Lyonsess that had  
 her Whelps taken from her, run  
 up and down the Forest, without  
 knowing whither she was going.  
 At last she found her self at the En-  
 trance of her Grotto, where *Mentor*  
 expected her : Go out of my Island,  
 said she, you Strangers, who came  
 hither to trouble my Repose : Away,  
 with that young Fool ; as for you,  
 imprudent old Man, you shall feel  
 the Power of an enraged Goddess,  
 unless you carry him away this very  
 moment. I will neither see him, nor  
 suffer that any of my Nymphs should  
 speak to him, nor so much as look  
 upon him ; I swear by the *Stygian*  
 Lake ; an Oath which makes the  
 Gods themselves tremble : But know,  
 Oh ! *Telemachus*, that thy Misfor-  
 tunes are not at an end : No, un-  
 grateful



grateful Wretch, if I turn thee out of my Island, 'tis only that thou may'st become a Prey to new Disasters; then I shall be reveng'd; thou shalt wish again for *Calypso*, but all in vain; *Neptune*, still angry at thy Father, who offended him at *Sicily*, and solicited by *Venus*, whom thou didst despise in the Isle of *Cyprus*, prepares new Storms for thee; thou shalt see thy Father, who is still alive; but tho' thou seest him, yet thou shalt neither know him, nor be known to him. Thou shalt not meet him at *Ithaca*, before thou hast been the Sport of cruel Fortune; Depart—may all the Celestial Powers revenge me; may'st thou in the middle of the raging Sea, hang Thunder-struck, on the sharp Top of a Rock, invoking in vain *Calypso*, whom thy just Punishment will fill with Joy.

Having spoke these Words, her troubled and perplexed Mind was ready to re-call what she had said, and put her upon Resolutions quite

opposite to the former; Love reviv'd in her Heart the fond desire of staying *Telemachus*: Let him live, said she, to her self, let him stay here; perhaps, he may at last be sensible how much I have done for him; *Eutharis* cannot bestow Immortality upon him, as I can. Oh! too, too rash *Calipso*, thou hast betray'd thy self by thy rash Oath; thou art now engag'd, and the *Stygian* Waves by which thou hast sworn, leave thee no manner of hope. These words were heard by no Body; but one might see the Picture of a Fury in her ghastly Face, and all the pestilential Venom of black *Cocytus* seem'd to reek out of her Heart. *Telemachus* was seiz'd with Horror: She perceiv'd it; for what can be hid from a jealous Lover? And the Trouble of *Telemachus* redoubled the Transports of the Goddess. Like a furious Bacchanal who fills the Air with frightful Roarings, and makes the *Thracian* Mountains

re-

resound with her Shrieks: Thus *Calypso* roves about the Woods with a Dart in her Hand, calling all her Nymphs, and threatening to strike any one that shall refuse to follow her; frightned by her Threats, they all crowd after her with speed; even *Eucharis* advances with Tears in her Eyes, keeping her Looks fix'd at a distance upon *Telemachus*, but not daring to speak to him any more. The Goddess shiver'd when she saw her, and her Fury redoubled when she perceiv'd that even Grief and Affliction serv'd to heighten the Beauty of her Rival.

In the mean time, *Telemachus* being alone with *Mentor*, he grasps his Knees, not daring either to embrace him, or look upon him; he sheds a Flood of Tears; he is going to speak, but his Speech fails him; he knows not either what he does, what he ought to do, or what he would do. At last, he cries out; Oh! my true Father! Oh! *Mentor*,

deliver me from my Miseries ! I cannot leave you, neither can I follow you ; Oh ! rid me of my Troubles, rid me of my self ; strike, strike me dead.

*Mentor* embraces him, comforts him, encourages him, teaches him how to bear with himself, without indulging his fond Passion, and tells him ; Oh ! Son of the wise *Ulysses*, whom the Gods have lov'd so much, and whom they love still ; 'tis out of that love they have for you, that they expose you to those Miseries which you now undergo ; whoever is unacquainted with his own weakness, and the violence of his Passions, cannot be call'd wise ; for he is still a stranger to himself, and cannot stand upon his Guard against himself. The Gods have conducted you, as it were by the hand, to the very brink of a Precipice, to let you see the immense depth of it, without suffering you to fall into it ; therefore conceive now what you could

could never have comprehended unless you had experienced it your self. You have been told of the Treacheries of Love, who flatters in order to destroy; and who, under an outward sweetness, conceals the most cruel and unpleasant bitterness; that charming, pernicious Boy is come hither, attended by charming Smiles, and Graces; you have seen him; he has robb'd you of your Heart, and you your self was pleas'd with his Robbery. You labour'd to find Pretences to conceal to your self the festering Wound of your Heart; you endeavour'd to deceive me and your self; you was affraid of nothing; see now what your Rashness is come to; you call upon Death as the only Remedy to your Ills; the troubled Goddess is like one of the Furies of Hell; *Eucharis* is consumed by a Fire a thousand times more cruel than all the racking Pangs of Death; all those jealous Nymphs are ready to tear one another to Pieces;



Pieces; and this is the work that *Cupid* makes, for all he appears so gentle and innocent. Summon all your Courage to your Assistance; consider how much you are belov'd by the Gods, since they furnish you with so fair an opportunity to avoid Love, and to return to your dear native Country; *Calipso* her self is forc'd to send you away; the Ship is ready; why should we stay any longer in an Island where Virtue cannot be safe? As he spoke these last Words, *Mentor* took him by the Hand, and pull'd him along toward the Sea-Shore. *Telemachus* follow'd him unwillingly, still looking behind him, and keeping his Eyes fix'd upon *Eucharis*, who went away from him; and tho' he could not see her Face, yet he view'd with admiration her fine Hair tied behind with a Crimson Ribband, her loose Garments playing with the Wind, and her noble, portly Gate; he'd fain have kiss'd the very Ground  
on

on which she went; and even when he began to lose sight of her, he still listened, thinking that he heard her Voice; altho' absent, her living Picture was present to his Eyes; he fancied he spoke to her, and was in such a perplexity and concern, that he did not mind what *Mentor* said to him. At last, when he begun to recover, as if wak'd out of a profound Sleep, he said to *Mentor*, I am resolv'd to follow you, but I have not yet taken my leave of *Eucharis*: I had rather die than thus ungratefully to forsake her; stay, I beseech you, till I have seen her once more, and bidden her an eternal Farewel; at least suffer me to tell her; Oh! Nymph! the cruel Gods, the Gods jealous of my Happiness, force me away from you; but they may sooner put a Period to my Life, than ever blot you out of my Memory. Oh! Father! either grant me this last and just Consolation, or kill me now with excess of Grief.

Grief. However, think not I will either stay in this Island, or abandon my self to Love; I have no such Passion in my Breast; I only feel the Effects of Friendship and Gratitude for *Eucharis*; I only desire to give her Proofs of it once again, and after that I'll follow you without delay.

How much I pity you! answer'd *Mentor*; your Passion is so very fierce and violent, that you are not sensible of it; you think you are calm and compos'd, and yet you call upon Death; you boast that you are not conquer'd by *Cupid*, when you cannot leave the Nymph you love; you see, and hear nothing but her, and are blind and deaf to all the rest. You are like a Man who being light-headed, through a violent Fever, cries he is not sick: Oh! blind *Telemachus*, you are ready to renounce your Mother *Penelope*, who expects you; *Ulysses* whom you shall see; *Ithaca*, where you shall

shall be King; and finally, those great Honours, and that high Fortune, which the Gods have promis'd you by those many Wonders they have done in your Favour; you renounce all those Advantages to lead an inglorious Life with *Eucharis*. Will you still pretend that 'tis not Love that makes you concern'd to leave her? What makes you be willing to die? Why did you speak with so much Transport before the Goddess? I do not charge you with dishonest Love, but I lament your Blindness: Fly, Oh! *Telemachus*, fly; for Love is a Foe not to be conquer'd but by Flight; true Courage consists in flying without any deliberation, or so much as looking behind one, tho' at the same time 'tis with fear and reluctance that one flies. You have not forgot what care I have taken of you since your Infancy, and what Dangers you have escap'd by my wise Counsels; either be rul'd by me,  
or

or suffer me to leave you; Oh! if you knew how much I grieve to see you run on your own Ruin, and how much I have suffer'd during the time. I dare not mention to you, the Pains which your Mother felt when she brought you forth, which are not to be compar'd with mine. I held my Tongue; I fed upon my own Grief, and stifled my Sighs only to give you time to come to your self again, and acknowledge your Error. My Son, my dear Son, ease my oppress'd Heart; restore to me what I hold dearer than my own Life, restore to me my lost *Telemachus*; restore your self to your self. If your Wisdom can surmount your Love, I shall still live happy; but if Love hurries you away from Wisdom, *Mentor* can no longer live. Whilst *Mentor* was thus speaking, they went on their way towards the Sea; and *Telemachus*, who was not yet confirm'd enough in his new Resolution to follow



follow him of himself, was yet willing to suffer himself to be led away without Resistance. *Minerva*, who kept still the Shape of *Mentor*, covering *Telemachus* with her invisible Shield, and surrounding him with Beams of Divine Light, made him feel a resolute Courage, of which he had not been sensible, since his being in that Island. At last they arriv'd at a very steep Rock, on the Sea-Shore, which was continually insulted by the foaming Tide; they look'd from thence whether the Ship, *Mentor* had built, was still in the same Place, but perceiv'd a very sad Spectacle.

*Cupid* was nettled to the quick, not only by the unknown old Man's insensibility, but also by his robbing him of *Telemachus*; his Rage drew Tears from him, and made him run to *Calipso*, who wandred up and down the shady Woods; she fetch'd a deep Sigh as soon as she saw him, and felt all her Wounds bleed-

bleeding afresh. *Cupid* told her ;  
 You are a Goddess, and yet you suffer  
 your self to be conquer'd by a  
 feeble Mortal, who is a Prisoner in  
 your Island ! Why do you let him  
 go ? Oh ! unlucky Boy, answer'd  
 she, I will hear no more of thy  
 pernicious Counsels ; 'tis thou hast  
 broke my soft and profound Tran-  
 quility, and cast me into an endless  
 Abyfs of Misery : 'Tis now past re-  
 call ; since I swore by the *Stygian*  
*Flood* to let *Telemachus* go. *Jove*  
 himself, almighty *Jove*, the Father  
 of the Gods, dares not to break that  
 dreadful Oath : But as *Telemachus*  
 goes out of this Island, go thou a-  
 way too ; for thou hast done me  
 more mischief than he. *Cupid* hav-  
 ing wip'd off his Tears, with a ma-  
 licious Smile, told her ; Truly, this  
 is a mighty Business to be puzzled  
 at ! Leave all to my Management ;  
 keep your Oath, and do not oppose  
*Telemachus's* Departure : Neither  
 your Nymphs nor I have sworn by  
 the

the *Stygian* Flood to let him go; I will inspire them with the Design of setting that Ship on fire, which *Mentor* has built in so much haste; his Diligence which fill'd us with wonder, will be altogether vain; he shall have reason to wonder himself in his turn, and shall have no means left to draw *Telemachus* from you.

This flattering Speech convey'd pleasing Hopes and Joys into the very bottom of *Calipso's* Heart, and allay'd the wild Fury and Despair of the Goddess, just as a cooling Breeze, which blows on the grassy Margent of a purling Stream, refreshes a Flock of Sheep, which was scorch'd by excessive Heat. Her Aspect became clear and serene; the fierceness of her Eyes was softned; those black Thoughts, and carking Cares, which prey'd upon her Heart, fled from her for a moment; she stop'd her wandering Course; she smil'd; she caress'd wanton *Cupid*,

*pid*, and by her Fondness prepar'd  
 new Torments for her self. *Cupid*  
 highly pleas'd with having persuad-  
 ed *Calipso*, flew instantly in order  
 to persuade the Nymphs who were  
 wandring and dispers'd up and down  
 the Mountains, like a Flock of  
 Sheep, which the hungry, ravenous  
 Wolves have frighted away from  
 their Shepherd. *Cupid* gathers them  
 together, and tells them; *Telemachus*  
 is still in your Hands; haste, and  
 let devouring Flames consume the  
 Ship which the rash *Mentor* has  
 built to favour his Escape. There-  
 upon they take lighted Torches in  
 their Hands, run to the Sea-Shore,  
 fill the Air with dreadful Roarings,  
 and toss about their dishevell'd Hair  
 like the furious Priestesses of *Bac-*  
*chus*: And now the greedy Flames  
 devour the Ship, which burns the  
 more fiercely as she is made of dry  
 Wood, daub'd over with Rosin;  
 and a Cloud of Smoak, streak'd  
 with Flames, rises up to the very  
 Skies.

Skies. *Telemachus* and *Mentor* behold this Conflagration from the Top of the Rock; and as *Telemachus* heard the Shoutings of the Nymphs, he was almost tempted to rejoyce at it; for his wounded Heart was not yet well cur'd, and *Mentor* perceiv'd that his Passion was like a Fire not quite extinguish'd, which now and then breaks through the Ashes that cover'd it, and cast forth bright Sparks of Fire. Now, said *Telemachus*, must I return to my former Engagements, since we have no Hopes left to quit this Island. By that, *Mentor* understood that *Telemachus* was going to relapse into his Follies, and that he had not one moment to lose: He espy'd afar off in the main Sea, a Ship that stood still, not daring to approach the Shore, for all Pilots knew that the Isle of *Calipso* was inaccessible to all Mortals. At that very instant the wise *Mentor* gave a push to *Telemachus*, who fate on the  
the



the sharp end of the Rock, cast him down into the Sea, and threw himself down after him. *Telemachus* amaz'd and stunn'd by his violent Fall, drunk great Draughts of briny Water, and was for a while toss'd about by the Waves; but at last, coming to himself, and seeing *Mentor*, who reach'd him his Hand to help him to swim, he thought on nothing but flying from the fatal Island. The Nymphs who expected to have kept them Prisoners, cry'd and howl'd with great Fury, being enrag'd at the disappointment. The disconsolate *Calipso* return'd into her Grotto, which she fill'd with hideous Roarings. *Cupid*, who saw his Triumph turn'd into a shameful Defeat, shook his Wings, and, through the yielding Air, flew to the sacred Grove of *Idalia*, where his cruel Mother expected him. The Son still more cruel than the Mother, comforted himself with smiling with her at all the Mischief they

they had done. As *Telemachus* went farther off from the Island, he felt with secret Pleasure both his Courage, and his Love for Virtue, reviving in his Heart. I am sensible, cry'd he to *Mentor*, of what you told me, and which I could not believe for want of Experience: There's no other way to conquer Vice, but by flying from it. Oh! Father! How kind the Gods were to me, when they gave me your Assistance, though by my Folly I deserv'd to be depriv'd of it, and be left alone to my self. I fear now, neither the Sea, the Winds, nor the Storm; I only am affraid of my own Passions; but of all Passions, Love is more dangerous than a thousand Wrecks.

The Ship that stood still, and towards which they swam, was a *Phenician* Bottom bound to *Epirus*. Those *Phenicians* who were Aboard her had seen *Telemachus* in his Voyage to *Agypt*, but could not know him

him amidst the Waves. As soon as *Mentor* came within hearing, he lifted up his Head out of the Water, and with a strong Voice cry'd to them; Oh! *Phenicians!* You who at all times are ready to give Assistance to all other Nations, do not deny your Help to two Men who expect their Safety from your Humanity; if you have any Respect for the Gods, receive us into your Ship; we will go along with you where-ever you go: The Commander of the Ship answer'd, We will receive you with joy, for we are not ignorant how we ought to relieve Strangers in your unfortunate Condition; and so they took them up into their Ship. They were scarce got into her, when their Breath was quite spent; for they had swam a long while, and struggled with the fierce Waves. By degrees they recover'd their Spirits; they had other Cloaths given them, for theirs were soak'd through by  
the

the briny Water, which drop'd on every side. As soon as they were able to speak, all the *Phenicians* crowded about 'em, desiring to know their Adventures. Among the rest, the Commander told 'em; How could you enter the Island from which you now came? It is said to be possess'd by a cruel Goddess, who never suffers any Mortal to land there; besides, it is incompass'd by huge craggy Rocks, which are continually insulted by the wanton Waves, and not to be approach'd without splitting against them. You say true, answer'd *Mentor*, for 'twas by a Storm we were cast upon that Coast, and our Wreck gave us Entrance into the Island. We are *Grecians*; the Isle of *Ithaca*, which lies near *Epirus*, (whither you are bound) is our Country. If you are unwilling to touch at *Ithaca*, which is in your way, we are contented to be carried into *Epirus*, where we have

F                      Friends



Friends who will take care to furnish us with all Necessaries for our short Passage from thence to *Ithaca*; and we will for ever be oblig'd to you for the blissful Sight of what we hold most dear in the World. All this while *Telemachus* was silent, and let *Mentor* speak; for those Faults he had committed in the Isle of *Calipso*, had made him much wiser; he distrusted his own self; he was sensible how much he wanted the prudent Counsels of *Mentor*; and when he could not speak to him to ask his Advice, he consulted his Eyes, and endeavour'd to guess at his Thoughts.

The *Phenician* Master of the Ship fixing his Eyes upon *Telemachus*, remembered he had seen him somewhere; but 'twas a confus'd Remembrance which he knew not how to clear: Give me leave, said he to *Telemachus*, to ask you whether you remember you saw me before, for methinks I am no Stran-

ger



ger to your Face, tho' I cannot tell where I have seen you; perhaps your Memory will help out mine. *Telemachus* answer'd him with joy and surprize. When I first look'd upon you, I was as much puzzled about your Face, as you are about mine; I'm sure I have seen you: I know you again, but cannot call to mind, whether in *Ægypt* or at *Tyre*. Thereupon the *Phenician*, like a Man who wakes in the Morning, and by degrees calls back the Dreams of the Night which begun to fly away, cry'd out on a sudden; You are *Telemachus*, for whom *Narbal* conceiv'd so great a Love, when we return'd from *Ægypt*; I am his Brother of whom he has undoubtedly spoken to you often, since I left you with him, after the Expedition into *Ægypt*. My Affairs carried me to the last Extremity of the Seas, into the famous *Betica*, near the *Herculean* Pillars; so that I did but just see you, and

'tis no wonder I was so puzzled to know you again at first sight.

I perceive, answer'd *Telemachus*, that you are *Adoam*: I had but a glimpse of you, but I know you by the Discourse I had with *Narbal*: Oh! how I am fill'd with Joy to hear News from a Man who shall ever be so very dear to me: Is he still in *Tyre*? Is he no more expos'd to the barbarous Treatment of the cruel *Pygmalion*? *Adoam*, interrupting him, said: Know, Oh *Telemachus*! that Fortune has entrusted you with one who will take all the Care imaginable of you; I will carry you to *Ithaca*, before I go to *Epirus*, and *Narbal's* Brother will love you no less than *Narbal* himself. Having thus spoken, he took notice that the Wind, for which he waited, began to blow; whereupon he gave Orders for weighing of the Anchors, and unfurling of the Sails; which done, the Rowers ply'd their Oars amain, and cut the yielding Floods.

*J. J.*

Floods. After that he took *Telemachus* and *Mentor* to entertain them aside: I am going, said he, addressing himself to *Telemachus*, to satisfy your Curiosity; *Pigmalion* is no more, the just Gods have rid Mankind of him; as he trusted no Man, no Man would trust him neither; The Good were contented to groan in silence, and fly his Cruelties, without endeavouring to do him any Mischief; the Wicked thought they had no other way to secure their Lives, than by putting a Period to his; there was not a *Tyrian* but was every Day expos'd to fall a Sacrifice to his Distrust; his very Guards were more expos'd than any Body else; for his Life being in their Power, he fear'd them more than all the rest of Men, and upon the least Suspicion he Sacrific'd them to his Safety; nevertheless he could not find himself safe any where, since those who were the Trustees of his Life, being in a continual

tinual Danger, they could not get out of their uneasy Condition, but by preventing the Tyrants cruel Suspicions, and putting him to Death.

The impious *Astarbe*, whom you have so often heard mention'd, was the first who resolv'd upon the Death of the King; she was passionately in Love with a young *Tyrian*, *Joazar* by Name, a Man of great Wealth, whom she hop'd to place on the Throne. The better to succeed in her Design, she perswaded the King, that the eldest of his two Sons, nam'd *Phadael*, impatient to wear the Crown had conspir'd against his Life; she procur'd false Witnesses to prove the Conspiracy, so that the unhappy Father put to Death his innocent Son; the Second, nam'd *Baleazar*, was sent to *Samos*, under pretence of learning the Manners, Customs and Sciences of *Greece*, but indeed because *Astarbe* gave the King to understand that his Safety requir'd  
he



he should be remov'd from Court, for fear he should enter into Combinations with the Malecontents. As soon as he was embarkt, those who commanded the Ship being corrupted by that cruel Woman, took Measures in order to be Ship-wrack'd in the Night, and having cast the young Prince over-board, they sav'd their Lives by Swimming to other Barks that waited for them. In the mean time *Pigmalion* was the only Person that was unacquainted with *Astarbe's* Amours; he fancied she would never love any Man but him; and that distrustful Prince, was blinded by Love to such a Degree, that he reposed an entire Confidence in that wicked Woman. Yet at the same time his extreme Avarice prompted him to make away with *Joazar* (whom *Astarbe* lov'd with so much Passion) in order to seize upon his vast Riches. But while *Pigmalion* was tortur'd by Distrust, Love and Avarice, *Astarbe*

F 4

thought



thought it convenient to put him to Death with all speed. She was apprehensive of his discovering her infamous Amours with that young Man ; and besides, she knew the King's covetous Temper was by its self sufficient to entice him to exercise his Cruelty upon *Joazar* ; therefore she concluded she had not one Moment to lose to prevent him. She saw the chief Officers of his Household willing to embrue their Hands in the King's Blood ; she heard every Day of some new Conspiracy or other , but she was afraid of trusting any Body, lest she should be betray'd. At last, she thought most safe to Poyson *Pigmalion* her self. He was us'd to Diet by himself with her, and dress'd all his Victuals with his own Hands, not daring to trust any Body else ; he lockt himself up in the remotest Part of his Palace, the better to conceal his Distrust, and that he might not be observ'd whilst he was Dressing

ing his Victuals. He depriv'd himself of all Dainties and Delicacies, being afraid to taste of any thing that was not of his own Cooking. Thus not only all manner of Meats dress'd by others, but also Wine, Bread, Salt, Oyl, Milk, and all other ordinary Aliments were of no use to him. He liv'd only upon Fruit which he gather'd with his own Hands in his Garden, or Pulse and Roots which he had sav'd. Now his Drink was nothing but Water, which he drew himself out of a Fountain, which was inclos'd within his Palace, and of which he always kept the Key. Altho' he seem'd to confide very much in *Astarbe*, yet he us'd all possible Precautions against her; he always caus'd her to taste of every thing that was serv'd at his Table, that he might not be poyson'd without her, and that all Hopes of surviving him might be taken away from her. But to baffle his Precaution she took

an Antidote, which an old Woman, still more wicked than her self, and the Confident of her Amours, furnish'd her with: After that she poyson'd the King with great Assurance in this manner. When they were just going to sit down to take their Repast, the old Woman, of whom I spoke before, came on a sudden and made a great Noise at one of the Doors: The King who was ever in fear of being Assassinated, was presently alarm'd and ran to that Door to see whether it was fast enough: The old Woman retired, the King remain'd troubled and speechless, and not knowing what to think of the Noise he had heard, yet he durst not open the Door to be inform'd. *Astarbe* cheer'd him up, and with fond Carresses perswaded him to Eat: Now, whilst the King was gone to the Door, she had Poyson'd his Golden-Cup, and so when he bid her Drink First, she obey'd without any Fear, trusting

trusting to the Antidote. *Pigmalion* drunk after her, and a little while after fainted away. *Astarbe*, who knew his cruel Temper, and that he would kill her upon the least Suspicion, begins to rend her Clothes, tears off her Hair, and bemoans her self in a most hideous manner; she clasp'd and hugg'd the dying King in her Arms, and bathed him with a flood of Tears; for this cunning Woman had always Tears at Command. At last, when she perceiv'd that the King's Strength and Spirits were exhausted, and that he was ready to give up the Ghost, fearing lest he should recover, and force her to die with him, she gave over her endearing Fondness, and the tenderest Marks of Love, and having put on horrid Cruelty, rush'd upon him with Fury, and stifled him. Afterwards she pluck'd the Royal Signet off his Finger, took the Diamond off his Head, and call'd in *Joazar*, to whom she gave them both.



both. She thought all those who before made their Court to her, would certainly favour her Passion, and that her Lover would be proclaim'd King; but those who had been most forward in humouring her, were mean and mercenary Souls, and therefore incapable of a sincere and constant Affection. Besides, they wanted Courage and Resolution; they fear'd the Haughtiness, Diffimulation and Cruelty of that impious Woman, so that all wish'd her Death to secure their own Lives. In the mean time, a dreadful Tumult fills the whole Palace; The King is Dead, the King is Dead, is the general Cry: Some are frighted; others run to their Arms; all seem to be in Pain about the Consequence of it, but transported with the News; busy Fame carries it about upon her Wings through all the great City of *Tyre*; every Body speaks of the King's being Poyson'd, but not one is found that is concern'd  
at



at it. His Death is at once the Deliverance and the general Comfort of the People. *Narbal* deeply affected with so terrible an Accident, deplor'd, like a good Man, the Misfortunes of *Pigmalion*, who had betray'd himself by committing his Safety to the impious *Astarbe*; and had chosen to be a dreadful and fierce Tyrant, rather than the Father of his People, which is a Duty incumbent on a King. He therefore consulted the good of the State, and hastened to assemble all good and publick-spirited Men to oppose *Astarbe*, under whom they were like to see a more cruel Government, than that to which she had put a Period.

*Baleazar* did not Drown when he was cast into the Sea; and those who assur'd *Astarbe* that he was Dead, did it only upon a meer Conjecture: But by the Favour of the Night, he sav'd himself by Swimming; and some *Cretan* Fisher-

Fisher-men mov'd with Compassion receiv'd him into their Bark. He durst not return into his Father's Kingdom, suspecting, with Reason, that his Shipwrack was contriv'd by his Enemies; and fearing no less the cruel Jealousy of *Pigmalion*, than the Stratagems of *Astarbe*, He remain'd a long while wandering and unknown on the Sea-Coast of *Syria*, where the *Cretan* Fisher-men had left him: And to get a Livelihood he was reduc'd to the Condition of a Shepherd. At last he found a way to let *Narbal* know that he was alive, and what Condition he was in, for he could not but think his Secret and his Life safe with a Man of his undoubted Virtue and Integrity. *Narbal*, tho' ill us'd by the Father, had nevertheless a Love and Respect for the Son, whose Interest he all along consulted; but he took care of him only to keep him from being wanting in his Duty to his Father, and  
upon

upon that Score he perswaded him to bear patiently with his hard Fortune. *Baleazar* had sent *Narbal* Word, that if he thought it safe for him to come to *Tyre*, he would send him a golden Ring, upon the Receipt of which he would go to meet him. *Narbal* did not judge it convenient to invite *Baleazar* to come whilst *Pigmalion* was alive, for by that means he would have brought both that Prince's Life, and his own into certain Danger, so difficult a thing it was to avoid *Pigmalion's* Suspicions and Cruelty; but as soon as that wretched Prince had made an end suitable to what his Crimes deserv'd, *Narbal* sent the golden Ring to *Baleazar* with all speed. Upon the Receipt of it, *Baleazar* came away immediately, and arriv'd before the Gates of *Tyre*, when all the City was in an Up-roar about *Pigmalion's* Successor. *Baleazar* was soon acknowledged by the chief Citizens of *Tyre*, and by  
the

the whole People. He was below'd not upon the account of the late King his Father, who had the universal Hatred, but because of his Gentleness and Moderation. His very Misfortunes serv'd, in a great measure, to give a heightening Brightness to all his good Qualities, and to touch all the *Tyrians* with a deep sense of Compassion for his past Sufferings. *Narbal* assembled the chief Men among the People; the old Men of the City-Council, and the Priests of the Goddess of *Phœnicia*. They saluted *Baleazar* as their King, and caus'd him to be proclaim'd such by their Heralds; the People answer'd them with repeated Acclamations, which reach'd the Ears of *Astarbe*, even into the remotest part of the Palace, where she was lockt in with her base and infamous *Joazar*. All the wicked Men whom she had made use of during *Pigmalion's* Life, had already forsaken her; for the Wicked do



do naturally hate and fear the Wicked, and never wish to see them in Authority, because they know how much they would abuse their Power, and how far they would extend their Violence. As for good Men, the Wicked think them better for their Turn, because upon occasion they hope to find in them Indulgence and Moderation. *Astarbe* had no Body left about her but the most notorious Accomplices of her enormous Crimes, who were continually in fearful Expectation of their deserved Punishment. The Gates of the Palace being broke open, those profligate Wretches durst not make a long Resistance, and only endeavour'd to run away. *Astarbe*, with the Habit of a Slave, would have made her Escape through the Crowd, but being discovered by a Soldier, she was presently secur'd, and 'twas with much ado that *Narbal* kept her from being torn in pieces by the enrag'd Multitude, who began



gan already to drag her along in the Mire. In this Extremity she desir'd to speak with *Baleazar*, thinking she might dazzle him by her Charms, and amuse him with the hopes that she would discover some important Secrets to him. At first, besides her Beauty, she display'd such soft and gentle Modesty as would have melted the fiercest Anger. She flatter'd *Baleazar* with the nicest and most insinuating Commendations; she represented to him how much *Pigmalion* lov'd her; she conjur'd him by his Father's Ashes to take Pity on her; she invoc'd the Gods, as if she had a sincere Adoration for them; she shed Floods of bitter Tears; she grasp'd the Knees of the new King, and us'd all her Artifice to render his best affected Servants both suspected and odious to him. She accus'd *Narbal* of being entred into a Conspiracy against *Pigmalion*, and endeavouring to withdraw the People from their Obe-

Obedience to *Baleazar*, in order to make himself King; she added, that he design'd to Poison that young Prince; and invented such other Calumnies to asperse all the rest of the *Tyrians*, who were addicted to Virtue. She hoped to have found the Heart of *Baleazar* susceptible of the same Distrust and Suspicions, which she had found in the King his Father. But *Baleazar* not being able to bear any longer with the black Malice of that wicked Woman; he interrupted her, and call'd for a Guard to secure her. Being sent to Prison, the wisest old Men were appointed to examine all her Actions: They found with Horror that she had poison'd and stifled *Pigmalion*; and the whole Series of her Life appear'd to be a continual Course of monstrous Villany. They were ready to sentence her to suffer the Punishment which is inflicted on great Offenders in *Phenicia*, that is, to be burnt alive by a lingring Fire;

Fire ; but when she saw she had no manner of Hopes left, she became fierce and mad like a Fury , and swallow'd down a Poison which she us'd to carry about her with design to make away with her self, in case they would put her to lingering Torments. Those who guarded her, took notice that she was in a violent Pain, and offer'd to give her ease ; but she would never answer their Questions; only by Signs she let them understand that she would receive no Relief. They mention'd to her the just and avenging Gods whom she had anger'd ; but instead of shewing any Trouble or Sorrow that might atone for her Crimes, she look'd upon Heaven with Pride and Contempt, as it were to insult the Almighty Powers. An impious Rage over-spread her dying Face ; there was not the least remainder of that excellent Beauty which had been the Destruction of so many Men ; all her Graces were wholly

wholly defac'd ; her faint, hollow  
 Eyes roll'd in their Orbits with  
 wild, staring Looks ; a convulsive  
 Motion shook her Lips, and kept  
 her Mouth open in a hideous man-  
 ner ; all her Face shrivell'd and  
 wrinkled, yielded a ghastly pro-  
 spect by its continual Distortions ; a  
 dead Coldness and Paleness had  
 seiz'd all her Limbs ; sometimes  
 she seem'd to gather fresh Spirits,  
 and come to her self again ; but  
 'twas only a faint struggle of Na-  
 ture, which spent it self into hide-  
 ous Howlings ; at last she expir'd,  
 leaving all the Spectators full of  
 Horror and Fear. Without  
 doubt her impious \* *Manes* \* *Ghost*.  
 went down into those Places  
 of Sorrow, where the cruel *Danaids*  
 do eternally draw Water with Ves-  
 sels full of Holes, where *Ixion* con-  
 tinually turns his Wheel ; where  
*Tantalus* flaming with Thirst, can  
 never catch the wanton Water that  
 flies his eager Lips ; where *Sisyphus*  
 vainly



vainly rolls up to the Top of a Mountain a Stone which tumbles down again continually; and where *Thitius* will for ever feel a Vultur preying upon his growing Liver. *Baleazar* being deliver'd of that Monster, return'd the Gods Thanks by innumerable Sacrifices. His Conduct at the beginning of his Reign was quite different from *Pigmalion's*; he applies himself to the promoting of Trade, which languish'd and decay'd more and more every day; he consults with *Narbal* about the most important Affairs, and yet he is not govern'd by him; for he will see every thing with his own Eyes; he hears every Body's Opinion, but reserves the deciding Vote to himself; he is generally belov'd by his People, and being Master of their Hearts he enjoys more Riches than ever his Father heap'd up with his cruel and insatiable Avarice; for there is never a Family but what would part with all they have,

if



if he happen'd to be reduc'd to a pressing Necessity. Thus what he suffers them to enjoy is more at his command, than if he should forcibly take it from them. He needs not use any Precaution, or be solicitous to secure his Life, for he has still the safest Guard about him, which is the Love of his Subjects; every one of them being afraid to lose him, and therefore willing to hazard his own Life to preserve that of so good a King. He lives happy with his People, and all his People live happy under him. He is ever afraid of burthening his People, whereas they are afraid of giving him too little a share in their Estates. He lets them live in Plenty, and this Plenty makes them neither refractory nor insolent; for they are Laborious, addicted to Trade, and stedfast in the keeping of their ancient Laws pure and intire. *Phenicia* has now recover'd the height of her Greatness and Glory, and 'tis to

to her young King, and to *Narbal*, who governs under him, that she owes all her Prosperities. Oh! *Telemachus*, if he could now see and embrace you, with how much Joy would he load you with Presents! What a Pleasure would it be to him to send you back into your own Country! Am I not then very fortunate in doing, what he would have done himself, and going to the Isle of *Ithaca*, and there place on the Throne the Son of *Ulysses*, that he may Reign there as wisely as *Baleazar* Reigns at *Tyre*?

*Adoam* having thus spoken, *Telemachus* highly pleas'd with his Story, and much more with the Marks of Friendship he receiv'd from him, embrac'd him with great Tenderness and Affection; and their repeated Expressions of mutual Kindness being over, *Adoam* ask'd him what extraordinary Adventure had led him into the Island of *Calipso*? *Telemachus*, in his turn, gave him  
the

the Story of his departure from *Tyre*, and his going over to the Isle of *Cyprus*: He related to him, his meeting again with *Mentor*; Their Voyage into *Crete*; The publick Games for the Election of a new King after *Idomeneus's* Flight; *Venus's* Anger; Their Ship-wrack; The kind and joyful Welcome *Calipso* had made them; The Jealousie of that Goddess against one of her Nymphs, and *Mentor's* throwing his Friend into the Sea as soon as he espied the *Phenician Ship*.

After they had given each other the respective Stories of their Adventures, *Adoam* caus'd a magnificent Entertainment to be serv'd up; and the better to express his excessive Joy, he procur'd all the Pleasures that could be had whilest they were at Table; during which time they were attended by young *Phenician* Boys clad in white; they burnt the most exquisite Frankincense of *Arabia*; all the Rowers

G

Seats

Seats were fill'd with Musicians playing on the Flute. *Architoas* now and then interrupted them by the sweet Harmony of his Voice and his Lyre, fit to entertain the Gods at their Revels, and even to please the Ears of *Apollo* himself. The *Tritons*, the *Nereids*, all the Deities who obey the Command of *Neptune*, and the Sea-Monsters themselves forsook their watry deep Grotto's, and came in Shoals round the Ship, charm'd by this Divine Melody. A Company of young *Phenicians*, of an excellent Beauty, and clad in fine Lawn, as white as the driven Snow, danc'd for a long time several Dances of their own Country; afterwards they danc'd after the *Egyptain* manner; and, last of all, after the *Grecian*. Now and then the loud Trumpets made the Waves resound with their Clangers as far as the distant Shore. The dead of silent Night, the stilness of the Sea, the trembling Light of the Moon which play'd



play'd on the surface of the Water,  
 and the Azure Blew of the Skies,  
 studded with bright twinkling Stars,  
 serv'd to heighten the Nobleness and  
 Majesty of the Shew. *Telemachus*  
 being of a quick and sprightly Tem-  
 per, easily affected with the Impres-  
 sions of sensual Objects, relish'd all  
 those Pleasures with delight; but  
 he durst not indulge himself too far  
 in the enjoying of them, since he  
 had experienc'd to his Grief and  
 Shame in the Isle of *Calipso*, how  
 ready Youth is to be inflam'd. He  
 was shy and afraid, even of the  
 most innocent Pleasures, and sus-  
 pected every Thing. He look'd up-  
 on *Mentor*, and consulted both his  
 Face and his Eyes to know what he  
 ought to think of all those Pleasures.  
*Mentor* was not a little pleas'd to see  
 him in that Perplexity, but made as  
 if he did not take notice of it; at  
 last mov'd with *Telemachus's* Mode-  
 ration, he told him with a Smile:  
 I perceive what you are afraid of;



may, I applaud your Fear; but however, you must have a care not to carry it too far. No Man can ever wish more earnestly than I, that you enjoy those soft and moderate Pleasures that will leave you the use of your Reason, and can never turn you into a furious Brute; 'tis now convenient you should refresh your self after all your Troubles and Fatigue; relish with a grateful Complaisance to *Adoam*, all those Enjoyments he offers you; be merry, *Telemachus*, be merry and rejoyce; Virtue is neither morose, austere, nor affected: 'Tis she yields true Pleasures, she alone knows how to season and temper them, to make them solid and lasting; she knows how to mix Mirth and Sports with the most important and serious Affairs; she prepares us for Pleasure by Labour, and refreshes the Hardships of Labour by Pleasure; Wisdom it self is not asham'd to be gay and sprightly upon occasion.

Having

Having spoke these words, *Mentor* took up a Harp and touch'd it with such exquisite Art, that *Architoas* stung with Jealousie, let his drop from his Hands, his Eyes were flaming with spite, his troubled Face turn'd pale, then blush'd, and then turn'd pale again; and every Body would have taken notice of his Pain and Confusion, but that at the same moment *Mentor's* Harp had ravish'd into Extasie the Soul of all the Assistants. No Man scarce durst draw Breath for fear of interrupting the profound Silence, and so losing the least Note of the Divine Song; all were still in pain lest he should end it too soon. *Mentor's* Voice had no effeminate softness, but was flexible, mellow, and strong; and he us'd it with such Art, that he humour'd to admiration every thing he Sung. He at first rehears'd the Praises of mighty *Jove*, the Father and King both of Gods and Men, who with a Nod shakes the whole Universe: After-

wards he represented *Minerva* coming out of his Head, that is, Wisdom, which that supreme God creates within himself, and which issues from him to instruct those Men who are willing to be taught. *Mentor* sung all those Truths in such divine and lofty Strains, that the whole Assembly thought themselves transported to the very Top of *Olympus*, before the Face of great *Jupiter*, whose Looks are as piercing as his Thunder. Next to that, he sung the Misfortune of young *Narcissus*, who being fondly smitten with his own Beauty, which he was continually viewing in a Fountain, consum'd himself with Grief, and was chang'd into a Flower that bears its Name. Lastly, he sung the fatal Death of fair *Adonis*, whom a fierce wild Boar tore in Pieces, and whom *Venus*, being passionately in love with, could never bring to life again, with all the bitter Complaints she put up to Heaven.

None

None of those who heard him were able to contain their Tears; and every one felt a secret Pleasure in Weeping, when he had done Singing. The *Phenicians* look'd upon one another full of Wonder and Amazement: One said, this is *Orpheus*, for thus with his Harp he us'd to tame fierce Beasts, and draw after him both Trees and Stones. 'Tis thus he enchanted *Cerberus*: suspended for a while the Torments of *Ision*, and of the *Danaids*; and mov'd the inexorable *Pluto*, to let the fair *Eurydice* go out of Hell. Another cry'd: No, 'tis *Linus* the Son of *Apollo*; to whom some body answer'd, You are mistaken: this must be *Appollo* himself. *Telemachus's* Surprise was little less than that of the rest, for he never knew before that *Mentor* could play on the Harp with so much Mastery. *Architoas*, who by this time had conceal'd his Jealousie, began to give *Mentor* those Commendations he deserv'd; but he

G 4

could.



could not praise him without blushing, neither was he able to make an end of his Discourse. *Mentor*, who saw what Trouble he was in, began to interrupt him, and endeavour'd to comfort him by commending his Musick. However, his Praises did not comfort *Architoas*, for he was sensible that *Mentor* surpass'd him yet more by his Modesty, than by the Charms of his Voice.

In the mean time *Telemachus* said to *Adoam*, I remember you spoke to me of a Voyage you made into *Betica*, since we came away from *Egypt*; and because *Betica* is a Country of which common Fame relates so many incredible Wonders, vouchsafe to tell me what we must believe of them. I will be extream glad, reply'd *Adoam*, to give you a Description of that famous Country, which deserves your Curiosity, and which is much beyond what Fame proclaims about it; whereupon he began thus: —

The



The River *Betis* runs through a fruitful Land, and under a temper'd and ever-serene Sky: The Country has its Name from the River, which discharges its Waters into the great Ocean near the famous Pillars of *Hercules*, and about that Place where the furious Sea breaking thro' its Banks, divided heretofore the Land of *Tarsis* from *Great Africa*. This Country seems to have preserv'd the Delights of the Golden Age; here Winters are Luke-warm, and the fierce Northern Winds never rage in it; the scorching Heat of the Summer is ever allay'd by refreshing *Zephires*, which fan the sweltry Air towards Noon; so that the whole Year is but a happy Hymen betwixt Spring and Autumn, which seem ever to go Hand in Hand. The Land, both in the Vallies and the Plains, yields every Year a double Harvest; the Hills are over-spread with numerous Flocks of Sheep, whose fine Wool

is a choice Commodity among all Nations of the known World. There are a great many Mines of Gold and Silver in that happy Country; but its rude Inhabitants, contented and happy with their Plainness, disdain to count Gold or Silver among their Riches, and only value what is really necessary to answer the Wants of Humane Nature. When we first began to Trade with that Nation, we found Gold and Silver employ'd among them about the same uses as Iron; as for example, for Plow-shares, &c. As they had no outward Trade, so they wanted no Coin; most of them are either Shepherds or Husband-men; Artificers and Tradesmen are but few in this Country; for they only tolerate those Arts which procure the Necessaries of Life; and besides, tho' most of the Inhabitants either follow Agriculture, or the tending of Herds and Flocks, yet they are skill'd in those Arts which are serviceable

viceable for the support of their  
 plain and frugal way of living. The  
 Women spin that silky Wool I told  
 you of; and make extraordinary  
 fine and white Stuffs; they bake  
 Bread; dress Victuals; and all those  
 Labours are easie to them; for in  
 this Country their ordinary Food is  
 Fruit and Milk; out of the Leather  
 of their Sheep, they make thin shoes  
 for themselves, their Husbands and  
 their Children; they make Tents,  
 some of waxed Skins, and others of  
 Barks of Trees; they wash the  
 Cloaths, keep the Houses in order,  
 and sweet and clean to admiration,  
 and make Garments for all the Fa-  
 mily; those Garments are easily  
 made; for in this sweet and happy  
 Climate, they only wear a thin and  
 light Piece of Stuff, neither cut nor  
 sew'd; and which, for Modesty's  
 sake, every one laps about his Body  
 in long folds, and in what form he  
 pleases. The Men, besides Husban-  
 dry, and the tending of the Herds  
 and

and Flocks, have no other Arts to exercise but the Working and Fashioning of Wood and Iron; and even in these they seldom make any use of Fire, unless it be for Tools necessary for Husbandry. All those Arts which belong to Architecture are altogether useless to them, for they never build Houses; it argues, say they, too great a Fondness for the Earth, the building a Dwelling upon it much more lasting than one self; it is sufficient to have a Shelter against the Injuries of the Air. As for all other Arts, so much esteem'd among the *Grecians*, the *Agyptains* and other civiliz'd Nations, they abhor and detest them as the Inventions of Pride and Effeminacy. When they hear of Nations that have the skill of raising magnificent Buildings; and can make Gold and Silver, household Goods, Stuffs adorn'd with Imbroi-dery and precious Stones, exquisite Perfumes, delicious and dainty Dis-hes.



shes of Meat, and Instruments of  
 Musick, whose Harmony enchants  
 the Soul, they answer in these words;  
 Those Nations are unhappy, thus  
 to have bestow'd so much Time,  
 Labour, and Industry upon the cor-  
 rupting of themselves; those Super-  
 fluities soften, intoxicate and tor-  
 ment the Possessors of them, and  
 tempt those that are depriv'd of  
 them to acquire them by Injustice  
 and Violence: And how can that be  
 called a Good, which serves only to  
 make Men wicked? The Men of  
 those Countries, are they more  
 sound, strong and robust than we?  
 Do they live longer? And are they  
 better united among themselves? Is  
 there Life more free from Cares,  
 more peaceful, and more jovial and  
 merry? Nay, on the contrary, they  
 must needs be jealous of one ano-  
 ther, devour'd by shameful and black  
 Envy, ever disquieted and tortur'd  
 by Ambition, Fears and Avarice,  
 and incapable of enjoying plain,  
 unmixt



unmixt and solid Pleasures, since  
 they are Slaves to so many human  
 Necessaries, on which they make  
 all their Felicity depend. Thus  
 'tis, continued *Abdram*, that these  
 wise Men speak, who owe all their  
 Wisdom to their diligent Study of  
 Nature; they have an abhorrence  
 for our Politeness, and it must be  
 confess'd that theirs has something  
 great in their admirable Plainness;  
 they live all together without di-  
 viding the Land; every Family is  
 govern'd by its Chief, who is real  
 King of it; the Father of the Fa-  
 mily has the power to punish any  
 of his Children or Grand-children,  
 that commits a Fault, but before  
 he inflicts the Punishment, he ad-  
 vises with the rest of the Family:  
 'Tis rare indeed that there is any  
 Punishment; for the Innocence of  
 Manners, Truth, Honesty, Inte-  
 grity, Obedience and Abhorrence  
 of Vice dwell in this happy Place,  
 and it seems as if *Astrea*, who is  
 said

said to have retir'd into Heaven, lies yet conceal'd here among these People: There is no need of Judges amongst them, for their own Consciences Judge 'em: All their Goods are in Common; the Fruits of the Trees, the Grain, Pulse of the Earth, the Milk of the Herds are so abounding, that a People so Sober and so Moderate have no occasion to divide 'em; each moving fancily in this happy Countrey, carry their Tents from one Place to another, when they have eaten up the Pasturage, and consum'd the Fruits of that part whence they come, so that it is not their Interest to maintain one against t'other; and if they all love one another with a brotherly Love, which nothing can interrupt, 'tis the contempt of vain Riches and of deceitful Pleasures which confirm 'em in this Peace, Union and Liberty. They are all free, and all equal, and there is no other difference among 'em than that

that alone which the Experience of the Grave, old Men, or the extraordinary Wisdom of some young Men makes, who being accomplish'd in all Virtue, equal the old Men: The cruel Outcry of Fraud, Violence, Perjury, Law-suits and Wars are never heard in this Countrey cherish'd by the Gods: No human Blood ever stain'd this Land, no, not so much as the Blood of innocent Lambs: When they hear of bloody Battels, devouring Conquests, of the overthrow of States, which are frequent in all other Nations, they are Amaz'd. What, say they, are not Men subject enough to Mortality, without precipitating one another to Death! Life that is so short seems to them too long. Are they sent here upon Earth to tear one another in Pieces, and so make themselves mutually Miserable? Nor cou'd these People of *Betica* imagin why those Conquerors, who subjugate great Empires, shou'd

shou'd be so much admir'd: What  
 a Folly 'tis, said they, for a Man to  
 place his Happiness in governing  
 other Men, the government of  
 whom is so very troublesome, if  
 they are govern'd by Reason, and  
 according to Justice: But how can  
 he take Pleasure in governing them  
 against their Wills? 'Tis all that a  
 wise Man ought to do, to submit  
 himself to govern a docile People,  
 of whom the Gods have given him  
 Charge, or a People who entreat  
 him to be as a Father or Shepherd  
 to 'em; but to govern a People  
 against their Will, is to make him-  
 self most Miserable, to gain a false  
 Honour for keeping them in Slave-  
 ry. A Conqueror is a Man whom  
 the Gods, irritated against Man-  
 kind, have sent upon the Earth in  
 their Wrath, to lay Kingdoms wast,  
 spread Terroures, Misery and De-  
 spair every where, and to make as  
 many Slaves as there are free Men.  
 Is it not Glory enough to a Man that  
 thirsts

thirsts after Fame to rule those with Prudence whom the Gods have put under him? Do's he think that he is not worthy of Praise unless he becomes Violent, Unjust, Insulting, an Usurper and Tyrannick over all his Neighbours? War shou'd never be thought on but for the defence of Liberty. He is happy, who being a Slave to no Man, has not the vain Ambition to make another Man his Slave. Those mighty Conquerors whom they represent to us with so much Glory, are like those overflowing Rivers, which appear Majestick, but destroy those fertile Countrys which they shou'd only refresh.

After *Adoam* had given this Description of *Betica*, *Telemachus*, charm'd with his Relation, ask'd him several particular Questions: Do these People, said he, drink Wine? They are so far from Drinking it, reply'd *Adoam*, that they never car'd to make any; not that they

want



want Grapes, since no Country whatever produces more delicious; but they are satisfi'd with eating Grapes as they do other Fruits; for they dread Wine as the Corrupter of Mankind: 'Tis a kind of Poyson (say they) which makes 'em Mad; it does not kill a Man, indeed, but it makes him a Beast: Men may preserve their Health without Wine, whose effect is to destroy good Manners. Then, said *Telemachus*, I wou'd fain know what Laws are observ'd in Marriages in this Nation. No Man, replied *Adoam*, can have more than one Wife, whom he must keep as long as she lives. The Honour of the Men in this Country depends as much on their Fidelity to their Wives, as the Honour of the Wives depends in other Countries on their Fidelity to their Husbands: Never were People so Honest, and so jealous of their Chastity; the Wives here are Beautiful and Agreeable, but Plain, Modest  
and

and Laborious ; their Marriages are Peaceable, Fruitful, and without Blemish ; the Husband and Wife seem to be but one Person in Two different Bodies ; the Husband and the Wife share the Cares of domestic Affairs together, the Husband manages all the Concerns abroad, the Wife keeps close to her Business at home ; she Comforts her Husband, and seems to be made for nothing else but to please him ; she gains his Confidence, and contributes less by her Beauty than her Virtue to heighten the Charms of their Society, which lasts as long as they live : The Sobriety, Temperance, and the Purity of Manners of these People give 'em a long Life, and free from Diseases ; here are Men of an Hundred, and of an Hundred and twenty Years Old, who yet are Fresh and Vigorous. I wou'd know now, said *Telemachus*, how they do to avoid going to War with other People their Neighbours.

Na-

Nature, continued *Adoam*, has separated them from other People, on one side by the Sea, and on the other side by high Mountains: On the other hand, the neighbouring Nations respect 'em for the sake of their Virtue: Several times the other People falling out among themselves, have made these Judges of their Differences, and have entrusted the Lands and Towns, for which they disputed, with them. As this wise Nation has never committed any Violence, no Body distrusts 'em. They Laugh when they hear of Kings who can't govern the Frontiers of their Estates among themselves. Is it to be fear'd, say they, that Men shou'd want Lands? There will ever be more than they can cultivate; as long there remains free Lands, we wou'd not so much as defend our own against our Neighbours, who wou'd take 'em from us; nor Envy, nor Pride, nor Falshood, nor a Desire of enlarging  
their

their Dominions, was ever known among the Inhabitants of *Betica*; so that their Neighbours never have occasion to fear such a People, nor can ever hope to make them fear it; which is the reason that they never molest 'em: These People wou'd sooner forsake their Country, or wou'd deliver themselves up to Death, than submit themselves to Slavery: Thus they are as difficult to be Enslav'd, as it is for them to desire to Enslave others. 'Tis that causes so profound a Peace between them and their Neighbours. *Adoam* ended this Discourse, with an Account of the manner of Traffick between the *Phanicians* and those of *Betica*: These People, pursu'd he, were amaz'd when they saw strange Men come from so far on the Waves of the Sea: They receiv'd us very kindly, and gave us part of all that they had, without taking any payment for it; they offer'd us all that  
was



was left of their Wooll, after they had sufficiently provided for their own use, and indeed sent us a rich Present of it. 'Tis a Pleasure to them to give their overplus liberally to Strangers. As for their Mines, it was no manner of trouble at all to have parted with 'em to us, they made no advantage of 'em; they fancy'd Men were not overwise to search with so much Pains in the Bowels of the Earth, what cou'd not make 'em happy, nor satisfy true Necessity. Do not dig, said they to us, so deep into the Earth, content your selves with Ploughing and Tilling it, it will afford you real Goods that will nourish you, you will reap Fruits from it that are more valuable than Gold and Silver, since Men desire neither Gold nor Silver only to purchase Necessaries to support Life. We wou'd often have taught 'em Navigation, and have carry'd the young Men of their Country in-  
to



to *Phanicia*; but they wou'd never consent that their Children shou'd learn to Live after our manner. They wou'd learn, said they to us, to have occasion for all those Things that are meerly necessary to us; they wou'd have 'em, and they wou'd forsake Virtue to gain them; they wou'd grow, like a Man who has good Legs, and who having lost the custom of Walking, brings himself at last to the sad necessity of being always carry'd like a sick Man. Indeed they admire Navigation, because it is an industrious Art; but they believe it is pernicious: If those People, say they, have sufficient of what is necessary to Life in their own Country, What do they seek in another? Are not they contented with what is sufficient to Nature? They deserve to be Shipwrack'd, for seeking Death in the midst of Tempests to satiate their Avarice. *Telemachus* was ravish'd at *Adoam's* Discourse, he was highly pleas'd  
that

that there was yet a People in the World, who following the true Dictates of Nature, was both so wise and so happy. Oh, how far different are these Morals, said he, from those vain and ambitious Manners of those People whom we believe to be the wisest! We are so vitiated that we can hardly think this so natural Simplicity can be real. We look upon the Morals of these People only as a pleasant Fable, and we ought to look upon ours as a monstrous Dream.

Whilst *Telemachus* and *Adoam* entertain'd one another in this manner, neglecting Sleep, and not perceiving that it was already Midnight; a deceitful Deity, their Enemy, led 'em far wide of *Ithaca*, which their Pilot *Achamas* attempted to make in vain. *Neptune*, altho a Friend to the *Phaenicians*, cou'd no longer endure to think that *Telemachus* had escap'd the Tempest that had thrown him on the Rocks

H

of

of the Isle of *Calipso*. *Venus*, who was yet more enrag'd to see this young triumphant Hero, who had overcome Love and all its Charms, in the transport of her Grief left *Cythera*, *Paphos*, *Idalia*, and all the Honours which are paid to her in the Isle of *Cyprus*; and cou'd no longer stay in those Places where *Telemachus* had despis'd her Power; but mounts to bright *Olympus* where all the Gods were assembled round the Throne of *Jupiter*. From this Place they behold the Stars moving under their Feet: Thence they see the Globe of the Earth, like a little lump of Dirt. The vast Seas seem to them only like drops of Water, with which the lump of Dirt is a little moistned: The greatest Kingdoms are in their Sight but a little Sand which cover the superficies of this Dirt: The innumerable People, and the most powerful Armies, seem but as Ants which contend with one another for a slip of Grass upon this  
heap

heap of Dirt. The Immortals  
 Laugh at the most serious Affairs  
 that disturb foolish Mortals, and  
 they appear to them like the Sports  
 of Children: What Men call Gran-  
 deur, Glory and Power, seem to  
 the highest Powers nothing but Mi-  
 fery and Folly. 'Tis in this Habi-  
 tation so much elevated above the  
 Earth, that *Jupiter* has fix'd his im-  
 moveable Throne. His Eyes pierce  
 into the very Abyfs, and look even  
 into the most secret corners of all  
 Hearts; his soft and serene Aspects  
 difperfe Tranquility and Joy over  
 all the Universe: On the contrary,  
 when he shakes his awful Head,  
 he moves both Heaven and Earth:  
 The Gods themselves dazl'd with  
 the Rays of the Glory that furround  
 him, can't approach him without  
 Trembling; all the celestial Dei-  
 ties were near him at that Moment.  
*Venus* presented her self with all the  
 Charms which wanton on her  
 beautiful Bosom: Her loose Gown



had more splendor than all the Colours that *Iris* adorns her self with in the dark Clouds, when she comes to promise to affrighted Mortals the end of Tempests, and to proclaim to 'em the return of fair Weather. Her Robe was ty'd with that famous Girdle on which the Graces are represented. The Goddess's Hair was negligently ty'd behind by a Locket of Gold. All the Gods were surpriz'd at her Beauty, as if they had never seen her before; and their Eyes were dazl'd like the Eyes of Mortals, when after a long Night, *Phæbus* returns to enlighten 'em with his Rays, they look one on another with Astonishment, and their Eyes return'd and fix'd always on *Venus*; but they perceiv'd the Goddess's Eyes were bath'd in Tears, and that a deep Sorrow sat on her Face: Mean while she advanc'd towards the Throne of *Jupiter* with a soft and smooth Pace, like the rapid Flight of a Bird that cuts the vast Space



Space of the yielding Air: He look'd on her with a great deal of complacency, and smil'd kindly on her, and, rising, embrac'd her. My dear Daughter, said he, what grieves you? I can't see your Tears without concern; fear not to discover your Thoughts to me, you know my Tenderness and Indulgence. *Venus* answer'd him with a soft Voice, but interrupted with deep Sighs; O, Father of Gods and Men! You who see all things, can't choose but know the cause of my Sorrow; *Minerva* is not satisfied even with over-throwing the lofty Town of *Troy* which I defended, and to be reveng'd on *Paris* who had prefer'd my Beauty to her's, but she conducts the Son of *Ulysses*, that cruel Destroyer of *Troy*, over Land and Sea; *Telemachus* is still accompany'd by *Minerva*, which occasions that she does not appear here in Place with the rest of the Deities: She led this young Bravo into the Isle of *Cyprus*

to affront me, who not only disdain'd to burn Incense on my Altars, but he has exprest an abhorrence of the Feasts which are celebrated in honour of me; he has shut up his Heart against my Pleasures; in vain has *Neptune* rais'd the Winds and the Waves against him at my Request, to punish him. *Telemachus* cast by an horrible Shipwreck on the Isle of *Calipso*, triumph'd over Love himself, whom I had sent into this Island to soften the Heart of this young *Greek*; neither the Youth nor the Charms of *Calipso*, and of her Nymphs, nor the flaming Shafts of Love cou'd overcome the Artifices of *Minerva*, she has snatch'd him away from that Island: See how I am confounded, a Stripling triumphs over me!

*Jupiter* to comfort her, said, 'Tis true, my Daughter, that *Minerva* defends the Heart of this young *Greek* against all the Darts of your Son;

Son ; and she designs him more Glory than ever young Man attain'd to : I am troubled that he has despis'd your Altars, but I can't give him up to your Power ; but for the love of you, I consent that he shall still wander both by Sea and Land ; that he shall live far from his own Country, expos'd to all sorts of Miseries and Dangers, but the Fates will neither suffer him to perish, nor his Virtue to yield to those Pleasures with which you bewitch Mankind. Be comforted then, my Daughter, to keep so many Hero's and so many Gods under your Empire. Here, he smil'd on *Venus* with all the Grace and Majesty of the greatest Deity : A flash of Light like the most piercing Lightnings darted from his Eyes, and tenderly kissing *Venus*, he dispers'd an Odour of Ambrosia which perfum'd all *Olympus*. The Goddess cou'd not but be sensible of this Caress from the greatest of the Gods ; in spite of

her Tears and Grief, Joy was visible in all her Face; she let down her Veil to hide her Blushes, and the Confusion in which she found her self: The whole Assembly applauded what *Jupiter* had said; and, *Venus*, without losing one moment, hastened to find out *Neptune*, to consult with him the means of revenging her self on *Telemachus*. She repeated to *Neptune* what *Jupiter* had said to her: I knew long since, return'd *Neptune*, the irreversibile Decree of the Fates; but tho' we can't swallow up *Telemachus* in the Waves of the Sea, yet let us not forget any thing that may make him wretched, and retard his return to *Ithaca*; I can't yield that the *Phenician* Vessel on which he is Aboard should be lost; for I love the *Phenicians*, they are my People; no other Nation in the Universe cultivates my Empire as they do; 'tis by their Industry alone that the Sea is become the means of a Commerce between all the



the People of the Earth; they honour me with continual Sacrifices on my Altars; they are Just, Wise, and Laborious in their Traffick; they disperse Profit and Plenty over all the Earth: No, Goddess, I can't allow that one of their Vessels shou'd be wreck'd; but I will make the Pilot lose his Course, and steer wide of *Ithaca*, whither he is bound. Contented with this Promise, *Venus* forc'd a malicious Smile, and alighted from her flying Chariot on the flow'ry Meadows of *Idalia*, where the Graces, with Sports and Laughters, express'd their Joy to see her again, dancing about her, on the Flowers that perfume this charming Abode: And *Neptune* immediately dispatch'd a deceitful Deity, like the God of Dreams, save only that Dreams deceive but during the time of sleep, whereas this Deity enchants Mens Senses when they are awake. This mischievous Deity, attended by a vast multitude of winged Lies and

ed

H 5

Eal-



Falsities, which flutter'd about him, came to pour a subtil and enchanting Liquor on the Eyes of the Pilot. *Achamas*, who was attentively considering the height of the Moon, the Course of the Stars, and the Port of *Ithaca*, whose sharp pointed Rocks he had already discover'd near enough to him; but in this very moment the Pilot's Eyes cou'd discern nothing truly as it was; another Sky presented it self to him, the Stars seem'd as if they had chang'd their Course, and were returning back again to their Spheres: All the Firmament seem'd to move by new Laws; the very Earth it self was alter'd, and a false *Ithaca* always in the Pilot's View, to amuse him all the time he was shearing off from the true one: The more he advanc'd towards this deceitful Representation of the Port of the Island, the more this false Representation deluded him; nor cou'd he imagin what to make of this Retreat: Sometimes  
 he

he thought he already heard the noise that is usually made in a Port, and was strait preparing according to the Orders he had receiv'd to go a Shore on a little Island near the great one, to destroy the Lovers of *Penelope*, who had conspir'd to hinder the return of this young Prince *Telemachus*: Sometimes he fear'd the Shelves which are so numerous on the Shoars of that part of the Sea, and he fancy'd he heard the dreadful Roaring of the Waves which break themselves against these Shelves: Then all on a sudden, he observ'd that the Land appear'd yet more distant; the Mountains seem'd no otherwise to him, so far off, than as so many little Clouds which sometimes darken the Horizon, while yet the Sun is set. Thus was *Achamas* amaz'd, and the Impression of this deceitful Deity that had charm'd his Eyes, made him sensible that he was possess'd with something more than ordinary, which 'till then he had.

had not perceiv'd; at the same time too he cou'd not believe that he was awake, but that he was deluded only by a Dream. *Neptune* in the mean time commanded the East Wind to blow, in order to drive the Ship on the Coasts of *Hesperia*: The Wind obey'd him with such a strong Gale, that the Ship soon arriv'd at the Port that *Neptune* had design'd it.

*Aurora* had already proclaim'd the approaching day; already had the Stars, which fear and are jealous of the Rays of the Sun, hidden their dark Fires in the Ocean, when the Pilot cry'd out; I am out of doubt, for we are just upon the Island of *Ithaca*: Cheer up, *Telemachus*! Now is the time that you shall see *Penelope* again, and (perhaps) find *Ulysses* seated on his Throne. *Telemachus*, who was till then, fast lock'd in the Arms of a profound Sleep, awaking at these words, rises and comes into the Steerage, embraces the

the Pilot, and with his Eyes yet hardly open, stedfastly views the Neighbouring Shoar, and sigh'd when he cou'd not perceive his own Country's Shoar. Alas, said he, where are we! *Achamas*, you are deceiv'd; you are but ill acquainted with these Coasts so far distant from your own Country. No, no, reply'd *Achamas*, I can't be deceiv'd in my Knowledge of the Coasting of this Island: How many times have I come into your Port? I know it to the very least Rocks in it; the Port of *Tyre* is not more fresh in my Memory: See that Mountain there that advances, and that Rock that rises like a Tower! Don't you perceive the Billows that break themselves against those other Rocks that seem to threaten the Sea by their fall? But don't you take notice of the Temple of *Minerva*, that cuts the Clouds? Look you, there's the House and Castle of your Father *Ulysses*. Oh, *Achamas*! reply'd *Telemachus*,



*Telemachus*, I see on the contrary a remote Coast over against me both clear and even; and I perceive a Town, but not *Ithaca*. Oh, ye Gods! Is it thus you mock poor Mortals? Whilest he was speaking these words, all on a sudden the Eyes of *Achamas* were clear'd; the Charm was ended, and he saw and knew the Shoar, perfectly what it was, and acknowledg'd his Error.

I am confident, Oh *Telemachus*! cry'd he, that some envious Deity has bewitch'd my Eyes: I thought I saw *Ithaca*; the true Prospect of it presented it self intirely to my view; but at that same moment it vanish'd like a Dream: I now see another City, and, doubtless, it is *Salante*, which *Idomeneus* flying from, *Crete* is building in *Hesperia*: I perceive rising Walls, which are not yet finish'd; and I see a Fort, which is not altogether fortify'd. Whilest *Achamas* was remarking the several Works newly carry'd on this growing



ing City, and *Telemachus* was deploring his Unhappiness, the Wind that *Neptune* had rais'd carry'd 'em with full Sail into a safe Road, and just by the Port.

*Mentor*, who was neither ignorant of *Neptune's* Revenge, nor the cruel Artifice of *Venus*, cou'd not choose but laugh at the mistake of *Achamas*. When they were in this Road, said *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, *Jupiter* tries you, but will not destroy you; and only tries you to shew you the way to Glory. Think on the Labours of *Hercules*. Let your Father's Actions be ever in your Mind. He who can't suffer has nothing of Courage. By your Patience and Fortitude, you will tire that cruel Fortune which takes delight to persecute you. I am less afraid, for your sake, of the rigorous Treatment of *Neptune*, than I fear'd the flatt'ring Caresses of that Goddess which detain'd you in her Isle. What do we stay for? Let us

us into the Port ! These People are our Friends ; we are come among the *Greeks*. *Idomeneus*, who has been himself ill treated by Fortune, will have pity on the Miserable. They presently enter'd the Port of *Salante*, where the *Phenician* Vessel was receiv'd without any difficulty ; because the *Phenicians* have Peace and Commerce with the whole Universe. *Telemachus*, with admiration, beheld this growing City, as it were a young Plant, which having been nourish'd by the sweet Dew of the Night, in the Morning feels the Beams of the Sun which come to imbelish it ; it grows, it opens its tender Buds, it extends its green Leaves, it blows its odoriferous Flowers with a thousand new Colours ; every moment it presents it self to the Sight, a new Lustre is found on it ; so flourish'd *Idomeneus's* new City on the Sea's side : Each day, each hour it grows in magnificence ; and shew'd to Strangers afar off at Sea, new Ornaments of

Ar-

Architecture which reach'd the very Skies. All the Shoar resounded with the cries of the Workmen, and the blows of Hammers; the Stones were hung up in the Air by Cranes with Ropes; all the Nobility encourag'd the People in their Work, from the very first peep of day; and the King, *Idomeneus*, himself giving Orders throughout all, made the Works advance with incredible Expedition.

The *Phenician* Vessel was hardly got into Port, e're the *Cretans* gave *Telemachus* and *Mentor* all the Tokens of a sincere Friendship: They post-ed away to give *Idomeneus* notice of the Arrival of the Son of *Ulysses*. The Son of *Ulysses*! cry'd he, of *Ulysses*? The dear Friend of that wise and great Hero; by whom, at last, we have levell'd the lofty Walls of proud *Troy* even to the Ground! Bring him to me, that I may shew him how much I lov'd his Father. As soon as *Telemachus* was presented to him, said he to him,

him, with a sweet and smiling Countenance, Tho' no body shou'd have told me who you are, I am certain I shou'd have known you; you are *Ulysses* himself; see his very Eyes full of Fire, his stedy Aspect! See besides, his Air so cold and reserv'd, which cover'd so much Vivacity and so many Graces. Look! Here's his obliging Smile too; his negligent Demean, his soft Speech, plain and insinuating, which persuaded without allowing time for Suspicion! Yes; you are the Son of *Ulysses*, but you shall be mine too; my dear Son! What Adventures brought you on these Coasts? Is it in search of your Father? Alas! I never heard from him: Cross Fate persecuted us both; he had the misfortune of being driven from his Country, and I that of finding mine, fill'd with Horrors by the Hatred of the immortal Gods against me. Whilest *Idomeneus* spoke those words he loo'd fixedly upon *Mentor*,

as



as being no Stranger to his Face; tho' at the same time he was much perplex'd about his Name. In the mean time *Telemachus* answer'd him, with Tears in his Eyes; Oh! King, Pardon my Grief, which I cannot conceal from you, even at a time when I ought to be full of Joy and Gratitude for all your generous Favours to me. Your Sorrow for the loss of *Ulysses*, teaches me how deeply I ought to be affected by my misfortune in not finding my dear Father; 'tis now a tedious while since I have been in search of him thro' all the known Seas: The angry Gods won't suffer me to hope, either to see him again, or to return to *Ithaca*, where *Penelope* is daily tortur'd with a fruitless Desire of being freed from her troublesome Lovers.

I expected to have found you in the Isle of *Crete*; I there learnt your cruel Fate, but little thought of ever touching the Coast of *Hesperia*,  
where



where you have founded a new Kingdom : But Fortune, who is pleas'd to sport with us Mortals, who makes me wander from Place to Place, and keeps me still from *Ithaca*, cast me at last upon your Shore ; yet of all the Disasters she has expos'd me to, this I could bear with a contented Mind. For, tho' she drives me away from my Native Country, yet she brings me acquainted with the wisest and most generous of all Kings. At these words *Idomeneus* gave *Telemachus* a kind Embrace ; and having led him into his Palace, who is that wise old Man, said he to him, who accompanies you, for methinks I have seen him before : 'Tis *Mentor*, reply'd *Telemachus* ; *Mentor*, *Ulysses's* intimate Friend, who has taken care of me even from my Infancy, and who best can inform you how much I am beholden to him. Thereupon *Idomeneus* made towards *Mentor*, and shaking him by the hand told him ;

him ; You and I have seen one another before : You may remember when you went over to *Crete*, and what good Advice you gave me ; but at that time I was hurried away by the heat of Youth, and transported by the Enjoyment of sensual Pleasures ; so that my Misfortunes only have been able to teach me Wisdom. Oh ! that I had believed your Counsels ; Oh ! wise old Man ! But I am full of wonder to find that Age has made no alteration in you since so many Years ; your Face is still fresh and lively, and your Body strait and vigorous, only your Hair is grown somewhat Hoary. Great King, answer'd *Mentor*, were I a Flatterer, I would tell you likewise that you still preserve that youthful Liveliness which smil'd in your Face at the Siege of *Troy*. But I had rather incur your Displeasure, than speak against Truth ; besides, I find by your wise Discourse that you are averse to Flattery, and that

that a Man may be sincere with you without running any Hazard: Wherefore I must freely own that you are so much alter'd, that I could scarce have known you again. I plainly see the cause of it, which is your long Misfortunes and Sufferings; but the Wisdom you have acquir'd makes you sufficient amends for what you have suffer'd; and a Man ought to be easie and unconcern'd at the Wrinkles of his Face, whilst his Soul is inur'd to the Practice of Virtue. Moreover, know, Oh! *Idomeneus*, that Kings always wear out faster than other Men: For in Adversity, both the Troubles of the Mind, and bodily Labours make them look Old before their Time: In Prosperity, the soft Enjoyments of an effeminate Life waste their Strength yet more than the Toils of War, and nothing is more hurtful than excess in Pleasure. This is the Reason why Kings, both in Peace and War, enjoy Pleasures, and  
are

are expos'd to such Labours and Hardships as anticipate old Age ; whereas a sober , moderate , and plain Life , free from Disquietudes and Passions , regular and laborious keeps all the Limbs of a wise Man in a vigorous Youthfulness , which without these Precautions , flies fast away upon the Wings of Time .

*Idomeneus* charm'd with *Mentor's* Discourse , had been longer attentive to him , had they not come to remind him of a Sacrifice that he was to make to *Jupiter* : *Telemachus* and *Mentor* follow'd him surrounded by a great multitude of People , who with great earnestness and Curiosity gaz'd on these two Strangers : They said one to another , these two Men are very different ; the young one has an Air admirable and lovely , beyond Expression ; all the Charms of Youth and Beauty are every where dispers'd both over his whole Body ; but this Beauty has nothing Languid nor Effeminate ;  
with



with this tender Flower of Youth, he appears vigorous, strong and inur'd to Labour: But this other, tho' far older, yet has lost nothing of his Strength; and tho' his Mien is not so majestic, and his Countenance less pleasant, yet on a nearer view, in his plainness may be seen the Marks of Wisdom and Virtue, with a surprising Gravity: When the Gods descended to converse with Mortals on the Earth, undoubtedly they took Figures like these two strange Travellers.

By this time, they were arriv'd at the Temple of *Jupiter*, whom *Idomeneus*, who was the Offspring, had adorn'd with a great deal of Magnificence: He was environ'd with a double Row of Pillars of Marble like *Jasper*; the Chapiters were of Silver; the Temple was all lin'd with Marble, with Bas-reliefs, which represented *Jupiter* transform'd into a Bull, the Rape of *Europa*, and his Passage over the Sea



Sea into *Crete*; they seem'd to reverence *Jupiter*, tho he was in a strange Form: Then the Wisdom and Birth of *Minos* was to be seen; who there appear'd in the height of old Age, dispensing Laws to his whole Island, which might make it for ever flourishing. There also *Telemachus* observ'd, the principal Adventures at the Siege of *Troy*, where *Idomeneus* had justly acquir'd the Glory of a great General. In the Representations of these Combats *Telemachus* fought his Father, and found him taking away the Horses of *Rhesus*, whom *Diomedes* had just slain; and in another place contending with *Ajax* for the Arms of *Achilles*, before all the Commanders of the *Greek Army*; and at last their coming out of the fatal Horse to destroy the Lives of so many *Trojans*: In all these famous Actions *Telemachus* knew him, of which he had so often heard, and which *Nestor* himself had recounted

to him. Here Tears presently gush'd from his Eyes, he chang'd Colour, and Grief appear'd all over his Face: *Idomeneus* perceiv'd it, tho he turn'd aside to conceal his Trouble. Don't be asham'd, said *Idomeneus* to him, to let us see how much you are concern'd at the Glory and Misfortunes of your Father. In the mean while the People came in whole Crowds under the vast Portico's made thro' the double row of Columns which furrounded the Temple. There were two Companies of young Boys and Girls, who sung Verses in Praise of that God who disperses the Thunder. These Children who were all chosen out of the most Beautiful, had their long Hair hanging loose on their Shoulders; their Heads were Crown'd with Roses and Perfumes, and were all Cloath'd in White. *Idomeneus* offer'd an Hundred Bulls to beg a favourable Success in a War, which he had undertaken  
against

against his Neighbours: The Blood of the Victims reak'd on every side, and was seen to stream over the Goblets of Gold and Silver. The old Man *Theophanes*, dear to the Gods, and Priest of the Temple, during the time of Sacrifice, cover'd his Head with one end of his purple Robe; then he consulted the Entrails of the Victims, which were yet panting, after which, mounting the sacred Tripod; O ye Gods! (cry'd he) what are then these Strangers, whom you have sent into these Parts? Without these, the War lately design'd wou'd be dreadful; and *Salante* wou'd be bury'd in Ruin, 'ere it were rais'd on its Foundations. I see a young Hero, whom Wisdom still conducts—No Mortal dare say more.—Here his Looks were wild, and his Eyes sparkl'd; and he seem'd to gaze on other Objects than those that were before him: His Face was all a-fire: He rag'd, and grew Di-

stracted; his Hair stood an end, he  
 foam'd at Mouth, and his lifted up  
 Arms were immoveable: His Voice  
 was stronger than any humane Voice  
 whatever; he was out o' Breath,  
 and cou'd not contain the Deity  
 which transported him. O happy  
*Idomeneus*, cry'd he again, what do  
 I see! What Misfortunes avoided!  
 What soft Peace at Home! But  
 what bloody Wars Abroad! What  
 Victories! O *Telemachus*! Thy La-  
 bours exceed thy Father's. The  
 haughty and fierce Enemy grovels  
 in the Dust, under thy Sword; the  
 brazen Gates and inaccessible Ram-  
 parts fall at thy Feet—— O Great  
 Goddess! That his Father——  
 O Brave Youth, in time thou shalt  
 see—— Here his Speech fail'd  
 him, and that Word clos'd his  
 Mouth, and he continued in Spite  
 of his Endeavours, in an amazing  
 Silence. All the People were con-  
 geal'd with Fear: *Idomeneus*, all  
 trembling, durst not bid him make  
 an

an end. *Telemachus* himself astonish'd, cou'd hardly understand what he had heard; much ado he had to believe that so great Predictions were made of him; *Mentor* alone was unastonish'd at the divine Spirit. You understand, said he to *Idomeneus*, the purpose of the Gods; that against whatsoever Nation you shall lead your Forces, the Victory shall be yours; and that you shall own your good Success of your Arms to your Friend's Son: Be not Jealous therefore, but only make use of what the Gods now give you by his Means. *Idomeneus*, being not yet recover'd out of his Amazement, in vain attempted to Speak; his Tongue remain'd immoveable. Says *Telemachus* to *Mentor*; So much promis'd Glory does not move me: But what can be the meaning of those Words, *Thou shalt see again*, Is it my Father or only *Ithaca* that I shall see? Alas! Why did he not make an end of his Prophecy? He left me more



perplex'd than I was before : Oh *Ulysses* ! Oh my Father ! Is it then possible I shall see you again ! But I Flatter my self—— Oh ! cruel Oracle, thou takest Delight in Sporting with an unfortunate Man ; one Word more, and I had reach'd the top of Happiness.

Says *Mentor* to him, Receive with Reverence what the Gods are pleas'd to reveal, and attempt not to discover what they intend to keep secret : A rash Curiosity deserves to be confounded : 'Tis out of a supream Goodness and Wisdom, that the Gods keep weak Mortals in dark Ignorance about their Fates. I own 'tis a great advantage to foresee what depends on us, in order to do it well ; but 'tis every whit as advantageous to be Ignorant of what lies not in our Power, but intirely depends on Heaven's irreversibile Decrees. *Telemachus*, touch'd with these Words, contain'd himself, tho not without Reluctancy. As for  
Ido-

*Idomeneus*, having recover'd his surprize, be begun to return great *Jove* Thanks for sending to him young *Telemachus*, and wise *Mentor* to make him victorious over his Enemies. And having made a magnificent Feast after the Sacrifice, he Spoke to the two Strangers in these Words.

I confess I was but little acquainted with the Art of Governing, when I return'd to *Crete*, after the Siege of *Troy*. You know, dear Friends, what Misfortunes hindred me from reigning over that great Island, since you assure me you were there after I left it. Yet I am too happy if the cruellest strokes of Fortune can serve to teach me to be Master of my Passions: I cross the Seas like a Fugitive, whom the avenging Gods and Men pursue: All my past Honours and Glory serv'd only to make my Fall the more ingnomious and insupportable: I sought a shelter for my household-Gods on this desert Coast, where I found

nothing but wild , uncultivated Lands, over-run with Thorns and Briars, cover'd with Trees as old as the Earth it self; and huge steep Rocks inaccessible to all but fierce Beasts, which harbour'd under them. Yet such was the Extremity to which I was reduc'd, that I was glad to enjoy , with a few Soldiers and Friends who had been willing to accompany me in my Misfortunes, that wild, savage Land, and make it my Country , having no hopes ever to see again that fortunate Island, whereof I was born King. Alas! said I to my self, what a Change is here ! What a dreadful Example am I to Kings ! What wholesome Instructions they can draw from my Miscarriages ! They fancy there is nothing they ought to be afraid of because of their Elevation above the rest of Men : But oh ! 'tis that very Elevation which ought to make them more afraid than others. I was dreaded by my Enemies,

mies, and belov'd by my Subjects;  
 I Commanded over a powerful and  
 warlike Nation; Fame had spread  
 my Renown as far as the remotest  
 Countries; I reign'd in a fruitful  
 and delightful Island; an hundred  
 Cities paid me a yearly Tribute out  
 of their Riches; my People acknow-  
 ledg'd me to be the Off-spring of  
 great *Jupiter*, and as I was born in  
 their Country, they lov'd me as the  
 Grand-Son of wise *Minos*, whose  
 Laws make them so powerful and  
 happy. What could be wanting  
 to my Felicity, except the knowing  
 how to use it with Moderation:  
 But alas! my own Pride, and the  
 Flattery of others, to which I listned  
 but too much, have over-turn'd my  
 Throne, and in the like manner will  
 all Kings fall, who will give up  
 themselves to their own Desires, and  
 the deceitful Counsels of their Flat-  
 terers. In the Day-time I endea-  
 vour'd to put on a Countenance  
 both smiling and full of Assurance,

in order to keep up the Courage of those who had follow'd me: Let us build, said I to them, a new City that will make us amends for all our Losses; we are surrounded by Nations, whose Example ought to animate us in this Undertaking; we behold *Tarentum*, which is rearing up pretty near us, and 'tis *Phalantus*, with his *Lacedemonians*, who possesses that new Kingdom; *Philoctetes* builds another great City on the same Coast, to which he gave the Name of *Petilia*. *Metapontus* is likewise such another Colony; why then should we do less than those Strangers, who wander like us, since Fortune is no more cross to us than to them? Whilest with these and the like words, I endeavour'd to alleviate the Troubles of my Companions, I conceal'd a mortal Grief in the bottom of my Heart; I felt some Comfort at the withdrawing of the day, when in the gloomy Shade of silent Night, I  
was



was at liberty to lament my wretched Fate; my Eyes became two Streams of continual Tears, and sweet Sleep had quite deserted my Bed: The next day I resum'd my Toils with unwearied eagerness, and that's the Reason, Oh! *Mentor*, you found me so much alter'd by Age. *Idomeneus* having thus given *Telemachus* and *Mentor* the Relation of all his Misfortunes, he desir'd their Assistance in the War wherein he was engag'd; I will, said he, take care that you are safely conducted to *Ithaca*, as soon as the War is over; in the mean time I will send out Ships to the most distant Shoars to learn News of *Ulysses*; into what Place of the known World he may be cast, either by the stormy Winds or some angry Deity; I will bring him back from thence; may the Gods but grant that he be still alive! As for you, I will send you back into your own Country in the best Ships that ever were built in the Isle  
of

of *Crete*; they are made of Trees  
 fell'd on Mount *Ida*, where great  
*Jove* was born; that sacred Wood  
 can never perish in the Waves; the  
 Winds and Rocks both fear and re-  
 verence it; and even *Neptune*, tho'  
 never so angry, dares not to raise  
 his fierce Billows against it: There-  
 fore be assur'd that you will return  
 to *Ithaca* with ease and safety, and  
 that no cross Deity shall be able to  
 make you wander on so many Seas  
 any more: The Passage to your own  
 Island is short and easie; send away  
 the *Phenician* Vessel that brought  
 you hither, and think now on no-  
 thing but on the Honour you shall  
 reap in settling *Idomeneus* in his new  
 Kingdom, and making him amends  
 for all his Losses. 'Tis by these  
 Actions, Oh! Son of *Ulysses*, that  
 you will be thought worthy of your  
 Father; and tho' cruel Fate should  
 have already confin'd him within  
 the gloomy Kingdom of *Pluto*, yet  
 all *Greece* shall have the Pleasure to  
 find him again in you. At

At these words *Telemachus* interrupting *Idomeneus*, let us, said he, send away the *Phenician* Vessel: Why do we defer any longer to take up Arms, and attack your Enemies, who are now become ours? Since we were Victorious when we fought in *Sicily* for *Acestes* a *Trojan*, and an Enemy of *Greece*; can any one doubt but that we will shew a greater Ardour and Resolution, and be more favour'd by the Gods, when we fight for one of those *Grecian* Heroes, who over-threw *Troy*, the City of *Priamus*?

*Mentor*, looking upon *Telemachus* with a serene and compos'd Countenance, and perceiving that he burnt with a noble and eager Desire of Fighting, spoke thus to him: I am very glad, Oh! Son of *Ulysses*, to find in you so generous and commendable a Passion for Glory; but remember that the great Renown your Father got amongst the *Grecians* at the Siege of *Troy*, was only  
by,

by approving himself, the wisest and most moderate of them. Altho' the fierce *Achilles* was both invincible and invulnerable, altho' he carried Terrour and Destruction where-ever he fought, yet *Achilles* could not make himself Master of *Troy*; he fell before the Walls of that famous City, which triumph'd over the Murderer of *Hector*; but *Ulysses*, whose Valour was ever guided by Prudence, carried Fire and Sword amongst the *Trojans*, and 'tis to him the fall of those lofty Towers, which during ten Years, defied whole *Greece*, is entirely owing. As much as *Minerva* is above *Mars*, by so much a discreet and provident Valour surpasses a boisterous, rash and wild Courage: Therefore, let us, First, consider the Reasons and Circumstances of this War, which is to be carried on: I decline no Dangers whatsoever, but methinks, *Idomeneus*, you ought to let us know, First, whether the War  
you

you engage in be just; Secondly, against whom you wage it; and, lastly, whether your Forces be such, as you may reasonably hope to overcome your Enemies. *Idomeneus* reply'd: At our first landing on this Coast, we found in it a savage People who liv'd in the Woods, and fed upon what they kill'd in Hunting, and the Mast of Trees; they were frighted at the sight of our Ships and Arms, and fled to the Neighbouring Mountains; but the Soldiers being desirous to see the Country, as they were in pursuit of some Stags, they met with those fugitive Savages; thereupon the Leaders of those Savages told them: We have abandon'd the pleasant Sea-Shore, and yielded it to you; we have nothing left but wild Mountains almost inaccessible, and it is but just you suffer us to live in them in Peace and Liberty; we have met you wandring and weaker than we, so that nothing could hinder



der us from destroying you, and concealing even from your Companions the knowledge of your Misfortunes; but we disdain to imbrue our Hands in the Blood of those who are our Fellow-Creatures. Go your ways; remember you are indebted for your Lives to our Sentiments of Humanity; and never forget that 'tis from a People whom you call rude and savage, that you receiv'd this Lesson of Generosity and Moderation. Those of our Men, who were thus dismiss'd by the *Barbarians*, return'd to the Camp, and related what had happen'd to them; our Soldiers were mov'd at it, and asham'd that *Cretans* should owe their Lives to a despicable Company of wild Men: Thereupon they went out a Hunting in greater Numbers than at first, and provided themselves with all manner of Arms: 'Twas not long before they met with the Savages, and fell upon them; the Fight was cruel and obstinate;

ftinate; the Darts flew on both  
 fides as thick as Hail in a Storm.  
 The Savages were at laft forc'd to  
 retire to their fleep Mountains,  
 where our Men durft not follow  
 them. A little while after thofe  
 People fent to me two of their wi-  
 feft old Men who came to fue for  
 Peace, and brought Presents to me,  
 which confifted in Skins of wild  
 Beafts they had kill'd in Hunting,  
 and feveral forts of Fruit which the  
 Country yields; having deliver'd  
 their Presents, they addrefst them-  
 felves to me in thefe words: Oh!  
 King, thou feefth we hold the Sword  
 in one of our Hands, and an Olive-  
 branch in the other; (for they had  
 both in their Hands) fo that you  
 may chufe either Peace or War:  
 We confefs we had rather Peace;  
 and 'tis for that Reason we are not  
 afhams'd to yield to thee the pleafant  
 Sea-Shore, where the Sun chears the  
 Land with its warm Beams, and  
 makes it produce fo many forts of  
 de-

delicious Fruits ; yet Peace is sweeter and pleasanter than all those Fruits ; and therefore we retir'd to those high Mountains ever cover'd with Ice and Snow, where we never see either the Flowers of the Spring, or the rich Fruits of the Autumn. We have an abhorrence for that Brutality which, under the fair Names of Ambition and Honour, lays waste whole Provinces, and spills the Blood of Men who are all Brothers and Fellow-Creatures ; if thou art Ambitious of that false Honour, we are so far from envying thee, that we rather pity thee, and beg the Gods to keep us from such a wild Fury. If Sciences, which the *Grecians* learn with so much study, and the Politeness and Civility which they value themselves upon, inspire them with nothing but this detestable Injustice, we think our selves too happy in being depriv'd of those Advantages ; we will pride in being *Barbarians*, as long as we are just, hu-

human, faithful, disinterested, contented with little, and despising that vain Nicety which multiplies our Wants; what we value most is Health, Frugality, Liberty, a sound and vigorous Body and Mind; the love of Virtue, the fear of the Gods, a kind Nature towards our Relations, a constant Affection to our Friends, Faithfulness and Honesty with every Body, Moderation in Prosperity, Constancy in adverse Fortune, a courageous Boldness in speaking the Truth at all times, and an abhorrence for Flattery: These are the People whom we offer to thee for Neighbours and Allies. If the angry Gods blind your Eyes so far as not to let you see your own Interest, and if thou refusest Peace, thou shalt find, but too late, that those People are most to be dreaded in War, who love Peace out of a Principle of Moderation.

While those old Men spoke thus to me, I could not keep my Eyes from

from being fixt on them ; they had long Beards ; short hoary Hair ; thick Eye-brows ; quick and lively Eyes ; a resolute Look and Countenance ; plain and ingenuous Manners : The Furs they wore for Cloaths being ty'd negligently over their Shoulders, one might see their Arms more nervous and brawny than those of our Wrestlers. I made answer to those two Envoys, That I was inclin'd to Peace : We settled together by mutual Promise, several Conditions, invoking all the Gods to be Witnesses of our Treaty, and so I sent them back with Presents : But the Gods who drove me from the Kingdom of my Ancestors, were not yet weary of Persecuting me : Our Hunts-men, who could not be acquainted so soon with the Peace we had made, met the same day a great Company of those *Barbarians*, who attended their Ambassadors as they return'd from our Camp ; they attack'd 'em with great



great Fury, kill'd many of 'em, and pursued the rest into the Woods: Thus the War is kindled anew; for those *Barbarians* think they cannot be safe in trusting either to our Promises or Oaths; they call to their Assistance the *Locrians*, *Apulians*, *Lucanians*, *Brutians*, those of *Crotona*, *Nevitta*, and *Brundisium*. The *Lucanians* came with Chariots arm'd with sharp Sythes. The *Apulians* are every one of them cover'd with the Skin of some wild Beast which they have kill'd; they wear in their Hands great wooden Clubs full of Knots, and tipp'd with Iron Spikes; they are almost as tall as Giants, and their Bodies become so strong and brawny by the laborious Exercises to which they inure themselves, that their very Looks are dreadful and terrifying. The *Locrians*, who are come from *Greece*, do still retain something of their Origin, and have more Humanity than the rest, but they add the exact Discipline of the  
*Grecian*

*Grecian* Troops to the fierceness and resolution of those *Barbarians*, and their hard way of living, which renders them invincible: They have long Swords, and a sort of light Bucklers made of twisted and woven Osiers, and cover'd with Skins. The *Brutians* are nimble-footed like Bucks or Stags; and when they run, one can scarce perceive that the tenderest Grass is foil'd by their Steps; they hardly leave any print of their Feet on the Sand; they rush on the sudden on their Foes, and disappear with the same rapidity. The People of *Crotona* are very skilful Archers; it is not common among the *Grecians*, to see ordinary Men know how to draw a Bow, as it is among the *Crotonians*; and if these would contend in our Games, they would certainly carry the Prizes. Their Arrows are steep'd in the Juice of some venomous Herbs, which are said to come from the Banks of *Avernus*, and whose Poison is mortal.

As

As for those of *Nevitta*, *Messapia*, and *Brundisium*, they are endued only with bodily Strength, and a rude and untaught Valour. At the sight of their Enemies, they rend the Skies with hideous Shrieks; they are pretty good Slingers, and darken the Air with a Shower of Shot-Stones; but they fight without order, or minding Ranks. This, Oh! *Mentor*, is what you desir'd to know: You are now acquainted with the Origin of this War, and with our Enemies. As soon as *Idomeneus* had given them this Account, *Telemachus* being impatient to fight, thought there was no more to do than to take up Arms; but *Mentor* stop'd him a second time, and spoke thus to *Idomeneus*: What's the reason that the *Locrians*, who are a People originally come from *Greece*, unite themselves with the *Barbarians* against the *Grecians*? How comes it to pass that so many *Greek Colonies* are in a flourishing Condition  
on

on this Coast of *Tamea*, without being ingaged in the same Wars with you? You say, Oh! *Idomeneus*, the Gods are not yet weary of persecuting you; but, in my Opinion, they have not yet done instructing you: All those Misfortunes you have undergone, have not taught you yet what you ought to do to prevent a War. What you did your self relate concerning the Honesty of those *Barbarians*, is enough to shew that you might have liv'd in Peace with them; but Pride and Haughtiness kindle the most dangerous Wars: You might have given them Hostages, and taken some of theirs; and it would have been an easie matter for you to have sent some of your Captains along with their Ambassadors to conduct them safe home. Nay, since the renewing of this War, you ought to have pacified them, by letting them know that they were attack'd through ignorance of the Treaty that was

con-

concluded with them; you should have offer'd them all the Security they could possibly demand, and appoint rigorous Punishments for those among your Subjects, who should break the Alliance. But, pray, what hapned since the beginning of this new War?

I thought, answer'd *Idomeneus*, it would have been a base Submission in us to court those *Barbarians*, who gather'd in haste all those amongst them who were able to bear Arms, and implor'd the Assistance of all the Neighbouring Nations, to whom they made us odious. Thereupon I thought it most advantageous for our Security, to make our selves Masters of certain narrow Passages in the Mountains which the Enemy kept, which having effected without difficulty, we by that means put our selves in a Condition of anoying and harasing those *Barbarians*. I have caus'd strong Towers to be built on those Defiles, from

K

whence



whence our Men may over-whelm with their Darts all those among the Enemy, who shall attempt to come down from the Mountains into our Country; and at the same time, by the favour of these Towers we may make Incursions into their Country, and lay their chief Settlements waste whenever we please. Thus, with Forces much inferiour, we are able to resist that innumerable Multitude of Foes that surround us. Now things have been carried to that extremity, that it would be a difficult matter to treat of Peace with them; for we cannot yield those Towers to them, without laying our selves open to their Inroads, and they look upon them as Citadels we have raised to bring them into slavery. *Mentor* reply'd: Oh! *Idomeneus*, you shew your self to be a wise King, in that you are willing to hear undisguis'd Truth; you are not like those weak Men who are afraid of seeing it, and through  
their

their want of Resolution, instead of mending their Faults, only employ their Authority in maintaining what they have done amiss. Know, then that this barbarous People gave you an excellent Lesson, when they came to you for Peace. Was it out of Weakness they sued for it? Did they want Courage or Assistance to oppose you? You plainly see they did not, since they are so inur'd to War, and supported by so many dreadful Neighbours: Why did not you imitate their Moderation? But a mistaken Shame, and a false Honour have cast you into this Misfortune. You were afraid of making the Enemy too haughty, but you did not fear the making of them too powerful by uniting so many confederate Nations against you, by your proud and unjust Carriage. What are those Towers, of which you boast so much, good for, unless it be to create Jealousies among your Neighbours, and reducing them to

the Necessity either of destroying you or themselves, in order to avoid the slavery with which you seem to threaten them? You rear'd up those Towers for your Security only, and 'tis by those Towers you have brought your self into an imminent Danger. The surest and firmest Bulwark of a State is Justice, Moderation, Honesty, Plain-dealing, and the Assurance your Neighbours have that you will never incroach upon their Lands. The strongest Walls may fall through a thousand unexpected Accidents; the Fortune of War is capricious and inconstant, but the Love and Confidence of your Neighbours, who have experienc'd your Moderation, renders your State invincible, and deters those Neighbours from attacking it. Nay, suppose an unjust Neighbour should attack it, all the rest who are concern'd in its Safety, take up Arms presently for its Defence: The Support of so many Nations, who might have found

found their true Interest in maintaining yours, would have made you much more powerful than those Towers, which render your Misfortunes almost past Remedy: Had you taken care at first to prevent the Jealousie and Suspensions of all your Neighbours, your new-built City would flourish in a happy Tranquillity, and you would have made your self Umpire of *Hesperia*. But now let us consider which way for the future you can rectifie your past Errors; you told me before that there are on this Coast several *Greek Colonies*; those People must needs be dispos'd to serve you; for sure they have not forgot either the great Name of *Minos*, Son of mighty *Jove*, or your Toils before the Walls of *Troy*, where you did so often signalize your self amongst the *Grecian* Princes, for the common Cause of all *Greece*. Why do you not endeavour to bring those Colonies over to your Party?

K 3

They



They are all resolv'd to stand Neuter, reply'd *Idomeneus*; not but that they were somewhat inclin'd to assist me, but the great Noise this City made through all the Regions about us, deterr'd them from it. Those *Grecians*, as well as the rest, were afraid we had some design upon their Liberty; they thought that having subdu'd the barbarous Mountaineers, our Ambition would lead us yet farther: In short, they are all against us; those very People who declare not for an open War, yet wish to see us humbled, and the Jealousie of others keeps us from having any Ally.

Oh! strange Extremity! reply'd *Mentor*: Whilest you endeavour to appear powerful, you destroy your own Power; and whilest abroad you are the Object both of the Fear and Hatred of your Neighbours, you exhaust your self at home by the vast Expences you must needs be at to carry on the War. Oh!

un-



unhappy, doubly unhappy, *Idomeneus*, whom even this Misfortune has made but half-wise! Do you still want a second Fall to teach you how to foresee the Dangers which threaten the greatest Kings? However, trust to my Management, and only let me know which are those *Greek Cities*, that refuse to enter into your Alliance.

The Chief of them, answer'd *Idomeneus*, is the City of *Tarentum*; 'tis now three Years since *Phalantus* laid the Foundation of it, having gather'd in *Cremona* a vast Number of young Men, born of Women who had forgot their absent Husbands during the Siege of *Troy*. When the Men came home, their Wives endeavour'd to pacifie them, by disowning the Faults they had committed in their absence. These numerous Youths born out of Wedlock, knowing neither Father nor Mother, abandon'd themselves to an unbounded Licentiousness; but the

severity of the Laws having curb'd their Disorders, they unanimously submitted to *Phalantus*, a bold, dauntless and ambitious Leader, who by subtle Insinuations knew how to master their Affections. He came to this Shore with those young *Lacônians*, who have made of *Tarentum* a second *Lacedemon*. On the other side, *Philocletes*, who reap'd so much Glory at the Siege of *Troy*, whither he carried *Hercules's* Arrows, has raised on this Neighbourhood the Walls of *Petelia*, a City which tho' less powerful than *Tarentum*, is yet more wisely govern'd. Lastly, we have near us the City of *Metapontus*, which the wise *Nestor* founded with his *Pilians*.

What! reply'd *Mentor*, is *Nestor* in *Hesperia*, and cou'd not you engage him in your Interest? *Nestor* who saw you so often fight against the *Trojans*, and who profess'd a Friendship for you? I lost that Friend, answer'd *Idomeneus*, by the Ar-

Artifice of those People, who are barbarous only in Name; for they were so cunning, as to persuade him, that I design'd to make my self master of all *Hesperia*. We will undeceive him, answer'd *Mentor*: *Telemachus* saw him at *Pilos* before he came to settle his Colony in this Country, and before we undertook our long Voyages in quest of *Ulysses*; undoubtedly he will still remember that great Hero, and the Marks of Tendernefs and Affection he gave his Son *Telemachus*: But the chief Business is to remove his Distrust. Those Suspensions you created in the Minds of all your Neighbours, have been the occasion of this War, and the only way to put a stop to it, is to dissipate those vain Fears: Once more leave all to my Conduct.

At these words, *Idomeneus* embracing *Mentor*, felt a shivering mixt with Tendernefs, and remain'd Speechless for a while. At last, with

a broken Voice, he utter'd these words: Oh! wise old Man, whom the Gods have sent hither to redress all my Errors; I confess, I would have been angry with any other Mortal that durst be so free with me as you have been: I own you are the only Man that could prevail with me to make me sue for Peace; I was resolv'd either to die, or overcome all my Enemies, but it is reasonable to believe your wife Counsels, rather than my Passion. Oh! *Telemachus*, how happy you are in having a Guide, that will never suffer you to go astray! *Mentor*, you may do whatever you think fit; all the Wisdom of the Gods is in you; *Minerva* her self could not give more wholesome Advice: Go, promise, and give any thing that is in my Power; conclude a Treaty upon what Terms you please; *Idomeneus* will ratifie all you do.

Whilest they were thus discoursing together, there was heard on the



the sudden a confus'd Noise of Chariots, neighing of Horses, hideous Shrieks and Howlings of Men, and loud Trumpets which fill'd the Air with martial Clangors: The general Cry is, The Enemy are come; they have gone a great way about to avoid the narrow Passages guarded by Towers; here they are, ready to besiege *Salanta*. The old Men and the Women are under a deep Consternation: Alas! said they, why did we forsake our dear Country, the fruitful Isle of *Crete*, and follow an unhappy Prince through so many Seas, to found a City which is now going to be destroy'd and devour'd by Flames like *Troy*? They saw from the Top of their new-rais'd Walls, the Head-Pieces and Shields of the Enemy shine with so much brightness, that their Eyes were dazzled with it; they saw likewise the bristling Pikes which cover'd the Ground as thick as a plentiful Harvest which *Ceres* ripens in  
*Sicily*



*Sicily* during the scorching heat of Summer, to recompence the Labour of the Husband-man. And now they perceiv'd the Chariots arm'd with sharp Sythes, and easily discern'd the several Nations that made up their Army. *Mentor*, the better to discover them, went up to the Top of a high Tower, whither *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus* soon follow'd him. He was hardly come there, when he espy'd *Philoctetes* on one side, and *Nestor* with his Son *Pisistrates* on the other; for *Nestor* was easily distinguish'd by his venerable old Age. What! cry'd *Mentor*, you thought, Oh! *Idomeneus*, that *Philoctetes* and *Nestor* would be contented to remain Neuter, but now you see they have taken up Arms against you; and if I am not mistaken, the other Troops which march in such good order, and with so fierce a Look, are a Body of *Lacedemonians* commanded by *Phalantus*; all are against you; you have made  
all

all your Neighbours your Enemies,  
tho' against your Will.

Having thus said, *Mentor* comes down in haste from the Top of that Tower, runs to one of the City-Gates towards which the Enemy were advancing, and commands it to be opened, whilst *Idomeneus*, surpriz'd with the noble Majesty which accompanies all he does, dares not so much as to ask him what he means to do. *Mentor* beckens with his hand, that no Body should follow him; then makes toward the Enemy, who wondered to see a single Man coming to them; shews them afar off an Olive Branch, as a sign of Peace; and being come so near them, that he might conveniently be heard, he requir'd them to assemble all the Captains; who being met in an instant, he thus spoke to 'em.

Oh! generous Men, assembled out of so many Nations which flourish in rich *Hesperia*: I know 'tis the common Interest of your Liberty

berty that summon'd you together  
 to this Place; I do highly com-  
 mend your Zeal, but suffer me to  
 tell you an easie way to preserve  
 the Liberty and Honour of all your  
 several Nations without spilling hu-  
 man Blood. Oh! *Nestor*, Oh! wise  
*Nestor*, whom I perceive in this As-  
 sembly! You are not ignorant how  
 fatal War is even to those who un-  
 dertake it with Justice, and under  
 the Protection of the Gods; War is  
 the greatest Evil with which the  
 Gods afflict Mankind; you can ne-  
 ver forget how much the *Greeks*  
 have suffer'd during ten Years be-  
 fore unhappy *Troy*. How many  
 Divisions have they seen among  
 their Chiefs? What Caprices of  
 Fortune have they been expos'd to?  
 How many of them have fallen by  
*Hector's* Sword? What a desolation  
 has been occasion'd in the most pow-  
 erful and flourishing Cities upon ac-  
 count of the War, by the long ab-  
 sence of their Kings? At their re-  
 turn

return home, some were cast away, and others met a fatal Death in the very Embrace of their Consorts. Oh! Inhabitants of *Hesperia*, I wish the Gods may never grant you so fatal a Victory: I own, *Troy* is reduc'd to Ashes; but it were better for the *Grecians*, if she was still in her full Glory, and if base *Paris* should still gratifie his infamous Love with *Helena*. Oh! *Philoctetes*, you, who have been so long unhappy, and abandon'd in the Isle of *Lemnos*, are not you afraid of meeting with the like Disasters in another War? I know the People of *Laconia* have felt likewise the Miseries occasion'd by the tedious absence of the Princes, Captains and Soldiers who went against the *Trojans*. Oh! *Grecians*, you, who came to *Hesperia*, your coming hither was only a sequel of the Misfortunes which attended the *Trojan War*.

*The End of the Second Volume.*

restrain home, however we cast away  
such others as a last battle in the  
very embrace of their Conscience  
Oh! Alas! how often I wish  
the Gods may never grant you to  
finish Victory: I own, it is re-  
solved to Africa; but it were better  
for the world, if the war still in per-  
petual glory, should last. I should  
still gratify his illustrious love with  
the same old story, but you who  
have been so long unhappy, and  
abandoned in the midst of war, are  
not now a maid of mourning, with the  
like of others in another War. I  
know the people of America have  
not known the same calamity  
by the tedious absence of the Prince,  
a prince and a soldier, who went  
against the Indians. Oh! Great  
God, who can be so cruel to  
our country, as only a letter of  
the same name, which reached the  
Tiger's War, and the same  
the same, the same, the same  
the same, the same, the same, the same



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS*  
The Son of  
ULYSSES.

---

PART. III.

---

When *Mentor* had thus spoken  
he made up towards the *Pi-  
lians*, and *Nestor* (who by that time  
began to know who he was) ad-  
vanc'd

vanc'd to meet and salute him. Oh! *Mentor*, said he to him, 'tis now a long time since I first saw you in *Phocis*; but tho' you were at that time but fifteen Years of Age, yet even then I foresaw you would be as wise as you have prov'd to be in your riper Years. Pray, acquaint me what strange Adventure brought you hither? And what Expedient you design to propose in order to prevent this War which *Idomeneus* has brought upon himself? We are all for Peace; 'twas our common Interest to desire it, but we could no longer live secure with him; he has broke his most solemn Promises with his next Neighbours; he has shewn to all the rest his ambitious Design of bringing them under Slavery, and has left us no other Means to defend our Liberty, than the using our utmost Endeavours to over-throw his new Kingdom. However, if you can find a way to remove our just Fears, and settle a  
firm

firm and lasting Peace, all those Nations whom you see here assembled, will gladly lay down their Arms, and confess that you surpass us in Wisdom.

*Mentor* answer'd: Wise *Nestor*, you know *Ulysses* committed his Son *Telemachus* to my Charge; this young Man, impatient to know what was become of his Father, went first to *Pylos*, where you gave him all the kind Entertainment he could expect from one of his Father's constant Friends, and then order'd your Son to conduct him in his Travels through your Country; He afterwards undertook great Voyages; he saw *Sicily*, *Aegypt*, and the Isles of *Cyprus* and *Crete*; at last the Winds, or rather the Gods, cast him on this Shore, as he endeavour'd to return to *Ithaca*, and we came here in time to prevent the horrors of a cruel War; 'tis not *Idomeneus*, but the Son of *Ulysses* and my Self, who will answer for the Performance of all

all Promises that shall be made to you.

While *Mentor* was thus discoursing with *Nestor*, in the middle of the confederate Troops, *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus*, with all the *Cretans* in Arms, kept their Eyes fixt on them from the top of the Walls of *Salentia*; they observ'd with great Attention how *Mentor's* Proposals would be receiv'd, and wish'd they might have heard the wise Speeches of those two venerable old Men. *Nestor* ever had the Reputation of the most Prudent, and most Eloquent of all the *Grecian* Princes: 'Twas he, who during the Siege of *Troy*, allay'd and check'd the Passion of fierce *Achilles*; the haughty Ambition of *Agamemnon*; the Pride of *Ajax*, and the boisterous Courage of *Diomedes*; soft Persuasion flow'd from his Lips like a stream of Milk and Honey; all those Heroes were attentive to his Voice, and were silent as soon as he begun to speak: He

He alone knew how to appease fierce Discord in the Camp, and tho he began to feel the Infirmities of feeble old Age, yet his Words were still full of Strength and Sweetness. He related Things past in order to instruct Youth by his consummate Experience, and tho' he was slow of Speech, yet he had a most graceful way of telling a Story. This old Man, admir'd by all Greece, seem'd to lose all his Majesty and Eloquence as soon as *Mentor* appear'd with him; he look'd decay'd and over-born by Years, whereas Age seem'd to bear Respect to *Mentor's* strong and vigorous Constitution. The Speech of *Mentor*, tho plain and grave, carried with it an Air of Authority which *Nestor's* Words begun to want; whatever he spoke was Concise, Pithy, Nervous and to the Purpose; he never us'd vain Repetitions, nor related any thing foreign to the Point in Question. If he was oblig'd to speak often of  
the



the same thing, in order to inculcate it, or to persuade others, he did it with a new Turn, and enforcing Similes; and accompanied the whole with kind and complaisant Expressions, adapted to the Wants of others, and fit to insinuate the Truth of what he said. Those two venerable Men yielded a very moving Sight to so many assembled Nations; and while the confederate Army that besieged *Salenta*, crowded to see them at close view, and endeavour'd to hear their wise Speeches, *Idomeneus* and those about him, with greedy and attentive Looks strove to discover what their Gestures and Countenance meant. In the mean time *Telemachus*, full of Impatience, steals away from that Multitude of People that surrounded him, and running to the Gate through which *Mentor* was gone out, commands it to be open'd with an Air of Authority. Soon after *Idomeneus*, who thought he was still by his Side, wonder'd

to

to see him running cross the Fields,  
 and making towards *Nestor*. *Nestor*  
 knew him again, and hastned, tho  
 with slow Steps, to receive him.  
*Telemachus* presently flew to embrace  
 him, and hugg'd him a long time  
 without speaking a Word; at last  
 he cry'd out: Oh! Father, for I  
 scruple not to call you so, since my  
 Misfortune of not finding my true  
 Father, and the Kindnesses I have  
 receiv'd from you, entitle me to use  
 that endearing Name. My Father,  
 my dear Father, how blest am I to  
 see you! And oh! That I might see  
*Ulysses* also! Yet if any thing could  
 alleviate my Sorrow in being de-  
 priv'd of him, 'tis certainly the  
 finding in you another Self. At  
 these Words *Nestor* was not able to  
 forbear Weeping, and he felt a se-  
 cret Joy when he perceiv'd those  
 Tears, which, with a wonderful  
 Grace, trickled down *Telemachus's*  
 Cheeks. The Beauty, Gentleness,  
 and noble Assurance of this unknown  
 Youth,

Youth, who without any Precaution, went through so many Enemies, struck all the Allies with Astonishment. Is not this, said they, the Son of that old Man who came to speak with *Nestor*? Yes, without doubt; for they have both the same Wisdom, tho with the different Characters of Age; in the one she does but begin to Blossom, whereas in the other she bears a plentiful Harvest of ripe Fruits. *Mentor* who saw with Pleasure, with what a tender Affection *Nestor* had receiv'd *Telemachus*, made use of that happy Disposition. This is, said he to him, the Son of *Ulysses*, so dear to all Greece, and to your self. Oh! Wise *Nestor*, I deliver him up to you as the best and surest Hostage for *Idomeneus's* Promises. You may easily imagine that I should be loath if the loss of the Son should follow that of the Father, and that the wretched and disconsolate *Penelope* should reproach *Mentor* with

having

having sacrific'd her Son to the Ambition of the new King of *Salenta*. With this Surety, who offers himself of his own accord, and whom the Gods, who are lovers of Peace, have sent to you, I begin to offer to all these assembled Nations, such Proposals as will establish for ever a solid and lasting Peace.

At this Word of Peace, a confused Noise began to spread from Rank to Rank; all those different Nations murmur'd with Anger and Indignation, thinking so much time lost, while they delay'd Fighting, and that all those Speeches tended only to allay their Fury, and rob them of their Prey. Among the rest, the *Manducians* bore with great impatience, that *Idomeneus* should ever be in a condition to deceive them again. Therefore they often attempted to interrupt *Mentor*, for they fear'd lest his wise Discourse should slacken their Allies; nay, they began to grow Jealous of all

L

the



the *Grecians* who were in the Assembly. *Mentor* perceiving this, made it his Business to fortify their Jealousy, the better to divide the Minds of those different Nations.

I confess, said he, that the *Manducians* have just reason to complain, and to demand reparation for the Wrongs they have suffer'd; but at the same time, it is not reasonable that the *Grecians*, who make up the best govern'd Colonies, should be suspected and odious to the Natives. On the contrary, the *Grecians* ought to be united together, and make themselves respected by others; the only Thing they must observe, is to be contented with what they enjoy, and never to encroach upon their Neighbour's Territories. I know *Idomeneus* has been so unhappy as to create Jealousies among you, but 'twill be an easie matter to remove all your Suspensions. *Telemachus* and my Self will become your Hostages: We'll answer for *Idomeneus's* Fidelity,



lity, and will remain in your power till he has faithfully perform'd all his Promises to you. You are provok'd, Oh! *Manducians*, because the *Cretan* Troops have made themselves Masters of your Mountains by surprise, and that by that means they are able to make Incursions whenever they please into the Country, whither you did retire, to leave them the open Country near the Sea-shore. Upon the whole Matter, those narrow Passages which the *Cretans* have Fortified with high Towers full of armed Men, are the true occasion of this War. Pray, answer me, can you alledge any other? Thereupon the chief of the *Manducians* advanc'd and thus spoke.

What Means have we not us'd to avoid this War? The Gods themselves can Witness that we renounc'd Peace, only because it was no longer in our Power to live in Peace, through the stirring Ambition of the *Cretans*, and the impossibility of trusting to

their Oaths again ; a senseless Nation, who drove us to the hard necessity of running all Hazards, and seeking our safety in their Ruin ; as long as they keep those narrow Passages, we shall ever be afraid of their Designs of incroaching upon our Lands, and bringing us under subjection. Had they no other Thoughts than to live in Peace with their Neighbours, they would be contented with what we yielded up to them of our own accord, and would not desire to keep an Entrance into a Country upon which they have no ambitious Design. You are little acquainted with them, oh ! wise old Man, but it has been our Misfortune to know them too, too well. Cease, cease for the future, oh ! thou beloved by the Gods, cease to put a stop to a just and necessary War, without which a constant Peace can never be settled in *Hesperia*. Oh ! Ungrateful, treacherous, and cruel Nation, whom the angry Gods

Gods have sent among us to trouble our Repose, and punish us for our Faults. Yet after you have punish'd us, Oh great Gods! You will revenge us too, neither will you be less just to our Enemies than to our selves.

At these Words all the Assembly was in an Uproar: It seem'd as if *Mars* and *Bellona* went from Rank to Rank to kindle in every one's Breast the raging fury of War, which *Mentor* endeavour'd to quench. Whereupon *Mentor* thus resum'd his Discourse: Had I nothing but Promises to make to you, you might chuse whether you would accept or reject them; but what I offer is real and certain. If you are not contented to have *Telemachus* and my self for Hostages, I will cause Twelve of the most noble and valiant *Cretans* to be deliver'd up to you. But at the same time it is but just that you should give us Hostages also: For tho' *Idomeneus* have a sincere desire

for Peace, yet he desires it without Fear or Weakness; he seeks Peace just as you seem to desire it, out of Wisdom and Moderation, and not out of a fond Love for a soft and effeminate Life, nor out of fear at the impending Dangers of War. He is ready either to Conquer or to Die, but he prefers Peace to the most glorious Victory; he would be ashamed of being overcome, but he fears the being unjust, and is not ashamed to make amends for what he has done amiss. Tho he offers Peace with Sword in Hand, he would not be thought to impose its Conditions with Imperiousness; for he sets no value upon a forc'd Friendship. He would have a Peace, wherein all Parties concern'd may find their mutual Satisfaction; a Peace that may remove all Jealousies, stifle all Feuds and Resentments, and reconcile all Distrusts. In a Word, *Idomeneus* has all the Sentiments which, I am sure, you desire

he



he should have ; my chief Business now is to persuade you of his real Intentions, which I may do with ease, if you will but hear me with an impartial and unprejudiced Mind. Hear me, Oh ! Warlike People ; and you , Oh ! Wise and united Captains, hear what I offer to you from *Idomeneus* : As it is not just that he should have a free Entrance into his Neighbours's Territories, so it were unreasonable that he should be expos'd to the Inroads of his Neighbours ; therefore he consents that those Streights which he has fortified with high Towers , may be guarded by Troops that shall stand neuter. You *Nestor*, and you *Philoctetes*, are born *Grecians*, yet upon this occasion you declar'd against *Idomeneus*, and so cannot be suspected of being too favourable to his side. You are mov'd and animated by the common Interest of the repose and liberty of *Hesperia*, and therefore 'tis fit you should be the Trustees



and Keepers of those narrow Passages which have occasion'd this War. You are as much concern'd in hindering the old Inhabitants of *Hesperia* from destroying *Salenta*, which is a new Greek Colony, like one of those you have founded, as in hindering *Idomeneus* from encroaching upon his Neighbours. You ought to keep an equal Ballance betwixt both Parties; and instead of destroying with Fire and Sword, a People whom you ought to Love, reserve to your selves the Honour of being Judges and Mediators. I know you would like these Proposals, if you could be sure of the Performance on *Idomeneus's* part; as to this, I will give you full Satisfaction: For the security of both Parties, there will be those Hostages I mention'd before, till all the narrow Passes be deposited into your Hands. Now when the safety of all *Hesperia*, and even that of *Salenta* and *Idomeneus* shall lie at your Mercy,

cy, will you not then be contented? Of whom can you be afraid, unless it be of your own selves? You dare not trust *Idomeneus*; and yet *Idomeneus* is so free from any design of deceiving you, that he is willing to trust you. Yes, he will commit to your Charge both the Repose, Lives and Liberty of all his People and himself. If it be true that you only desire an honourable and lasting Peace, how can you now reject her, when she courts you to embrace her? Once more do not think that 'tis Fear that forces *Idomeneus* to offer you these Proposals; no, 'tis Wisdom and Justice which engage him to take these Measures, without regarding whether you impute to his Weakness what is the effect of his Virtue. In his first attempts he is to blame, and he glories in acknowledging his Faults by obviating your Demands. 'Tis Weakness, 'tis ridiculous Vanity, 'tis absolute Ignorance of a Man's own In-

terest, to hope to conceal his Faults, by endeavouring to maintain 'em by a fierce Haughtiness. He who owns his Faults to his Enemy, and who offers to repair 'em, shews by that, that he is become incapable of committing 'em; and an Enemy cannot be too fearful of so wise and so firm a Conduct, at least if he does not make Peace: Besure you take good heed, that in his turn, he does do you no Injury. If you slight Peace and Justice, which now offer themselves to you, Peace and Justice will take their Revenge. *Idomeneus*, who ought to have fear'd that he shou'd have found the Gods provok'd against him, will now find 'em on his side against you. *Telemachus* and my self will Fight for the true Cause; and I call all the Gods both Celestial and Infernal to witness the Justice of those Proposals that I have now made to you.

At

At these words *Mentor* rais'd his Arm on high to shew to that great multitude of People the Olive-Branch, the Signal of Peace, which he had in his Hand. The Commanders, who nearly beheld him, were dazl'd with the divine Light that sparkl'd in his Eyes; he appear'd with such an Authority, and so awful a Majesty, as is never seen in the greatest and most illustrious among Mortals. The Charm of his soft, yet powerful Words, stole away their Hearts: They were like those enchanting Words, which in the deep silence of the Night, do in a moment stop the Motion of the Moon and Stars, calm the raging Seas, hush the Winds and the Waves, and stay the Course of the most rapid Streams. *Mentor* seem'd in the middle of these furious People, like *Bacchus* when he was surrounded by Tygres, which forgetting their fierceness, by the power of his sweet Words, came and lick'd his

his Feet, and own'd their Subjection by their fawning. All this while there remain'd a profound silence thro' all the Army: The Commanders stood gazing on one another, and durst not oppose this single Man, nor imagin who he was. All the Troops stood motionless with their Eyes fix'd on him, and durst not make the least noise, lest he should have something more to say, which that might hinder, tho' they could not imagin that any thing could be added to what he had said: His Discourse seem'd short, and they wish'd he had spoken longer. All he had said, remain'd as it were Engraven in their Hearts; his Speech made him be lov'd; his Speech made him believ'd; every one was greedily attentive both with their Ears and Eyes, to catch the least Syllable that came out of his Mouth.

After a pretty long silence, a kind of a soft noise began to spread it self  
by



by little and little on every side, not like the confus'd noise of People that begin their Anger with harsh Whispers; but on the contrary, it was a kind and gentle Murmur. Every one's Face appear'd with a pleasant Serenity and a delightful Softness. The *Manducians*, so highly enrag'd, let their Weapons fall out of their Hands. The rugged *Phalantus*, and the *Lacedemonians*, were amaz'd to find their Hearts so softned; and the rest began to look for that happy Peace which lately was in view. *Philoctetes*, whom his own Misfortunes had made more sensible than the rest, could not restrain his Wars. *Nestor* not being able to speak for the transport into which this Discourse had thrown him, tenderly embrac'd *Mentor*, being wholly incapable of uttering one Syllable; and all the People at once, as if it had been a Signal, cry'd out, Oh, wonderous wise old Man! You alone

lone have disarm'd us; Peace, Peace,  
 'tis Peace we wish for. Presently  
 after this, *Nestor* would have har-  
 rangu'd 'em; but the Troops were  
 impatient, and fear'd that he would  
 only start some difficulty: Once a-  
 gain, they cry'd out, Peace! Peace!  
 And they were no way to be silenc'd,  
 but by obliging all the Officers of  
 the Army to cry out with them for  
 Peace. *Nestor* perceiving that he  
 had not then the liberty to make a  
 regular Discourse, was contented  
 only to say; You see, *Mentor*, what  
 the word of a good Man can do:  
 When Wisdom and Virtue speak,  
 they still all the Passions; our just  
 Resentments turn into Friendship,  
 and desires of a lasting Peace. We  
 accept the Peace you offer us; at  
 which all the Commanders held up  
 their Hands in sign of Agreement.  
*Mentor* hastened to the City-Gate to  
 cause it to be open'd, and to speak  
 to *Idomenens* to come out of the Ci-  
 ty without any Precaution. Mean  
 while

while *Nestor* embrac'd *Telemachus* with these words; Thou aimable Son of the wisest of all the *Greeks*, can you be wiser and happier than He! Have you learn'd nothing of his Fate? The Memory of your Father, whom you so much resemble, has help'd to extinguish our Rage. *Phalantus*, tho' hard and severe, tho' he has never seen *Ulysses*, can't but be concern'd for his and his Son's Misfortunes. Here *Telemachus* was press'd to recount his Adventures, till *Mentor* return'd with *Idomeneus* and all the *Cretan* Youths which attended him. At the sight of *Idomeneus*, the Allies felt their Animosity re-kindled, but *Mentor's* words stiff'd this Fire, just ready to break out. Why do we delay, said he, the Confirmation of this sacred Alliance, of which the Gods will be both Witnesses and Guarantees? May they avenge it, if any impious Wretch dare to violate it; and may all the horrible Plagues of War (not involving the Faithful and

and Innocent) fall on the perjur'd  
 and execrable Head of that ambiti-  
 ous Man who shall break the holy  
 Sanctions of this Alliance! May he  
 be hated of Gods and Men! May  
 he never reap the Fruit of his Per-  
 fidy! May the infernal Furies, in  
 the most hideous Forms, appear and  
 encrease his Rage and Despair! May  
 he be struck dead without any hope  
 of Burial! May his Body be a Prey  
 to Dogs and Vulturs! May he be  
 in the deep Abyfs of Hell for ever,  
 more severely tormented than *Tan-  
 talus*, *Ioion*, or the *Danaids*? But  
 no; rather may this Peace be as firm  
 as the Mountain of *Atlas*, that sup-  
 ports the Heavens! May all these  
 People preserve and enjoy the Fruits  
 of it from Generation to Generation!  
 May the Names of those who shall  
 swear to it be ever mention'd with  
 Love and Reverence, by the last of  
 of our Race! May this Peace, found-  
 ed upon Justice and Integrity, be  
 the Pattern of every Peace hereafter  
 to

to be made among all the Nations of the Universe! And may all the People who would make themselves happy by re-uniting, take Example by those of *Hesperia*!

At these words, *Idomeneus* and the other Kings swore to maintain the Peace on the fore-mention'd Articles. Hostages were given on each side, and *Telemachus* would needs be one of the Hostages for *Idomeneus*; but *Mentor* cou'd not be one of that Number, because the Allies desir'd he should continue with *Idomeneus*, to give an account of his Conduct, and of that of his Counsellors, till the intire execution of the Articles sworn to. An hundred Heifers as white as Snow were sacrific'd between the Enemy's Camp and the Town, together with as many white Bulls whose Horns were gilt and adorn'd with Garlands. The frightful Bellowings of the Sacrifices that fell under the sacred Knife, resounded over all the neighbouring Mountains;



tains; the reaking Gore stream'd on  
 all sides; a great abundance of the  
 richest Wine was pour'd out for  
 the Libations; the Aruspices con-  
 sulted the Entrails yet panting. In  
 these Sacrifices was burn'd on the  
 Altar an Incense that ascended like  
 a large Cloud, whose Odour per-  
 fum'd the whole Country. While  
 the Soldiers on both sides throwing  
 off the unkind Aspects of Enemies,  
 began to entertain one another with  
 their Adventures, and already had  
 left off their Labour, and by de-  
 grees tasted the sweetness of Peace:  
 Many of those who had follow'd  
*Idomeneus* to the Siege of *Troy*, knew  
 those who belong'd to *Nestor* which  
 had been engag'd with them in the  
 same War, and very kindly embrac-  
 ing each other, mutually related  
 what had befall'n 'em, after they  
 had ruin'd that lofty City, the Or-  
 nament and Glory of all *Asia*: And  
 now they lay down on the Grass,  
 crown'd with Flowers, drinking  
 Wine

Wine together that was sent 'em out of the Town in large Vessels, to celebrate so happy a day.

Then said *Mentor* to the Kings ;  
 O ye Captains, assembled under several Names and several Leaders, you shall now be but one People : For thus the just Gods, Lovers of Mankind, have decreed the eternal Tie of their Concord. The entire human Race is but one large Family dispers'd over the Face of the whole Earth : All Men are Brothers to each other, and ought to love as such. Curs'd are those wicked Men who seek a cruel Glory in the Blood of their Brethren, which is, indeed, their own. 'Tis true, War is sometimes necessary ; but it is a shame to Humanity, that it is inevitable on some occasions. Oh Princes ! think not that it ought to be desir'd for the acquisition of Glory ! True Glory is not to be found void of Humanity ; whoever prefers his own particular Glory to  
 the

the Sentiments of Humanity, is a Monster of Pride and no Man, and can never obtain any other than a false Glory: For true Glory consists only in Moderation and Goodness. He may be flatter'd, indeed, to satisfy his foolish Vanity; but if Men went to speak their real Opinion of him in private, it ought justly to be said, That he has so much the less deserv'd Glory, as he has sought it with an unjust Passion: Men ought not to esteem him, because he has so little valu'd Men, and has been so prodigal of their Blood thro' a brutish Vanity. Happy's that King who loves his People, and is belov'd by them; who dare trust his Neighbours, and who is trusted by them; who, far from making War against them, prevents any War between them, and gives occasion to all Foreign Nations to wish themselves as happy as his Subjects in having him for their King! Resolve then to meet from time to time, O ye Prin-

ces

ces of the powerful Cities of *Hesperia*, and hold a general Assembly once every three Years, where all the Kings here present shall concur to continue this Alliance by a new Oath, to confirm this promis'd Friendship, and to concert all your common Interests. As long as you are united, you will enjoy at home in this fine Country both Peace, Honour and Plenty; abroad you will ever be invincible. 'Tis only Discord, the Daughter of Hell, that torments poor distracted Mortals, that has Power to interrupt the Happiness the Gods do design you. *Nestor* reply'd, You see by the readiness with which we make Peace, how far we are from making War thro' any Vain-glory, or by the unjust greediness of advancing our selves by the depression of our Neighbours; but what can we do when we find our selves near a violent Prince, who knows no Law but his Interest, and who takes all occasions  
to



to invade the Territories of other States? Think not that I speak of *Idomeneus*: No; I have no longer such a Thought of him: 'Tis *Adrastus* King of the *Daunians* from whom we ought to fear all Mischiefs: He contemns the Gods, and thinks that all Men upon the Face of the Earth were born only to promote his Glory by their Slavery: He will have no Subjects of whom he may be both King and Father: He must have Slaves and Adorers, and will be worship'd as a God. Hitherto the blind Goddess, *Fortune*, has favour'd his unjust Enterprizes: We hasted to attack *Salanta* to defeat the weakest of our Enemies, who only began to establish himself on this side, at last to turn our Forces against that other more powerful Enemy: He has already taken several Towns from our Allies: He has defeated the *Cretonians* in two Battels, using all Means whatever to satisfy his Ambition; Force and

Cun-



Cunning are alike to him, so he can but weaken his Enemies: He has heap'd up a great mass of Treasure, and his Troops are disciplin'd and inur'd to War; his Commanders are Experienc'd; he is well obey'd, watching himself continually over all those who act by his Order; he punishes the least Faults with Severity, and largely rewards the good Services done him; his Valour sustains and animates the Courage of all his Troops, and he wou'd be an accomplish'd King if Justice and Honesty guided his Actions: But he neither fears the Gods nor the Checks of his Conscience; nor does he value Fame it self, but looks on it as a vain Phantom, which can affect none but poor spirited Men; he esteems nothing as a real and solid Good, but the advantage of possessing great Riches, to be fear'd and to prostrate all Mankind at his Feet. Shortly you'll find his Army upon our Confines, and if the union of so many  
 People

People do not enable us to resist him, we have certainly lost all hopes of Liberty. 'Tis therefore the Interest of *Idomeneus* as well as ours to oppose this haughty Man, who can suffer nothing free in his Neighbourhood. If we had been overcome, *Salentia* wou'd have been threaten'd with the same Misfortune. Let us make haste then all together to prevent it.

Whilst *Nestor* spoke thus, they advanc'd toward the Town: For *Idomeneus* had invited all the Kings and principal Commanders to enter and pass the Night there: 'Mean while all the Army of the Allies set up their Tents, and all the Field was already cover'd with rich Pavillions of all sorts of Colours, wherein the weary'd *Hesperians* expected refreshing Sleep. When the Kings and their Retinue were enter'd the City, they were amaz'd to see, how in so little a time so many magnificent Structures cou'd be rais'd; and that the hurry of so great a War had

not

not hinder'd this growing City from encreasing, and from being beautified all at once.

They admir'd the wisdom and vigilance of *Idomeneus*, who had founded so brave a Kingdom, and every one concluded that having made Peace with him, the Allies wou'd be very powerful, if he enter'd into a League with them against the *Dauneans*. It was therefore propos'd to *Idomeneus* to joyn with them in it, who cou'd not reject so just a Proposal, promising 'em assistance: But as *Mentor* was not ignorant of any thing that is necessary that may make a State flourish, he was assur'd that the Forces of *Idomeneus* cou'd not be so great as they seem'd, wherefore, taking him apart, he thus spoke to him.

You see our care has not been altogether unprofitable to you: *Salenta* is guarded from the Misfortune that threaten'd it: 'Tis now only in your power to raise its Glory high as the Heavens, and to equal the

M

Wis-

Wisdom of your Granfire in the Government of your People. I proceed to speak freely to you, believing you wou'd have me do so, and that you hate all manner of Flattery. Whilst these Kings were praising your Magnificence, I was thinking to my self on the Rashness of your Conduct : ——— At this word Rashness *Idomeneus* chang'd Countenance; his Eyes look'd wildly, he colour'd and was going to interrupt *Mentor*, who said to him in a modest and respectful Tone, but free and bold ; I see plainly this word *Rashness* choaks you, and confess, any one but my self wou'd hardly have us'd it ; for we ought to respect Kings and humour their nicety, especially when we reprove 'em : Truth alone is enough to offend 'em, without adding rough Expressions ; but I was in hopes that you cou'd have permitted me to have spoken to you without Lenitives, to let you see your Errour : My Design has been to accustom you to understand how



to call Things by their Names, and to perceive, that when others give you their Advice upon your Conduct, they never dare tell you all that they Think ; and, if you wou'd not be deceiv'd in it, you shou'd always apprehend more than they will say to you, of what relates to your disadvantage. For my part, I shall willingly soften my Words according to your Business. At these Words *Idomeneus*, who by this time had recover'd of his passionate Disorder, seem'd asham'd of his Nicety : You see, said he to *Mentor*, what the Custom of being Flatter'd does. I desire the welfare of my Kingdom, and there is no Truth, how ungrateful soever, but what I shall think my self happy to hear from your Mouth : But pity a Monarch, whom Flattery had poyson'd, and who even in his Misfortunes cou'd not find a Man brave enough to tell him the Truth. No, I have never found any Body who has lov'd me so well as to displease me in telling me the



whole Truth. Here the Tears stood in his Eyes, and he tenderly embrac'd *Mentor*. Then said the old wise Man, 'tis with Grief that I see my self constrain'd to tell you some hard Things; but can I betray you in telling you the Truth? I suppose your self in my Place; if you have hitherto been deceiv'd, 'twas because you were very willing to be so; 'twas this made you fear to be advis'd. Have you sought for the most disintereress'd People, and who were most likely to contradict you? Have you made it your Business to choose Men the least fond to please you? The most unbiass'd in their Conduct, and the most capable to condemn your unjust Sentiments and Passions? When you have found Flatterers, have you discarded 'em? Have you distrusted your self? No, no; you have not done as those do who love Truth, and who deserve to know it. Let us see if you will henceforward have the Courage to act better, and to suffer your self to be humbl'd

humbl'd by the Truth that condemns you. I said, that what acquires you so great praise, deserves to be blam'd. While you had so many Enemies abroad, who threaten'd your Kingdom, yet but ill establish'd, you thought on nothing within your new City, but to raise stately Buildings in it: 'Tis this has caus'd you so many restless Nights, as you your self have own'd to me. You have consum'd your Wealth; you neither thought of encreasing your People, nor of Cultivating the fertile Lands of this side. Shou'd you not have look'd upon these two Things as the two essential Foundations of your Power? To have a great number of able Men, and Lands well Cultivated to Feed 'em? There ought to have been a long Peace in these beginnings to favour the encrease of your People. You shou'd have thought of nothing but Husbandry, and the establishment of the most wise Laws. A vain Ambition has push'd you on to the very

brink of a Precipice ; and by labouring to appear Great, you had like to have ruin'd your true Greatness. Make hast now to repair these Faults ; Leave off all your great Works ; throw off all Pride which wou'd ruin your new City : Let your People take their Ease, and apply your self to settle 'em in Plenty, to facilitate their Marriages. For, know that you are no longer a King than you have a People to govern ; and that you shou'd not measure your Power by the extent of the Lands you possess, but by the number of Men, who inhabit 'em, and who are bound to obey you : Make choice of good Ground, tho but indifferent in extent, and fill it with a numerous People, Laborious and Disciplin'd ; endeavour to be lov'd by these People, and then you will be more Powerful, more Happy, and more Glorious than all the Conquerors who lay waist so many Kingdoms.

How

How shall I deport my self then, said *Idomeneus*, to these Kings? Shall I own my Weakness to them? 'Tis true, I have neglected Husbandry and Commerce too, which is so convenient for me in these Parts, having thought on nothing but to build me a stately City. Must I, my dear *Mentor*, dishonour my self before so many Kings, and discover my want of Power? If I must, I will without any scruple, whatever it costs me: For you have taught me that a true King, who is made for his People, and who owes himself wholly to them, ought to prefer the welfare of his Kingdom to his own Reputation. This Sentiment, reply'd *Mentor*, becomes a Father of the People; 'tis by this Goodness, and not by the magnificence of your City, that I percieve the Soul of a true King in you: But your Honour must be maintain'd as well for the Interest of your Kingdom: That shall be my Province, I will therefore go tell these Kings,



that you have engag'd your self to re-establish *Ulysses*, if he be yet Living, or at least his Son, to *Ithaca*; and that you will drive thence by force all the Lovers of *Penelope*. They must needs consider that this War will require a great number of Troops, and so they will agree that you can afford 'em but small supplies against the *Daunians*.

At these Words *Idomeneus* appear'd like a Man eas'd of a Burthen not to be born. My dear Friend, said he to *Mentor*, you will thus save my Honour, and the Reputation of this growing City, whose Weakness you will hide from all my Neighbours: But what probability is there that I will send forces to *Ithaca*, to re-establish *Ulysses* there, or at least his Son *Telemachus*, since *Telemachus* himself is engag'd to go to the War against the *Daunians*? Don't trouble your self, Sir, replied *Mentor*, I'll tell 'em nothing but Truth: The Vessels that you send to establish your Trade, shall go to the Coast of *Epirus*,



*Epirus*, which will do two Things at one time ; one in recalling the foreign Merchants, whom too great Imposts do estrange from *Salenta*, to your Coast ; and t'other in inquiring News of *Ulysses* ; who, if he be yet alive, can't be far from those Seas that part *Greece* and *Italy* ; and it is certainly reported that he was seen among the *Pheocians* : But, if there be no hope of seeing him again, your Fleet will however do a signal Piece of Service to his Son ; for they will spread thro' *Ithaca*, and all the neighbouring Countries, a terrour of the Name of young *Telemachus*, who was thought to be dead as well as his Father : The Lovers of *Penelope* will be astonish'd to hear that he is ready to return with the Succours of a powerful Ally ; The *Ithacans* will not dare to shake off the Yoke ; *Penelope* will be comforted, and will ever refuse to make choice of a Husband. Thus you will serve *Telemachus* whil'st he is in your place, with the Allies on

this Coast of *Italy* against the *Dau-nians*. At these words, *Idomeneus* cry'd out, Happy's the King who is supported by wise Counsels! A wise and faithful Friend, is more worth to a King than victorious Armies. But doubly bless'd is the King who is sensible of his Happiness, and knows how to profit himself by the use of wise Counsels: For often it happens, that wise and honest Men, whose Virtue is fear'd, are far remov'd from his trust, that he may give an ear to Flatterers, whose Treason is never fear'd. I am my self fall'n into this Error, and I will relate to you all the Misfortunes that have befall'n me by a false Friend, who flatter'd my Passions, in hopes, that in return, I would flatter his.

*Mentor* easily made the Confederate Kings understand that *Idomeneus* ought to take care of the Affairs of *Telemachus*, whilst that young Prince went with them. They were very well satisfy'd that they

they had in their Army the young Son of *Ulysses*, and an hundred of the *Cretan* Youth, whom *Idomeneus* gave him to accompany him; they were the Flower of the young Nobility which the King brought along with him from *Crete*. 'Twas *Mentor* who advis'd him to send 'em to this War. You must take care, said he, to increase the People during this Peace; but lest all the Nation should grow soft and effeminate, and be ignorant of the Art of War; you must send the young Nobility to the Wars abroad, who will be sufficient to set the whole Kingdom on an Emulation of Glory, or the Love of Arms, on the Contempt of Fatigues, and of Death it self; in short, on the Experience of the Military Art.

The Confederate Kings left *Salenta*, very well satisfy'd with King *Idomeneus*, and charm'd with the Wisdom of *Mentor*. They were very glad that they had got *Telemachus* along with 'em; who could not  
master

master his Grief when he was to  
 part with his Friend. Whilest the  
 Confederate Kings took their leaves,  
 and swore to *Idomeneus* that they  
 would keep an eternal Alliance with  
 him, *Mentor* holding *Telemachus*  
 lock'd in his Arms, felt himself be-  
 dew'd with that young Prince's  
 Tears. I am insensible, said *Tele-  
 machus*, of the Joy that I am going in  
 quest of Glory; nothing now fills my  
 Soul but the Grief that I must part  
 from you. Methinks I see again that  
 unfortunate time when the *Egyptains*  
 snatch'd me from between your  
 Arms, and carry'd me away from  
 you without giving me the least  
 hope of seeing you any more. *Men-  
 tor* return'd an answer to these  
 words, sweet and obliging, the bet-  
 ter whereby to comfort him: This,  
 said he, is a Separation far differ-  
 ent, this is voluntary and will be  
 short; you go to seek Victory. My  
 Son, you should love me less ten-  
 derly and with a more manly Love.  
 Accustom your self to my absence;  
 you



you will not always have me with you: Wisdom and Virtue rather than the Presence of *Mentor*, should inspire you with what you ought to do. Saying this, the Goddess, conceal'd under the Person of *Mentor*, cover'd *Telemachus* with her Eyes, and breath'd into him the Spirit of Wisdom and Foresight, undaunted Valour and a sweet Moderation, which are so rarely found together. Go, said *Mentor*, into the midst of the greatest Dangers as often as it is convenient you should go. A Prince dishonours himself much more in shunning the Dangers of War, than in never going to 'em at all. The Courage of him who commands others, ought never to be doubtful. If it be necessary that a People should preserve their General and King, it is the more necessary to 'em not to see him in an uncertain Reputation of Valour. Remember, that he who Commands, ought to be a Pattern to all the rest; and his Example ought to

en-



encourage the whole Army. Expose your self then, O *Telemachus*, and perish in the Combate rather than expose your self to the Malice of those who could doubt your Courage! But, on the other hand, seek not for Dangers without advantage; for Valour can no longer be a Virtue than it is guided by Prudence; otherwise it is a mad contempt of Life and a brutish Heat. Desperate Valour is ever uncertain. He who does not command himself in Dangers, is rather Wild than Brave; 'tis necessary that he should be beside himself to put himself above Fear; because he can't surmount it by the natural Situation of his Heart: In this Case, if he does not fly, at least he is troubl'd that he loses the freedom of his Mind, which would be necessary to him in using opportunities to rout the Enemy, or to serve his Country; if he has all the Fire of a Soldier, he has nor the Discretion of a Captain; and yet more, he has not the true  
Cou-

Courage of a private Soldier; for a Soldier ought to preserve a Presence of Mind in the Fight, and a Moderation necessary to Obedience. He who rashly exposes himself, disturbs the order and discipline of Troops; gives an Example of Rashness, and often exposes the whole Army to great Misfortunes: Those who prefer their vain Ambition to the safety of the common Cause, deserve Punishments, not Rewards. Take good heed then, my dear Son! not to seek Glory with too much impatience! The true Means to find it, is quietly to wait a favourable Opportunity: Virtue causes her self the more to be fear'd, by how much she appears more plain, more modest, and more an Enemy to all Pride. 'Tis by degrees that the necessity of being expos'd to Danger is increas'd, and that new Succours of Foresight and Courage are requisite, which always go together. For other Matters, remember that you ought never to draw on you the

Envy

Envy of any Body. On t'other side, be not jealous of the success of others; be sure first to praise whatsoever merits any thing of Praise; but praise with discretion, repeating the Good with Pleasure; and think no more of it but with Sorrow. Ben't positive before the old Commanders, who have gain'd by Experience that which 'tis impossible you should have; harken to 'em with Deference; consult 'em; desire the most able to instruct you, and be not ashamed to own how far you have improv'd by their Instructions: In short, never give ear to Discourses by which your Distrust or Jealousie may be rais'd against the other chief Officers; but speak to 'em with frankness and ingenuity: If you think they have not born themselves well to you, open your Heart to 'em, and explain all your Reasons to 'em: If they are capable of understanding the Generosity of this Conduct, you will charm 'em, and you will draw from 'em all that you have

have occasion to expect: On the contrary, if they have not sense enough to apprehend your meaning, you will be inform'd by your self how unjust they are, and how to suffer it; and will thence take your Measures to trust 'em no more as long as the War lasts, and thus will have nothing to accuse your self of: But, above all things, never tell any Flatterers, who sow Division, the occasions of Complaints which you believe you have against the Commanders of the Army to which you belong.

I will stay here, continu'd *Mentor*, to help *Idomeneus* in his Business, to labour for the Happiness of his People. I will stay for you, O my dear *Telemachus*! Remember, that those who fear the Gods have nothing to fear from Men! You will be present to your self in the greatest Dangers; but know! that *Minerva* will never forsake you.

At these words *Telemachus* thought that he saw the Goddess her self;  
and



and he had certainly known that 'twas she who spoke to him, to inspire him with Bravery, if the Goddess had not re-call'd the Idea of *Mentor*; saying, Forget not, my Son, the unwearied Care I have taken of you in your Infancy, that you might be as wise and valorous as your Father; do nothing therefore unworthy his great Example, and of the Principles of Virtue with which I have endeavour'd to inspire you!

The Sun was already risen, and gilded the Tops of the Mountains, when the King came out of *Salenta* to re-join the Troops. These Troops encamp'd round the City, began to March under their Commanders; on every side were seen the bright Steel of bristling Pikes; the glittering Shields dazl'd their Eyes. A Cloud of Dust mounted up to the Skies. *Idomeneus* and *Mentor* conducted the Confederate Kings into the Camp, which was at a good distance from the Walls of the City.



ty. At last they parted, after having given the Marks of a true Friendship on each side. The Allies no longer doubted that the Peace would last, now they knew the sincerity of the Mind of *Idomeneus*, which was represented to 'em very different from what it was; for he was Judg'd of, not by his own natural Inclinations, but by the Flatteries and unjust Counsels to which he had given himself over.

After the Army was gone, *Idomeneus* led *Mentor* into every part of the City, and the neighbouring Country; but *Mentor* would first see his Naval Forces. Let us (said he) number your Vessels; let us take an exact account of their Burthen, and how many Sayers you have to Man 'em, either to maintain a War, or to carry on the Trade of your Subjects, by which your Power is to be measured. Then he went to see the Port, and aboard every Vessel, informing himself of the Country, where each  
of

of 'em went to Traffick; what Merchandise it carried, what Goods they took in return; what was the Charge of the Ship during the time she was at Sea; the Loans that the Merchants made one to another; the Companies they set up among themselves, to see if they were equitably and faithfully observed. Finally, the hazards of Ship-wreck, and other Mischances of Trade, in order to prevent the Ruin of Merchants, who, out of a greedy desire of Gain, do often undertake more than they know how to manage. He ordain'd severe Punishments for all Bankrupts, because their Breaking is always owing to their Rashness, if not to their Dishonesty: At the same time he made several Regulations in order to prevent Bankrupts; and to that end he created Magistrates, to whom the Merchants were to give an Account of their Effects, Profits, Expences, and Ventures. They were never suffered to venture another Man's Estate, nor  
above

above half of their own. Moreover they carried on by Joint-stock, those Undertakings which they could not have managed singly ; and the By-laws of their respective Companies became inviolable, through the severe Punishments inflicted on the Infringers of the same. Besides, every one had full liberty of Trading, and instead of over-charging them with Taxes and Duties, there was an Encouragement proposed to all Merchants that could engage any other Nation to trade to *Salenta*. By this means there was a general resort of People from all Parts ; the Commerce of that City was like the flux and reflux of the Sea ; Riches continually entred into it like rolling Waves, which are push'd forwards by those succeeding : All manner of Wares were freely Imported and Exported ; whatever they brought in was good for something or other ; and nothing was Exported that did not introduce other Riches in its Room. Justice alone reign'd in the  
Port

Port among so many different Nations ; upright Dealing, Honesty and Candour, from the tops of those high Towers, seem'd to invite all Merchants from the remotest Parts of the Universe. Every one of those Merchants, whether he came from the Eastern Shore, where the Sun rises each Day out of the Bosom of the watry Deep ; or whether he came from that great Sea, where that radiant Planet, weary of its Course, extinguishes its Fires and goes to rest ; every one, I say, lived in Peace and Safety in *Salenta*, as if it had been his own Country. As for the inside of the City, *Mentor* view'd all Store-houses, Tradesmens Shops, and publick Places ; prohibited all Foreign Goods that might introduce Luxury and Effeminacy ; and regulated the Apparel, Food, Household-stuff, State, and Ornament of Houses, according to the different Conditions and Degrees : He forbid the making and wearing of all Ornaments of Gold  
and



and Silver; and told *Idomeneus*, I know but one way to make your People moderate in their Expences, which is your own Example of Moderation; 'tis requisite you should be distinguish'd by an outward shew of Majesty; but your Guards, and the chief Officers which are about you, will be a sufficient Mark of your Authority. Be contented to wear a Garment of super-fine Wool died in Purple; let the Chief Men of your State be clad of the same Wool, and that all the difference be in the Colour; and a thin Embroidery of Gold on the Skirts of your Robe. Those different Colours will serve to distinguish the different Degrees, without the expensive help either of Gold, Silver, or Precious Stones. Regulate those Degrees by Birth and Extraction, and let those be plac'd in the first Rank, whose Descent is most Noble, Ancient, and Conspicuous. Those, who by their Merit shall be advanced to Places of Trust and Authority, will be contented



tented to come after those Ancient and Illustrious Families, which for a long time have been in possession of Honour: And such, whose Extraction is not so Noble as theirs, will easily give place to them, if so be you do not suffer them to forget themselves in a high and sudden Preferment, and bestow new Honours and Commendations on those who know how to be moderate in Prosperity. That distinction which proceeds from a long continuation of Noble Ancestors, is the least exposed to Envy; next to that, Virtue must be excited and encourag'd, and Men will be ready to serve the State, provided you bestow Crowns and Statues upon great Actions, which will be a Spring of Nobility for the Sons of those that have atchieved them. Persons of the first Rank, next to you, shall be clad in White, with a Gold and Silver Fringe on the lower Border of their Garment, and shall wear a Gold Ring on their Fingers. Those  
of

of the second Rank, shall be clad in Blue, with a Silver Fringe and a Ring, but no Medal. The Third in Green without Fringe, but with a Medal. The Fourth in deep Yellow. The Fifth in a pale Red. The Sixth in Grisdelin. The Seventh who shall be the meanest of the People, in Yellow mixt with White. These are the Colours for the seven different Degrees of Free-men. The Slaves shall be clad in Dark-brown. Thus without any expence, every one's Condition shall be distinguish'd, and all those Arts shall be banish'd from *Salenta*, which serve only to keep up a vain Pomp, and foment Luxury. All the Artificers who are now employ'd about those pernicious Arts, shall either betake themselves to necessary Arts, which are but few, to Merchandize, or to Agriculture. It shall never be lawful to change either the Manufactory of Stuffs, or the Fashion of Cloaths; for 'tis a shameful Thing for Men destin'd to a serious and noble Life,

N

to

to spend their time in inventing affected Ornaments; or to suffer their Wives, in whom those trifling Amusements are less disgraceful, to be guilty of those Extravagancies.

*Mentor*, like a skilful Gardiner, who lops the useless Branches off the Trees, endeavoured to retrench vain Pomp and Luxury, which depraved good Manners, and to introduce a noble and frugal Plainness in every thing. He likewise regulated the ordinary Food both of Citizens and Slaves. What a shame, said he, it is for the most eminent Men to make their Grandeur to consist in Ragoos and Kickshaws, by which they effeminate their Minds, and continually impair the health of their Bodies? Whereas they ought to place their Happiness in Moderation; in their Authority, which gives them an occasion of doing good to other men; and in the Fame and Reputation they acquire by their good Actions. Sobriety and Temperance make the most ordinary Food

Food the most palatable ; and with a vigorous Constitution of Body, procure the most constant Pleasures. Therefore let your Tables be furnish'd with the best sort of Meats, drest without any Ragoos ; for the provoking Mens Appetites beyond the regular craving of their Stomachs, is but a more refined Art of Poisoning : By that *Idomeneus* easily understood how ill he had done, in suffering the Inhabitants of his New City, to soften and corrupt their Manners, through the Violation of the Laws of *Minos* about Sobriety : But wise *Mentor* put him in mind, That the reviving of those very Laws would signifie nothing, unless his own Example gave them that Vigour and Authority, which nothing else could procure them. Thereupon *Idomeneus* regulated his Table, and order'd that nothing should be served to him besides excellent Bread, delicious Wine of the growth of that Country, but in small quantities, with Meat plainly

N 2

drest,



dress, and such as he us'd to eat with the other *Grecians* at the Siege of *Troy*. No Person durst to complain of a Law which the King imposed upon himself, and by that means every body retrench'd the profuseness of Dainties and Delicacies, which they began to introduce in their Meals.

Next to that, *Mentor* silenc'd soft and effeminate Musick, as tending to corrupt Youth; and likewise condemned Tavern-Musick, which inebriates the Mind no less than Wine it self, and is often the cause of Riot and Impudence in Men's Manners. Thus he confin'd Musick to Festivals within the Temples, to celebrate the Praises of the Gods, and of those Hero's, who have left us Patterns of the most excellent Virtues. Nor did he permit any of the great Ornaments of Architectures, such as Pillars, Pedestals, and Portico's, to be us'd any where but in Temples. He made himself new Draughts of a plain and graceful Architecture,



Architecture, whereby on a small piece of Ground one might build a pleasant and convenient House for a numerous Family, in such a manner, that it was expos'd to a wholesome Air; that its several Lodgings were independent upon one another; and that it might easily be kept in Order and Repair at a small charge. These different Draughts of Houses, according to the number of Persons in each Family, serv'd to embelish part of the City with little Expence, and to make it regular; whereas the other Part, which was already built up according to the Caprice or Vanity of private Persons, tho' more magnificent, was yet less pleasant and convenient.

Painting and Carving were Arts which *Mentor* did not think fit to be laid aside; however he allow'd but few Men in *Salenta* to profess 'em. He setled a publick School to teach those Arts, and appointed most skilful Masters to examin the

young Prentices. Those Arts, said he, which are not absolutely necessary, ought not to admit of any thing that's mean or indifferent; and therefore no young Men should be suffer'd to learn them, but those whose promising Genius seems to tend to Perfection: As for others who are Born for less noble Arts, they will be usefully employ'd about the ordinary Occasions of the Commonwealth. The only thing, added he, wherein Carvers and Painters ought to be employ'd, is in preserving the Memory of great Men, and their noble Actions; and for that purpose, Representations and Memorials of what has been Achieved with an extraordinary Industry, ought to be us'd in publick Buildings and Tombs. Moreover *Mentor's* Moderation and Frugality did not go so far, but that he allow'd these great Buildings design'd for Horse, or Chariot-Races, Wrestling, Fights with *Cestus*, and all other Exercises, which render the  
Body

Body both more supple, active, and vigorous. He suppress'd a vast number of Merchants and Shopkeepers, who sold figur'd Stuffs of remote Countries; Embroider'd Works of an excessive Price; Gold and Silver Vessels with embossed Figures of the Gods, Men, and Animals; and lastly refined Liquors and Perfumes. He order'd likewise that the Furniture of every House should be plain, strong, and lasting. Thus the *Salentines* who loudly complain'd of their Poverty, began to be sensible how many superfluous Riches they enjoy'd; but those were deceitful Riches, which made them really poor; and they only became truly Rich, as soon as they had the Resolution to dispossess themselves of them. 'Tis the best way, said they, to grow Rich, by despising such Riches as exhaust the Nation, and the reducing all our Wants to the true and necessary occasions of Nature.

*Mentor* was diligent in viewing the Arcenals and publick Magazines,

to see that Arms and all other Things necessary in War were in Order. For, said he, we always must be in readiness to make War, the better to prevent the Misfortune of being first Attackt. Now having found a great many Things wanting every where, he presently assembled Artificers to work Iron, Steel and Brass: You might have seen burning Furnaces, and Clouds of Fire and Smoak mounting on high like those subterranean Fires which are vomited up by Mount *Ætna*. The studdy Hammer resounded on the Anvil which groan'd under the repeated Strokes; the neighbouring Mountains and Sea-shore ecchoed to 'em; one would have thought himself to be in that famous Island where *Vulcan* cheers up his *Cyclopes*, and forges Thunderbolts for the Father of the Gods: And by a wise forecast all the Preparations for a War were making in a profound Peace. Afterwards *Mentor* went out of the City with *Idomeneus*, and found a great Tract



Traſt of fertile Lands lying waſte and uncultivated; others were manur'd but by halves through the Negligence and Poverty of the Husbandmen, who wanted more Hands, and bodily Strength to bring Agriculture to Perfection. *Mentor* beholding thoſe deſolate Fields, ſaid to the King: This Land is willing to enrich the Inhabitants, but the Inhabitants are wanting to the Land, and to themſelves. Let us therefore take all the uſeleſs Artificers who are in the City, and whoſe Trade tends only to debauch Manners, in order to make them till and manure theſe Plains and high Grounds. I own it's a Miſfortune that all thoſe Men who have practis'd Arts which require a ſedentary Life, are not inur'd to hard Labour; but here is a Remedy for it: We muſt divide among them all the Lands void of Inhabitants, and call to their aſſiſtance ſome of the Neighbouring People who will undertake the hardeſt Work under 'em, pro-



vided they allow them a reasonable share in the Profits of the Lands they shall begin to Plow. Nay, in time they may enjoy a proportion of those Lands, and being thus incorporated with your People, provided they be laborious and submissive to the Laws, they will encrease your Power, and prove the best Subjects. Your City-Tradesmen, now transplanted into the Country, will train up their Children to Labour, and enure them to the Yoke of a rural Life, and in process of Time, all the Country round about shall be flock'd with strong, vigorous Men, addicted to Husbandry. Now you need not be solicitous about the increase of your People; for they will soon multiply to a Prodigy, if you encourage Matrimony, which you may do with great ease. Most Men have an Inclination to Marry, and 'tis generally Want that keeps them from it. If you do not over-charge 'em with Taxes, they will live at ease with their Wives and Families; for

for the Earth is never ungrateful ; She always yields Fruits to sustain those who cultivate her with Care and Diligence, and only denies her Benefits to those who refuse to bestow their Labour upon her. The more Children Husbandmen have, the richer they are, provided the Prince study not to make them Poor ; for their Children, even from their tenderest Youth, begin to be a help to 'em ; the youngest tend the Flocks while they are Feeding ; those of riper Years begin to drive the great Drovers of Cattle ; and the most aged guide the Plough-handle with their Father : In the mean time the Mother and all her Family Dress a course Meal for her Husband, and her dear Children, against they come home spent with the Toil of the Day. She takes care to Milk her Cows, and Streams of sweet Liquor fill her cleanly Pails ; she lights a great Fire, round which the innocent and peaceful Family divert themselves with Singing merr

ry

ry Lays before they go to rest ; she gets ready Cheese, Chesnuts, and Fruits that look as fresh as if new gather'd. In the mean time the Shepherd comes home with his Flute, and Sings to the Family such new Songs as he learnt in the Neighbouring Villages. The Husbandman comes in with his Plough, and goads along his wearied Oxen, which walk with slow Steps, and bending Necks. All the Hardships of Labour end with the Day : The kind Poppies which *Morpheus*, by the Command of the immortal Gods, scatters all over the Earth, quiet all black Thoughts, charm and lull Nature into a soft Enchantment, and every one falls asleep without forecasting the Labours of the next Day. Happy are those Men who live without Ambition, Distrust, or Disguise, provided the Gods vouchsafe to give 'em a good King, who never disturbs their innocent Joys. But what a horrid piece of Cruelty it is, the wresting from their Hands the  
sweet

sweet Fruits of the Earth, which they owe to the Bounty of Nature, and the sweat of their Brows, only to gratifie the Pride and Ambition of one single Man! Nature alone, out of her fruitful Bosom is able to maintain an infinite number of thrifty and laborious Men; but 'tis the Pride and luxurious Effeminacy of some Men who reduce so many others to the dreadful pressures of Poverty.

But what shall I do, said *Idomeneus*, if those Men whom I disperse about a fruitful Country, neglect to Cultivate it? Follow, answer'd *Mentor*, a Method entirely opposite to that which is generally us'd by others. Greedy Princes, who have no Forecast, make it their Business to lay heavy Taxes on such among their Subjects, who are most Diligent and Industrious in the improving of their Estates, because they think they can raise those Duties with more ease; and at the same time they favour and excuse those  
whom



whom Sloth and Idleness have Impoverisht. Invert that bad Method, which over-burdens the Good, encourages Vice, and introduces a supine Negligence no less fatal to the King, than to the whole State. Impose Taxes, Fines, nay if need be, more rigorous Penalties on those who neglect the Culture of their Lands; just as you would inflict Punishments on those Soldiers who quit their Post in War: Grant Favours and Exemptions to such Families as multiply; and augment in proportion the extent of their Possessions. By this means their Families will soon encrease, and every Body will be encourag'd to Labour; nay, Husbandry being no longer attended by so many Hardships, will be so far from being despis'd, that it will become Honourable; the Plough, now in esteem, shall be guided by those very Hands that gain'd Victories over the Enemies of the Country; and the Cultivating ones own Lands will be no less  
cre-



creditable, during a happy Peace,  
 than the securing of the same during  
 the Troubles of War. All the Coun-  
 try will flourish and smile again;  
*Ceres* will be crown'd with golden  
 Ears of Corn; *Bacchus* stamping the  
 Grapes with his Feet, shall cause  
 Streams of Wine more delicious than  
 Nectar, to glide down the shelving  
 Hills; the hollow Valleys shall ec-  
 cho to the rural Consorts of Shep-  
 herds, who along the grassy Banks  
 of purling Brooks shall sing to their  
 Pipes, both their amorous Pains and  
 Pleasures, whilst their Flocks danc-  
 ing to the Harmony, shall crop the  
 Grass enamell'd with Flowers, se-  
 cure from the ravenous Wolves.  
 Will it not be a great happiness  
 for you, Oh! *Idomeneus*, to be the  
 Spring of so many Blessings, and to  
 make so many People live in soft re-  
 pose under the Shadow of your au-  
 spicious Name? Is not this Glory  
 more affecting and more to be co-  
 veted, than that of laying the World  
 waste, and spreading every where  
 (nay

(nay even at home, in the midst of one's Victories, as well as among the Vanquish'd abroad) Slaughter, Destruction, Horror, Consternation, cruel Famine, and Despair? Oh! Happy the King, who is so belov'd of the Gods, and has so large a Soul as to undertake to make himself the Delight of his People, and shew to all Ages the charming and wonderful Spectacle of his Reign! The whole Earth, instead of shunning his Power by Fights and Battles, would prostrate her self at his Feet, to beg him to Rule over her.

But, reply'd *Idomeneus*, when my People live thus in Peace and Plenty, Pleasures will soon corrupt them, and they will bend against me that very Power I have put into their Hands. Fear not, said *Mentor*, any such Inconvenience: That's but a vain Pretence to flatter the Prodigality of those Princes, who over-charge their People with Taxes. Besides, there's a Remedy at hand: Those Laws we have made  
for

for Husbandry, will inure them to a laborious Life; and even in Plenty, they shall have only Necessaries, because we retrench all Arts which introduce Superfluities. Nay, that Plenty shall be lessen'd by the frequent Marriages, and the great encrease of Families: For every Family being grown Numerous, and possessing but a competent Portion of Land, shall be forc'd to bestow continual labour upon the Culture of it. 'Tis Effeminacy and Sloth which make the People insolent and rebellious. They shall have Bread, I confess; and Bread in abundance: But then they shall have nothing but Bread, and the Fruits of their own Land, gotten by the Sweat of their Brows. To keep your People within that just Moderation, you must at this very time regulate the extent of Ground which every Family shall be allow'd to possess. You know we distributed all your People into seven Ranks, according to their different Conditions:

tions: Now you must not suffer any Family, of any Degree, to enjoy more Land than is absolutely necessary for the Maintenance of those Persons who depend upon it. This being a standing inviolable Rule, the Nobles shall not be able to purchase from the Poor: All shall have Lands; but every one shall have but a small Share, and by that means shall be excited to Cultivate it well. If in long process of time Lands should grow short here, you might send Colonies abroad, which would encrease the Power of this State. Moreover, I think you never ought to suffer Wine to be too plentiful in your Dominions; if they have planted too many Vines, command them to be destroy'd; for Wine is a main source of the greatest Mischiefs among the People; it causes Diseases, Quarrels, Seditions, Idleness and Sloth, and Disorders in Families. Therefore let Wine be preserv'd as a kind of Remedy, or as a choice Liquor, to be employ'd  
only



only in Sacrifices, or extraordinary Festivals; yet think not that you can bring so important a Rule into Practice, unless you recommend it by your own Example. Furthermore, you must cause the Laws of *Minos*, concerning the Education of Children, to be inviolably observ'd: To which purpose, publick Schools ought to be erected, where they may be taught to fear the Gods, to love their Country, to reverence the Laws, and to prefer Honour before Pleasures, and Life it self. You must appoint Magistrates to oversee the Families and Manners of private Persons: Nay, over-see them your self, since you are King; that is, the Shepherd of the People, only to watch Night and day over your Flock. By that means you will prevent a thousand Crimes and Disorders; and what you cannot prevent, you ought to punish at first with great Severity; for 'tis a piece of Clemency, by early and exemplary Punishments, to stem the Tide  
of



of Wickedness. A little Blood spill'd in time, saves the Lives of Thousands, and makes a Prince fear'd without using Rigour too often. But what a detestable Maxim is it, to make one's Safety consist in the oppressing of the People? How barbarous is it, not to instruct them; not to lead them into the Path of Virtue; not to do any thing to get their Love; to drive them by Terror to Despair; and finally, to impose this dreadful Necessity upon 'em, either never to breath in sweet Liberty, or to shake off a Tyrant's Yoke? What Name can one give to such a Government? Is this the Way that leads to Honour? Remember, that where ever the Command of the Prince is most absolute, there the Prince is least powerful. He takes all, consumes all, and enjoys alone the whole State; but then the whole State is in a languishing Condition; the Country is uncultivated and desolate; the Cities decrease, and Trade decays every day.

The

The King, who cannot be a King by himself, and who is only so by his Subjects, annihilates himself by degrees, while he annihilates his People from whom both his Riches and Power are deriv'd; his Kingdom is exhausted of Mony and Men, and the loss of these is the greatest and the most irreparable. His despotick Power makes as many Slaves as he has Subjects; they all seem to adore him, whereas they only tremble at his dreadful Looks. But see what will happen at the least Revolution; this monstrous Power, scrud up to a violent Excess, can hold out no longer, she finds no Supplies in the Affections of the People, she has wearied and provok'd all the different Ranks of Men in his State, and by that means forces every Member of that Body to sigh with equal earnestness after a Change. At the very first blow which is made at her, the Idol is thrown down, and trampled under Foot: Contempt, Hatred, Fear, Re-

Resentment, Distrust; in a word, all the Passions unite themselves against so odious an Authority. The King, who during his vain Prosperity, could find no Man that durst speak the Truth to him, shall not find in his Misfortune any one Man that will either excuse his Follies, or defend him against his Enemies.

These and the like Discourses of *Mentor*, having prevail'd upon *Idomeneus*, he presently distributed the waste Lands among the useless Artificers, and put in execution what had been resolv'd before. And now the Fields which had long been o're-spread with Briars and Thorns, begin to promise plentiful Harvests, and Fruits till then unknown. The Earth opens her Bosom to receive the cutting Plow-share, and prepares her Riches to recompence the Labour of the Husband-man. Hope revives and smiles on every side: You might see both in the Vallies, and on the Hills, numerous  
Flocks

Flocks of Sheep, skipping and bleating on the Grass, and great Herds of larger Cattle, which make the high Mountains resound with their Bellowings. Those Flocks and Herds fatten in the Fields and Meadows; 'tis *Mentor* who has found the way to procure them, by advising *Idomeneus* to exchange with the neighbouring Nations all the superfluous Things, which are now prohibited in *Salenta*, for those Sheep, Cows, and Oxen, which the *Salentines* wanted.

At the same time both the Cities and Villages round about were full of fine sprightly Youths, who for a long time had languish'd in Misery, and were afraid to marry lest they should aggravate their Woes: But when they saw that *Idomeneus* began to embrace Sentiments of Humanity, and was willing to become their Father, they were no more afraid of Hunger, nor of the other Plagues with which Heaven afflicts Mankind. There were heard every where



where great Shoutings for Joy ; the  
 Shepherds and Plow-men celebrated  
 the Hymeneal Pleasures in their ru-  
 ral Songs ; so that one would have  
 thought, that the God *Pan* with a  
 Chorus of *Satyrs*, *Fauns*, and  
 Nymphs danc'd to the soft found  
 of the Flute in the Shady Woods.  
 All was peaceful and smiling ; but  
 'twas a moderate Joy ; and as those  
 Pleasures serv'd only to allay the  
 Hardships of daily Labour, so they  
 were more quick, and more sen-  
 sible. The Old Men surpriz'd to  
 see what they did not so much as  
 hope for, during the long series of  
 their Years, wept through an excess  
 of Joy mixt with Tenderness ; and  
 lifting up their trembling Hands  
 towards Heaven : Bless, said they,  
 Bless, Oh ! great *Jupiter* ! the King  
 who resembles thee, and is the great-  
 est King thou ever madest. As he  
 is born for the good of Mankind,  
 return him all the good we receive  
 from him. Our Great-grand-sons  
 sprung from those happy Mar-  
 riages



riages, which he encourages, shall be indebted to him, even for their very Birth ; and he will truly be the Father of all his Subjects. The young Men and Maidens who married together, express their mutual Joys, in singing the Praises of him who was the Fountain of those Joys; every Mouth, every Heart were continually fill'd with his Praises. The sight of him was accounted a great Happiness ; his absence a Misfortune ; and the losing of him, had been the Desolation of all Families.

Thereupon *Idomeneus* confesses to *Mentor*, that he never felt so true and sensible a Pleasure, as that of being belov'd, and making so many People happy. I could not, said he, have believ'd what I now see : I thought all the Greatness of Princes consisted only in making themselves to be fear'd ; that the rest of Mankind were all made for them : And I look'd upon it as a meer Fable, whatever I had heard

O

of

of those Kings, who were the Delight and Darlings of their People: I now find the Truth of it, but I must relate to you how, from my tenderest Infancy, my Mind was intoxicated with the Authority of Kings, which was the cause of all the Misfortunes of my Life.

*Protesilaus*, who is something older than my self, was, of all others, the young Man whom I lov'd most; his lively and bold Temper suited with my Inclinations; he insinuated himself into my Pleasures and Diversions; flatter'd all my Passions, and gave me a distrust of another young Man, whom I loved also, and whose Name was *Philocles*. This *Philocles* fear'd the Gods, and had a great Soul, but full of Moderation: He placed Greatness not in raising, but in conquering himself, and doing nothing that's Base and Ungenerous. He told me of my Faults with freedom; and even when he durst not speak to me, his very Looks, and  
sad

sad Countenance, gave me sufficiently to understand what he had a mind to reproach me with: I was well enough pleas'd at first with his Sincerity; and I often assur'd him, that I would ever hear him in Confidence as long as I liv'd. To secure me against Flatteries, he told me all I ought to do, to tread in the Footsteps of *Minos*, and to make my Subjects happy; his Wisdom was not so deep as yours, Oh *Mentor*! but I now find by degrees, that his Maxims were good. The cunning Insinuations of *Protesilaus*, who was Jealous and full of Ambition, gave me a disgust for *Philocles*: *Philocles* being indifferent, and free from towering Thoughts, suffer'd the other to get the Ascendant, and contented himself with telling me the Truth, when I was willing to hear it; for 'twas my Good, and not my Fortune that he sought. *Protesilaus* made me insensibly believe, that *Philocles* was a morose and proud Censurer of all my Actions; who

ask'd no Favours of me, because his Pride would not suffer him to be beholden to me; and that he courted the Reputation of one that is above all Honours that I was able to bestow. He added, that he spoke as freely about my Faults with other People, as he did with my self; that he gave sufficiently to understand, what a small Esteem he had for me; and that his lessening my Reputation, was a Design to open himself a Way to the Throne, by the shew of a rigid Virtue. At first I was unwilling to think, that *Philocles* design'd to usurp my Crown; for there is a certain Candour and Ingenuity in true Virtue, which cannot be counterfeited, and which cannot be mistaken, if consider'd with attention: Yet I begun to grow wary of *Philocles's* Obstinacy in condemning my Weakness. The soft complaisance of *Protesilaus*, and his unexhausted Industry in inventing new Pleasures to entertain me, made me feel more impatiently the

the



the Austerity of his Rival. In the mean time *Protesilaus* being vexed that I did not believe all he told me against *Philocles*, resolv'd to speak no more to me about him, and to use something stronger than all his Words to perswade me. Take notice how he compleated his Treachery. He advised me to give *Philocles* the Command of the Ships which I sent out to attack those of *Carpathia*; and to induce me to it, he told me: You know my Commendations cannot be suspected of Partiality: I own he has Courage, and understands the War; he will serve you best of any Man, and I easily forego my Resentments against him, when your Service lies at stake. I was glad to find so much Honesty and Justice in *Protesilaus*, whom I had entrusted with the Administration of my Affairs of the greatest importance: I embrac'd him transported with Joy, and thought my self too happy, in having reposed all my Confidence in a

O 3

Man,



Man, who seem'd to be so much above Passion and Interest. But alas! How much Princes are to be pitied! This Man knew me better than I do my self. He knew that Kings are generally distrustful, and unattentive: Distrustful, by their continual experience of the Artifice of those corrupt Men that are about them; Unattentive, because they are hurried away by the Torrent of Pleasures, and us'd to have Men, whose Business it is to make Reflections and Observations for them, without being at the trouble of it themselves. Therefore *Protesilaus* easily understood that it would be no hard matter for him to make me jealous of a Man who would undoubtedly perform great Actions, especially while his Absence gave him so fair an Opportunity of undermining him.

Before *Philocles* put to Sea, he foresaw what was like to befall him. Remember, said he to me, that it shall be no longer in my Power to justify

justify my self; that my Enemy alone shall have your Ear, and that while I expose my Life for your Service, I run the hazard of being recompensed with your Indignation. You are mistaken, said I to him, *Protesilaus* speaks not of you, as you do of him; nay rather, he commends you, he has a value for you, and thinks you worthy of the most important Employments; if ever he offers to speak against you, he shall lose that Trust I repose in him, therefore fear him not, and only take care to serve me well. He went away, and I must now confess, he left me in a strange disorder: I plainly saw how necessary it was for me to have several Persons to consult with; and that nothing was more prejudicial, either to my Reputation, or the success of my Undertakings, than the trusting one single Man. I found that the wise Counsels of *Philocles* had kept me from committing many dangerous Faults, into which the

Haughtiness of *Protesilaus* would have hurried me. I was sensible that *Philocles's* Mind was adorn'd with Honesty and equitable Principles, which I did not find in *Protesilaus*, whom by this time I had suffer'd to assume so peremptory a Tone with me, that I was no more able to contradict him almost in any thing. I was weary of being continually betwixt two Men, whom I could not bring to agree together; and this Lassitude and my Weakness made me chuse to hazard something at the Expence of my Affairs, that I might enjoy my self at liberty. I would have conceal'd from my very self, the shameful Reason of that Course I had embrac'd; but that same shameful Reason, which I was afraid to discover, workt secretly in the bottom of my Heart, and was the Motive of all I did. *Philocles* defeated the Enemy, gain'd a full Victory, and hasten'd his Return, in order to prevent the Ill Offices he fear'd from his Rival; but

*Pro-*

*Protesfilans*, who had not yet deceiv'd me, wrote to him, that my Desire was, he should follow his Victory, and make a Descent into the Island of *Carpathia*; for he perswaded me, I might easily make my self Master of that Island. But he order'd it so, that *Philocles* wanted many necessary things for his Undertaking; and tied him up with such Orders, as occasion'd many Disappointments in the execution of it. In the mean time he made use of a corrupt and treacherous Servant of mine, who observ'd every thing I did, and acquainted him with it, altho' they seem'd to speak seldom to one another, and ever to be at odds. This Servant (*Timocrates* by Name) came to me one day, and told me as a great Secret, That he had discover'd a very dangerous Business. *Philocles*, said he, designs to make use of your Sea-Forces, to make himself King of the Isle of *Carpathia*; the Captains of those Troops are his Creatures, and all the Soldiers are corrupted by



his Donatives, and much more by the pernicious Licentiousness which he allows in them. He is elevated with his Victory; here is a Letter he writ to one of his Friends, about his Project of making himself King; so evident a Proof puts the Thing out of all doubt. I perused the Letter, which seem'd to be writ by *Philocles*; for *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*, who made this Forgery, had perfectly imitated his Hand. That Letter cast me into a strange surprize; I read it over and over, and could not be perswaded it was writ by *Philocles*, whilst I review'd in my distracted Mind, all the sensible Demonstrations he had given me of his Disinterestedness and Honesty. However, what could I do? How could I contradict a Letter, which I acknowledg'd to be *Philocles's* Hand? When *Timocrates* perceiv'd I could no longer resist his Artifice, he still carried it on further; Shall I dare, said he to me, with a faltering Voice, to put you in mind of a Word in this Letter?



ter? *Philocles* tells his Friends, that he may speak in confidence to *Protesilaus*, about a thing which he only marks by a Cypher: Certainly *Protesilaus* must be privy to the Design of *Philocles*; 'tis *Protesilaus* who prest you to send *Philocles* against the *Carpathians*; from a certain time he speaks no more to you against him as he us'd to do; nay, on the contrary, he cries him up, he encourages him upon all occasions, and they often pay one another civil Visits. Without doubt *Protesilaus* has taken his Measures with *Philocles*, in order to share with him the Conquest of *Carpathia*: You may see your self how he put you upon this Enterprize against all Reason, and cares not to expose all your Naval Forces, to gratifie his Ambition. Do you think he would thus be subservient to *Philocles* towring Thoughts, if they were still at odds? No, no; there's no question, but those two Men are reconcil'd, and have join'd Interests to ascend the Throne together;

ther; nay, perhaps to dispossess you of your own. I know, by speaking thus freely to you, I expose myself to their Resentment, if, notwithstanding my sincere Information, you still leave your Authority in their Hands; But what care I, as long as I tell you nothing but Truth?

These last Words of *Timocrates* left a deep Impression in me: I call'd no more *Philocles's* Treachery into question, and begun to distrust *Protesilaus*, as one that was his Friend. In the mean time *Timocrates* told me continually, if you stay till *Philocles* has made himself Master of the Isle of *Carpathia*, it will then be too late to put a stop to his Designs; therefore make haste to secure him whilst he is yet in your Power. I shook with horror at the deep Dissimulation of Men, and knew no more whom to trust; for having discover'd *Philocles's* Treachery, I did not see one Man upon the face of the whole Earth, whose Virtue was able to dispel my Fears. I was resolv'd to  
 pu-

punish that perfidious Man without delay; but I was afraid of *Protesilaus*, and knew not what Measures to keep with him: I fear'd to find him guilty, and likewise I fear'd to trust him. At last, being in this disorder, I could not forbear telling him that I was grown jealous of *Philocles*. He seem'd surpriz'd at it, and represented to me how honest, upright, and moderate his Conduct had been; he exaggerated his Services; in short, he manag'd the Matter so well, that I was persuaded of their Intelligence. On the other side, *Timocrates* improved every Circumstance to make me sensible of their good Understanding, and induce me to ruin *Philocles*, while it was yet in my Power to secure him. Mark, dear *Mentor*! mark the Unhappiness of Princes, and how they are expos'd to be made the Property of other Men, even when they lie trembling at their Feet. I thought it was a piece of deep Policy, to break *Protesilaus's* Measures, by sending

ing privately *Timocrates* to the Fleet with Orders to dispatch *Philocles* out of the way. *Protesilaus* carried on his Dissembling to the last, and deceiv'd me so much the better, as he look'd like one who suffers himself to be deceiv'd. *Timocrates* put to Sea, and found *Philocles* hard put to it at the intended Descent: He wanted every thing; for *Protesilaus* not knowing whether the suppos'd Letter was sufficient to ruin his Enemy, contriv'd at the same time another Plot, to wit, the ill success of an Enterprize which he had so much cry'd up, and which would not fail to provoke me against *Philocles*. This innocent Man maintain'd so difficult a War by his Courage, his Policy, and the Affection the Soldiers had for him. Although all the Army was sensible that this Descent was rashly undertaken, and would prove fatal to the *Cretans*; yet all endeavour'd to carry it on, as if their Lives and Happiness had depended upon the success

cess of it ; and every one was contented to venture his Life upon all Occasions under so wise a General, and one who always study'd to make himself belov'd. *Timocrates* expos'd himself to an eminent Danger, by attempting to make away with that Chief, in the middle of an Army who lov'd him so passionately ; but being blinded by Ambition, he found nothing difficult whilst he endeavour'd to please *Protesilaus*, with whom he expected to share the absolute Management of Affairs after the death of *Philocles*. *Protesilaus* could not endure a good Man, whose very sight secretly reproach'd him with his Crimes ; and who, by opening my Eyes, might frustrate all his ambitious Designs. *Timocrates* engag'd two Captains who were continually near *Philocles*'s Person, and promis'd them great Rewards from me : Afterwards he told *Philocles*, That he came to deliver to him a secret Message from me, which he was order'd



der'd not to disclose but in the Presence of those two Captains. *Philocles* having lock'd himself in with them, *Timocrates* pull'd out a Dagger and stabb'd him; but, as Fortune order'd it, the Blow was slanting, and did not go deep. *Philocles*, with undaunee'd Courage, wrested the Dagger out of his Hand, and us'd it against him, and the other two: At the same time he cry'd out for help; those without run to the Door, and having broke it open, disingag'd *Philocles* from the Hands of those three Men, who being presently disorder'd, had attack'd him but faintly. They were disarm'd and seiz'd; and such was the Fury and Indignation of the Army, that they would have torn them in pieces in an instant, had not *Philocles* stop't the Multitude. Afterwards he took *Timocrates* aside, and ask'd him calmly, Who had engag'd him to commit so black a Deed? *Timocrates*, who fear'd Death, shew'd him instantly the Order I gave him in writing

ing to dispatch *Philocles*; and as all Traytors are Cowards, he be-thought himself of saving his Life by revealing to *Philocles Protefilaus's* Treachery. *Philocles* amaz'd and frighted to find so much Malice in Men, follow'd a wise Resolution; he declar'd to the Army, That *Timocrates* was innocent; and having secur'd him from their Violence, sent him back to *Crete*. Afterwards he resign'd the Command of the Army to *Polimenes*, whom I appointed in my written Order, to Command after *Philocles* was kill'd. Last of all he exhorted the Troops to remain faithful to their Duty to me, and in the Night-time went over to the Isle of *Samos* in a small Bark. There he lives retir'd in peaceful Poverty, making Statues to get his Sustenance, and abhorring to hear any Body speak of unjust and treacherous Men, especially Princes, who of all Mortals are the most unhappy and most blind. At these words, *Mentor* stopping *Idomeneus*, Well, said he,  
Was

Was it long before you discover'd the Truth? No, answer'd *Idomeneus*; I found out by degrees the Artifices of *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*: They fell out a little while after; for wicked Men are seldom long united. By their Division, I perceiv'd the Abyss into which they had precipitated me. Well, said *Mentor*, did you not then resolve to rid your self of either of them? Alas! Dear *Mentor*, are you ignorant how weak and perplex'd Princes are? When they have once given up themselves to Men who have the Art of making themselves necessary, they can no longer hope for liberty. Those whom they despise most, are those whom they use best, and on whom they bestow their Favours; I abhorr'd *Protesilaus*, and yet I left all my Authority in his Hands. Oh! unaccountable Illusion! I was pleas'd with my self, because I knew him, but my Weakness would not suffer me to re-take my Power from him. Besides, I found

found him easie, complaisant, industrious in gratifying my Passions, zealous for my Service; in short, I found Reasons to excuse my Weakness to my self. My being unacquainted with true Virtue, (for want of chusing good Ministers to manage my Affairs) made me believe there was no such thing on Earth, and that Honesty was but a meer *Chimera*. Why, said I to my self, should I be at the Pains of getting out of the Hands of one corrupt Man, to fall into those of another, who shall be neither more free from Self-Interest, nor more sincere than he?

In the mean time the Fleet commanded by *Polimenes*, return'd: I laid aside the Thoughts of conquering the Island of *Carpathia*; and *Protesilaus* could not dissemble so well, but that I did discover how much he was vex'd to hear that *Philocles* was safe in the Isle of *Samos*. *Mentor* interrupted *Idomeneus* once more, and ask'd him, Whether after

ter so black a Treachery, he had continu'd *Protesilaus* in the Administration of his Affairs? I was, answer'd *Idomeneus*, too great an Enemy to Business, and too much distracted by Pleasures, as to be able to get out of his Hands. I must have broke the Method I had establish'd for my own Ease, and given Instructions to a new Minister; this I had not the Resolution to undertake, and so I chose to wink at the Artifices of *Protesilaus*; only I comforted my self, with letting some of my intimate Friends understand, that I was not unacquainted with his Dishonesty. Thus I thought I was cheated but by halves, as long as I knew I was cheated. Nay, I now and then made *Protesilaus* sensible of my being uneasie under his Yoke; I was often pleas'd in contradicting him, in blaming publickly some of his Actions, and in deciding Matters against his Opinion; but being acquainted with my Suppinity and Sloth, he was little troubled



bled at my Disgusts, and pursued his Point with Obstinacy. Sometimes he us'd pressing, imperious Ways, and sometimes supple and fawning Insinuations. But chiefly when he perceiv'd I was angry with him, he redoubled his Endeavours to furnish me with new Amusements which he thought might soften me, or engage me in some Affair, wherein he might be necessary, and make his Zeal for my Reputation appear: And, tho' I stood upon my Guard against him, yet this way of flattering my Passions, did daily insnare me. He knew all my Secrets, he comforted me in my Troubles: He made the whole Nation tremble by the Power he usurp'd from me: In fine, I could not think of ruining him, but rather of maintaining him in his Post; I put all honest Men out of capacity of shewing me my true Interest; and after that very moment no Man durst freely give me his Advice. All Truth was fled far from me; but

but Error, which is the fore-runner of the fall of Princes, star'd me in the Face, and I plainly saw how much I was to blame to sacrifice *Philocles* to the cruel Ambition of *Protesilaus*: Those very Men who were most zealous for the Government, and my Person, did not think themselves oblig'd to undeceive me. After so dreadful an Example, I my self, dear *Mentor*, was afraid lest Truth should pierce through the Cloud, and reach my sight in spite of all my Flatterers; for wanting Resolution to follow it, its Light became troublesome to me; and I was sensible that it would have rais'd cruel Remorses within me, without freeing me from so fatal an Engagement. My Easiness, and the Ascendent which *Protesilaus* had gain'd over me, made me almost despair of ever recovering my Liberty. I was unwilling either to behold my wretched State, or to discover it to others; for you know, dear *Mentor*, that the vain Pride and  
false

false Glory, wherein Princes are brought up, will not suffer 'em ever to be in the wrong. To palliate a Fault, they make a hundred; rather than own they have been deceiv'd, and give themselves the trouble of forsaking their Error, they'll suffer themselves to be deceiv'd all their Lives long. This is the State of weak and inadvertent Princes; and it was exactly my own. When it was absolutely necessary that I should go to the Siege of *Troy*, at my departure I left *Protesilaus* my chief Minister of State, who in my absence rul'd with Haughtiness and Inhumanity: The whole Kingdom of *Crete* groan'd under his Tyranny; but no body durst tell me how the People were oppress'd: They knew that I was afraid to know the Truth, and that I left all those to the Cruelty of *Protesilaus*, who durst attempt to speak against him. But the more it was conceal'd, the more violent was the Evil. He constrain'd me to throw  
off

off the valiant *Merione*, who had follow'd me with so much Honour to the Siege of *Troy*. At my return he grew jealous of him and of all those whom I lov'd, and in whom appear'd any sign of Virtue. You must know, my dear *Mentor*, that thence all my Misfortunes had their rise. 'Twas not so much the death of my Son that caus'd the *Cretans* to revolt, as the Vengeance of the Gods irritated against my Weakness, and the Hatred of the People which *Protesilaus* had drawn upon me: When I spilt the Blood of my Son, the *Cretans*, now weary of a rigorous Government, had lost all Patience, and the horror of this Action did only openly shew what had long lain hidden in the bottom of their Hearts. *Timocrates* follow'd me to the Siege of *Troy*, and by private Letters gave *Protesilaus* an account of all that he could pry into. I plainly perceiv'd that I was in slavery, but I endeavour'd not to think of it, despairing to remedy it.

When



When the *Cretans* revolted at my Arrival, *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates* were the first who fled; and had doubtless left me, had I not been oblig'd to fly almost as soon as they. Know, my dear *Mentor*, that insolent Men in the time of Prosperity are ever weak, and in disgrace; they grow giddy and faint-hearted as soon as ever absolute Power forsakes 'em; they are then as abject as they are haughty, and, in one moment, they pass from one extreme to another.

Said *Mentor* to *Idomeneus*, But how comes it then, that knowing these two wicked Men to the very bottom, you should still entertain 'em near you, as I see you do? I dont wonder that they follow'd you, since they cou'd do no otherwise for their own safety; and I believe that you have been so generous as to give 'em a Refuge in your new Settlement; but why will you again betray your self to 'em after such dear experience of 'em? You don't know, said *Ido-*  
P *meneus*,



*Idomeneus*, how useless all Experiences are to easy and inadvertent Princes, who live without Reflection ; they are discontented with every Thing, and yet have not the Courage to redress any Thing. The Habit of so many Years continuance, is as so many Iron-Fetters that chain'd me to these two Men ; they beset me every Hour ; and since I have been here, they have put me upon all these excessive Expences that you see : They have lost this growing State ; they drew this War upon me, which had inevitably ruin'd me without you ; I shou'd soon have found the same Misfortunes at *Salenta* that I felt in *Crete* ; but you have at last open'd my Eyes, and you have inspir'd me with the Courage which I wanted to throw off this Slavery : I dont know what you have wrought within me, but since you have been here, I find my self quite another Man.

*Mentor* then ask'd *Idomeneus* how *Protesilaus* had behav'd himself in this

this change of Affairs. No Man with more artifice, reply'd *Idomeneus*, since your arrival here: He has not omitted the least occasion to fill any Soul with unjust Suspensions. 'Tis true he said nothing against you, but several others buzz'd in my Ears that these two Strangers ought to be narrowly inspected: One of 'em, said he, is the Son of the grand Deceiver *Ulysses*, and t'other is a decrepid Man, and of deep Thought; they are us'd to wander about from Kingdom to Kingdom, and who knows but they have hatch'd some Design against this? These great Adventurers relate themselves that they have caus'd great Troubles in all the Countries they have past thro'; and ours is but a growing State, and scarce yet settled, so that the least Commotion may overturn it. *Protesilaus* said nothing, but he endeavour'd to make me perceive the Danger and Extravagance of all these Reformatations that you make me attempt: He attack'd me with

my own proper Interest: If, said he,  
 you let the People live in plenty,  
 the'l work no more, but will grow  
 Fierce, Indocile, and ever ready to  
 Revolt; 'tis only Weakness and Mi-  
 sery that makes 'em humble, and  
 that hinders 'em from disturbing the  
 Government: He has often endea-  
 vour'd to resume his former Autho-  
 rity, to hurry me away, covering  
 it with your desire of easing the  
 pretence of his Zeal to serve me.  
 The People, said he, derogate from  
 the Regal Power, and by that you  
 will do the People themselves an  
 irreparable Injury. For there is a  
 necessity that they should always be  
 kept low for their own quiet and  
 safety. To all which I answer'd,  
 That I knew how to keep the Peo-  
 ple in their Duty to me, by making  
 my self belov'd by 'em, and not  
 remit any thing of my Prerogative,  
 tho' I did ease 'em: In short, by  
 giving the Children good Education,  
 and an exact Discipline to all the  
 People, to keep 'em in a plain course  
 of

of life, sober and laborious. How! said I, are not the People to be kept in subjection without starving 'em to death? What Inhumanity is this! what brutish Policy! How many People do we see govern'd with a gentle hand, and yet Loyal to their Princes? That which causes Revolts is the Ambition and Restlessness of the Grandees of a State, when once they have got too great a Liberty, suffering their Passions to pass all due Bounds. 'Tis the multitude of great and little, who live at Ease, in Luxury, and in Laziness: 'Tis the too great abundance of Military Men, who have neglected all useful Employments, which they should take upon 'em in the time of Peace: In short, 'tis the Despair of a People ill-treated; 'tis the Severity, the Haughtiness of Princes, and their Indulgence of themselves, that makes 'em incapable of watching over every Member of the State to prevent any Trouble. See here now what cau-

ses Revolts? 'Tis not the Bread which the Labourer is suffer'd to eat in Peace, after he has got it by the Sweat of his Brow. When *Protesilaus* saw that I was unshaken in these Maxims, he took a quite contrary course to his former practices, and began to observe those Maxims he could not destroy: He seem'd to Relish 'em, to be convinc'd by 'em, and to own himself oblig'd to me for making 'em so obvious to him ; and obviates all my Wishes to ease the Poor: He is the first that represents their Grievances to me, and that cries out against extravagant Expences; you know your self he praises you, that he seems to have great confidence in you, and that he omits nothing that may please you. *Timocrates* indeed, begins not to stand so well with *Protesilaus*, and thinks to be independent on any body but himself: *Protesilaus* is jealous of him, and it is partly thro' their difference that I have discover'd their perfidy.

*Mentor*



*Mentor* smiling, replied thus to *Idomeneus*: What then if you have been so weak as even to suffer yourself to be tyrannized over for so many Years, by two Traytors, whose Treasons you were acquainted with? Alas! (cry'd *Idomeneus*) you do not know what Men of Artifice can work on a weak Prince, who has deliver'd himself up to them, in the management of all his Affairs. I told you besides, that nevertheless *Protesilaus* approves all the Projects for the Publick good. *Mentor* resum'd the Discourse with a great deal of gravity, and said, I see but too well how much the Wicked prevail against the Good, especially among Princes, of which you are a sad Example: But you tell me, I have open'd your Eyes as to *Protesilaus*, and yet they are so far shut, as to leave the management of the Government to this Man who is unworthy to live. Know, that wicked Men are not incapable of doing good; 'tis equally the same thing to

them as to do ill, when they can serve their Ambition. It costs 'em nothing to do ill; because no thought of Goodness, nor any Principle of Virtue does restrain 'em; but just so they do well, because the Corruption of their Nature leads 'em to it, that they may seem good, so to deceive the rest of Mankind. To speak properly, they are not capable of Virtue, tho' they seem to act by its Principles; but they are capable of adding to all other Vices the most horrible of all Vices, which is *Hypocrisie*. As long as you stedfastly resolve to do good, *Protesilaus* will be ready to do good with you, to preserve his Authority; but if he perceives the least lapse from it in you, he will forget nothing that may make you fall again into your Errors, and freely to resume his natural Deceit and Ferocity. Can you live in Honour and Quiet as long as such a Man haunts you Day and Night, and as long as you know the faithful *Philocles*, poor and disgrac'd in  
the

the Isle of *Samos*? O *Idomeneus*! you know well enough, that the Bold and Deceitful Men, when present, insure weak Princes: And you ought to add, That Princes have yet another Unhappiness no whit inferior, which is, easily to forget Virtue, and the Services of a Man at a distance. The Multitude of Men who crowd on Princes, is the Reason that there is not one among 'em who can make any deep impresson on them; they are not touch'd but by what is present, and by that which flatters 'em; all the rest is soon defac'd. Upon the whole, Virtue touches 'em but little; because, Virtue, far from flattering 'em, contradicts 'em, and condemns their weakness in them. Can we wonder that they are not beloved, when they do not deserve it, and love nothing but their Greatness and Pleasures?

After having thus spoken, *Mentor* perswaded *Idomeneus*, that he shou'd turn out *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*,

and recall *Philocles*. That which most stuck with the King as to this was, That he fear'd the Severity of *Philocles*. I must confess, said he, I cannot chuse but be a little fearful of his return, tho' I love and esteem him; but I have ever since my Infaney, been accustom'd to be prais'd, to Courtship, and to Complaisance, which I cannot hope to find from this Man. Whenever I did any thing that he dislik'd, his sorrowful Countenance sufficiently assur'd me that he condemn'd me. When he was in private with me, his Maxims were full of respect and moderation, but harsh.

Don't you see, said *Mentor*, that Princes who are spoil'd by Flattery, think every thing harsh and austere that is free and ingenuous; they are grown so nice, that every thing that is not Flattery offends and provokes 'em. But let us go yet a little further: I grant that *Philocles* is really Harsh and Austere; but is not his Austerity better than the pernicious Flattery



Flattery of your Counsellors? Where will you find a Man without Faults? And ought not you to fear the Fault of one who tells you the Truth a little too freely? What do I say? Is not this a Fault necessary to the Correction of yours, and to cure the loathing of Truth which Flattery has begot in you? You want a Man who loves nothing but Truth, and who loves you better than you know how to love your self; who dare, and will tell you unpleasing Truths; who will press upon all your Retirements; and this necessary Man is *Philocles*. Remember that Prince is too happy, when but only one Man of such greatness of Mind is Born in his Reign, who is the most valuable Treasure of his Kingdom; and that the greatest Punishment he ought to fear from the Gods, is to be depriv'd of him, if he renders himself unworthy, for want of knowing how to make use of him. As to the Faults of Good Men, he ought to be acquainted with



with 'em, and nevertheless make use of their Service: Redress those Faults, deliver not your self blindly up to their indiscreet Zeal, but favourably hear 'em; honour their Virtue; shew the Publick that you know how to distinguish it; and above all, take great care that you be not like those Princes, who only despising corrupt Men, do not however fail to employ and intrust 'em, and to heap kindnesses on 'em; and who pretending to know virtuous Men, give 'em nothing but empty Praises, not desiring to trust 'em in any Employments, nor to admit 'em into their familiar Conversation, nor to bestow any Favours on them. *Idomeneus* then own'd, that he was ashamed he had so long delay'd the deliverance of oppressed Innocence, and the Punishment of those who had abus'd him; Immediately therefore he gave private Orders to *Hegesippus*, who was one of the principal Officers of the Household, to seize *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*, and  
to

to carry 'em guarded to the Isle of *Samos*, and to leave 'em there, and to bring back *Philoctes* from that place of Exile. *Hegesippus*, surpriz'd at these Orders, cou'd not forbear weeping for Joy. 'Tis now this moment, said he to the King, that you are going to charm your Subjects: For these two Men have caus'd all your Misfortunes as well as those of your People: These Twenty Years have all good Men groan'd under 'em; and 'twas dangerous too to be heard to groan; so cruel is their Tyranny, they oppress all those who endeavour to go to you by any other way but by them. Afterwards *Hegesippus* discover'd a great many Treacheries and Acts of Inhumanity, committed by these two Men, of which the King never had Information before, because no body durst accuse 'em: He gave him besides, an Account of what he had discover'd of a Conspiracy against *Mentor*. The King heard all with Horror; in the mean while *Hegesippus* hasten'd to go  
take

take *Protesilaus* in his House : It was not so large, nor so commodious, nor so pleasant as the King's, but the Architecture was of a better Model ; and *Protesilaus* had adorn'd it with a great deal of Cost, drawn from the Blood of those whom he had made miserable. *Protesilaus* was at that time in a Parlour of Marble near his Baths, lying carelessly on a Bed of Purple, embroider'd with Gold : He seem'd weary and spent with his Labours : His Eyes and Eye-brows discover'd an unusual kind of disorder, and sullen Wildness : The Chief of the Kingdom sat rang'd about him on Carpets, and compos'd their Looks to those of *Protesilaus*, which they observ'd, even to the twinkling of an Eye : Scarce cou'd he open his Mouth, ere all of them were ready to extol with Admiration what he was going to say. One of the principal of the Company repeated to him with ridiculous Exaggerations, what he had done for the King. Another told him

him that *Jupiter* having deceiv'd his Mother, gave Life to him, and that he was Son to the Father of the Gods. Among the rest a Poet sung Verses to him, wherein he recited that *Protesilaus* being Instructed by the Muses, equal'd *Apollo* in every performance of Wit ; another Poet more Fauning and Impudent, call'd him in his Verses the Inventor of the Liberal Sciences, and the Father of the People, whom he made happy ; and describ'd him holding the Horn of Plenty in his Hand. *Protesilaus* hearken'd to these Praises with a surly Look, distorted and disdainful, like one who knows well enough that he deserves them, and yet far greater, and who condescends too much in suffering himself to be prais'd. There was another Flatterer who took the liberty to tell him in his Ear some pleasant Thing against the Regulations *Mentor* endeavour'd to establish, at which *Protesilaus* smil'd ; and then the whole Assembly fell a Laughing, tho



tho the greatest part could not yet know what was said; but *Protesilaus* resuming his severe and haughty Air, every one of 'em put on their former dread, and became Silent. These Noblemen often watch'd the happy Opportunity when *Protesilaus* wou'd cast his Eye towards 'em and hear 'em, appearing mute and disorder'd, because they had some Favours to beg of him: Their dejected Postures spoke for 'em, and they seem'd as submissive as a Mother at the foot of an Altar, when she begs of the Gods that her only Son may be restor'd to his Health. Every one appear'd contented, full of Tenderness and Admiration of *Protesilaus*, tho they all had entertain'd an implacable hatred of him in their Hearts. In this very Moment enters *Hegesippus*, seizes his Sword, and tells him that he is come to carry him to the Isle of *Samos*. At these Words, all the Loftiness of *Protesilaus* fell down like a Rock that breaks off from the top of a sharp-pointed Moun-



Mountain : Now he throws himself trembling at the Feet of *Hegesippus* ; he cries, he falters, he flammers, he quakes, he embraces the Knees of this Man, whom not an Hour since he wou'd not vouchsafe to Honour so much as with a Look : All those who had but just now Worship'd him, seeing him irrecoverably lost, turn'd their Flatteries into bitter and pitiless Mockeries ; and *Hegesippus* wou'd not allow him so much time as either, to take his last Farewel of his Wife and Family, or to fetch some private Writings ; but all were seiz'd and carry'd to the King. At the same time too *Timocrates* was Arrested, to his great Amazement ; for having fall'n out with *Protesilaus* he thought he cou'd not be involv'd in his Ruin. They set out then in a Vessel prepar'd for that purpose, and arriv'd at *Samos*, where *Hegesippus* left these two miserable Wretches, and to compleat their Misery he left 'em together. There, with the greatest Rage, they  
re-

reproach'd one another with the Crimes they had committed, which now were the cause of their Fall. They were now past hope of ever seeing *Salenta* more, condemn'd to live far from their Wives and Children, I can't say far from their Friends; for they had none. They were then in an unknown Land, where they had no means of Living but by their Labour: They who had pass'd so many Years in Delicacies and Pride, were now, like wild Beasts, always ready to tear one another a Pieces.

In the mean time *Hegesippus* inquir'd in what part of the Isle *Philocles* dwelt: He was told that he liv'd a great way from the Town upon a Mountain, where a Cave serv'd him for an House. All the Inhabitants spoke to him with Admiration of this Stranger: Never since he has been in this Isle, said they to him, has he offended any Body. Every Man wonders at his Patience, his Labour and Peace of Mind;

Mind ; since, having nothing, he seems always Contented ; and tho he be here far from Business, without Wealth and without Authority, he ceases not however to oblige those who deserve it, and finds a Thousand ways to do all his Neighbours some Service.

*Hegeſippus* went up towards this Grotto, which he found empty and open ; for the Poverty and plain Manners of *Philocles*, oblig'd him to no neceſſity of ſhutting his Door when he went out. A Matt of Ruſhes ſerv'd him inſtead of a Bed : He ſeldom kindl'd a Fire, becauſe he never eat any Thing dress'd : All the Summer he liv'd upon Fruits newly gather'd ; and in the Winter upon Dates and dry Figs. A clear Spring of Water diſtilling from a Rock, ſerv'd to quench his Thirſt. He had nothing in his Grotto but Inſtruments neceſſary for Carving, and ſome few Books which he read at certain Hours ; not to adorn his Mind, nor to ſatisfy his Curioſity, but

but to instruct him at his spare Hours, and to learn to be Good. He apply'd himself to this Art, only to exercise his Body, and to get a Livelyhood, that he might not be beholding to any Person. *Hege-*  
*sippus* entring the Grotto, cou'd not but admire the Works that he had begun; he observ'd a *Jupiter*, whose serene Countenance was so full of Majesty, that he might easily be known for the Father of the Gods and Men; on another side appear'd *Mars* with a dreadful and menacing Fierceness: But what was most lively represented, was a *Minerva*, who gave Life to these Arts; her Countenance was noble and sweet, her Port lofty and free; she was in a Posture so nearly imitating Life, that one might believe that she wou'd immediately Walk. *Hege-*  
*sippus* having delighted himself with the sight of these Statues, came out of the Grotto, and at some distance off, under a large Tree, he saw *Philocles* Reading on the Grass. He  
 went



went directly towards him ; and *Philocles* who perceiv'd him, knew not what to think. Is not that *Hegesippus* there, said he to himself, with whom I liv'd so long in *Crete* ? But what shou'd cause him to come to an Island so far distant ? Perhaps 'tis his Ghost that after his Death comes from the *Stygian Banks*. Whilst he was thus doubting, *Hegesippus* came so near him, that he cou'd not choose but know him again and embrace him. Is it then indeed you, my dear and old Friend ? What Danger, what Tempest has thrown you on this Shoar ? Why did you leave the Island of *Crete* ? Is it a Disgrace like mine, which has forc'd you from your Country to our side ? *Hegesippus* answer'd him, 'tis no Disgrace ; but, on the contrary, the Kindness of Heaven that has brought me hither. Then presently he recounted to him the long Tyranny of *Protesilaus* and *Timocrates*, the Misfortunes into which they had precipitated *Idomeneus*, the Fall of that Prince, his  
Flight



Flight to the Coasts of *Hesperia*, the Founding of *Salenta*, the arrival of *Mentor* and *Telemachus*, the wise Maxims with which *Mentor* had inspir'd the King, and the Disgrace of those two Traitors; adding, that he had brought 'em to *Samos*, to suffer the same Banishment there, which they had caus'd *Philocles* to undergo, and so finish'd his Discourse in telling him that he was commanded to bring him to *Salenta*; where the King, who knew his Innocence, wou'd trust the management of his Affairs to him, and heap Riches on him.

Do you see this Cave, said *Philocles* to him, fitter to hide wild Beasts, than to be inhabited by Men? Here I have tasted for these many Years past, more Sweetness and Repose than ever I did in the gilded Palaces of the Island of *Crete*. Man deceives me no more, for I Converse with no Man; I hear no more their flattering and poysoning Discourses; I have no more need of 'em. My  
Hands

Hands inur'd to Labour, give me a  
 wholesome Nourishment, sufficient  
 and necessary ; I need no more than  
 this slight Stuff that you see, to cover  
 me ; I have no other Want ; I en-  
 joy an undisturb'd Rest and a sweet  
 Freedom, of which the Wisdom in  
 my Books teach me to make a good  
 use. What shou'd I go to seek  
 again among suspicious, deceitful and  
 inconstant Men ? No, no, my dear  
*Hegesippus*, envy not my good For-  
 tune. *Protesilaus* has betray'd him-  
 self, designing to betray the King,  
 and to ruin me ; but, believe me,  
 he has done me no hurt at all : On  
 the contrary he has done me the  
 greatest Kindness ; he has deliver'd  
 me from the noise and slavery of Bu-  
 siness ; to him I owe my dear Soli-  
 tude, and all the innocent Pleasures  
 that I have enjoy'd here. Return,  
*Hegesippus* ! Return to the King,  
 help him to support the Miseries of  
 Greatness, and do for him what you  
 wou'd have me do. Since his Eyes,  
 so long shut against Virtue, have at  
 last

last been open'd by this wise Man whom you call *Mentor*; let the King keep him near him. It is dangerous for me after my Shipwreck to quit the Port into which the Tempest had so happily driven me, and to trust my self again to the Mercy of the Winds. Ah! How much are Kings to be pity'd. Ah! How ought they to be pity'd who serve 'em! If they are Wicked, how many Men suffer by 'em; and what Torments are prepar'd for 'em in the darkeſt Hell? If they are Good, how many Difficulties have they to overcome! How many Snares to avoid! What Ills to ſuffer!—— Once more my dear *Hegesippus*, leave me in my happy Poverty!——

While *Philocles* was thus ſpeaking with a great deal of earneſtneſs, *Hegesippus* beheld him with aſtoniſhment; he had ſeen him formerly in *Crete*, during the time he adminiſter'd the greateſt Affairs of State, lean, languid, and almoſt ſpent, his natural Ardour and Auſterity

sterity wasting through Care and Pains: He cou'd not see Vice unpunish'd without the greatest Concern: He would have Affairs manag'd with such an Exactness as is never known; and thus his great Employments destroy'd his weak Constitution: But at *Samos*, *Hege-  
sippus* found him plump and vigorous, for all his Age; his flourishing Youth seem'd renew'd in his Face; a temperate, quiet, and laborous Life had, as it were, given him a new Constitution. You are surpriz'd to see me so alter'd, said *Philocles*, then smiling; but know, 'tis my Retreat has thus renew'd and restor'd me to perfect Health. My Enemies have given me what I could never find in the greatest of my Fortunes: Would you have me then lose the *true Good*, to pursue the false, and plunge my self again into my former Miseries? Ah! I beseech you, be not more Cruel than *Protesilaus*! At least, envy me not the Happiness that I owe to him!

Q

*Hege-*

*Hegesippus* then urg'd to him, but in vain, all that he thought might move him. Are you then insensible, said he to him, of the Pleasure of seeing your Friends and Relations, who wish and sigh for your Return, and whom the hope alone of embracing you over-whelms with Joy? *You*, who revere the Gods, and who love your Duty, do you think it none to serve King; and to assist him in all the good he designs, in making so many People happy? Is it permitted that a Man should abandon himself to a wild and savage Philosophy, to prefer himself to all the rest of Mankind, and to value his own Quiet more than that of his Fellow-Citizens? If these be not the Reasons, 'twill certainly be thought you do it out of spite, that you will see the King no more; who, if he did design any ill to you, 'twas because he did not then know you. It was not the honest, the just *Philocles* whom he would have destroy'd; no, 'twas a Man quite



quite different from him whom he would have punish'd: But now he knows you, and does not mistake you for another; he feels all his former Friendship revive in his Heart: He waits for you; at this very moment he opens his Arms to embrace you: He is so impatient, he thinks every Hour a Day: And can you be inexorable to your *King*, and to all your dearer *Friends*?

*Philocles*, who at first, grew tender at the sight of *Hegesippus*, resum'd his grave and severe Look, whilst he hearkned to this Discourse, firm as a Rock against which the Winds fruitlessly contend, and roaring Billows break themselves; he was still immovable, nor his Prayers nor his Arguments could penetrate his Heart; but in the moment when *Hegesippus* began to despair to prevail on him, *Philocles*, having consulted the Gods, found by the Flight of Birds, the Entrails of Victims, and by several Divina-

Q 2

tions,

tions, that he must follow *Hegesippus*; wherefore he no longer resisted, but prepar'd to go; but not without regret, that he must leave the Desert where he had pass'd so many Years. Alas, said he, O my lovely Grotto, must I quit thee! where peaceful Sleep came every Night to release me from the Labours of the Day! Here the Destinies, in the middle of my Poverty, spun golden Days. Here, weeping, he prostrated himself to adore the *Nayade* who had so long quench'd his Thirst with her clear Flood, and all the Nymphs that inhabited the neighbouring Mountains. Eccho heard his mournful Farewells, and repeated 'em to all the Deities of the Fields. At last *Philocles* came to the Town with *Hegesippus* to embark themselves; not imagining that the miserable *Protesilaus*, for very shame and anger, would have seen him; but he was mistaken, for ill Men have no shame, and can always submit themselves to the meanest things; *Philocles's*

*cles's* Modesty conceal'd him for fear of being seen by this miserable Wretch; fearing, indeed, to heighten his Misfortune by shewing him the Prosperity of an Enemy who was going to be rais'd on his Ruins; but *Protesilaus* eagerly sought *Philocles*; he desir'd he should pity him, and beg of the King that he might return to *Salenta*: But *Philocles* was too sincere to promise him to labour for his being re-call'd; for he knew better than any Man how pernicious his Return would have been: But he spoke very courteously to him, and expressing a great deal of Compassion; endeavour'd to comfort him, and exhorted him to appease the angry Gods by a pious Life, and by a magnanimous Patience in his Affliction: And having understood that the King had taken from *Protesilaus* all his ill-gotten Riches, he promis'd him two things, which at last he faithfully perform'd: One was to take care of his Wife and Children, who were at *Salenta*, ex-

pos'd to the fury of the Multitude ;  
and t'other was to send to *Protesilaus*, in this Isle so far distant, some little Supply of Money to alleviate his Misfortunes.

In the mean time, a fair Wind fill'd their spreading Sails: *Hegesippus*, full of impatience, hastens *Philocles* ; and *Protesilaus* sees 'em embark'd ; his Eyes are fix'd and immoveable on the Shore ; he pursues the Vessel that cuts the Waves, and which the Wind carries farther and farther each Minute ; and when at last he could see 'em no more, reprints the *Idea* of them in his Mind : In short, raging and vex'd, and given over to his own Despair, he tears his Hair, throws himself on the Sand, taxes the Gods with their Severity, and in vain calls on cruel Death to help him ; who deaf to his Prayers, will not vouchsafe to deliver him out of so great Miseries ; nor has he the Courage to give it himself.

In

In the mean while, this Vessel favour'd by *Neptune* and the Winds, soon arriv'd at *Salenta*; and as soon as it was told the King, and they were landed at the Port, he ran with *Mentor* towards *Philocles*, and kindly embracing him, shew'd a sensible Concern for having persecuted him with so much Injustice.

This Reception, far from appearing a Weakness in a Prince, was look'd upon by the *Salentines*, as a great Soul, which raises it self above past Faults, in freely owning 'em in order to repair 'em. Every one wept for joy to see this honest Man again, who lov'd the People, and to hear the King speak with so much Discretion and Humanity. *Philocles* receiv'd the King's Caresses with great Respect and Modesty, and was very impatient to be out of the Noise and Acclamations of the People: He follow'd the King to the Palace, where presently *Mentor* and He were as well acquainted, as if they



they had liv'd together all their Lives long, tho' they had never seen one another before: For the Gods, who have deny'd Eyes to the Wicked to perceive Good, have given Eyes to good Men whereby they know one another. Those who have any Relish of Virtue, can't be together without being united, because they are soon in love with one another. *Philocles* beg'd of the King that he might retire to some Solitude near *Salenta*, where he continu'd to spend his days in Poverty, as he had liv'd in *Samos*. The King and *Mentor* went daily to see him in his solitary Retreat; where they consulted the Means to strengthen the Laws, and to lay a solid Foundation of Government for the Publick Good. The two first and principal things they consider'd, were the Education of Children, who belong less to their own Parents than to the Commonwealth, said *Mentor*: They are the Children of the People, whose Hope and Strength they are; and 'tis too late

late to Correct 'em when they are corrupted; 'tis too little to exclude 'em from Employments, when they have made themselves unworthy of 'em; 'tis therefore much better to prevent the Mischief, than to be forc'd to punish it. The King, aded he, who is the Father of all his People, is yet more particularly the Father of all the *Youth*, who are the Flower of the Nation. 'Tis the Blossom that prepares the Fruit; let not the King disdain to watch over 'em, and set Officers to mind the Education of these Children: Let him see that the Laws of *Minos* be put in Force, which command, That Children be brought up in a contempt of Pain and Death; That Honour be plac'd in a neglect of Pleasure and Riches; That Injustice, Lying and Effeminacy be accounted Infamous; That from their tender Infancy they be taught to sing the Praises of the Hero's belov'd of the Gods, who have bravely merited of their Country, and  
 who

who have signaliz'd their Courage in Battels: Let the Charms of Musick affect their Souls, to soften and purifie their Manners: Let 'em learn to be Affectionate to their Friends, faithful to their Allies, respectful to the Nobility, and just even to their Enemies: Let 'em be taught to fear Death and Torments less than the least thing of their Conscience! If Children are betimes inspir'd with these great Principles, and if they are sweetly insinuated into 'em, they will, doubtless, be inflam'd with the Love of Honour and Virtue.

*Mentor* added, That it was absolutely necessary to institute Schools to accustom the Youth to hard Exercises of the Body, that they may not learn to grow tender and lazy, which debauches the best Constitution: He farther advis'd, That there should be Plays and Shews frequently to animate the People; but above all, that they should exercise their Bodies, to make 'em active, supple,

ple, and vigorous, adding a Reward to excite Emulation. But what he most desir'd, and tended chiefly to the encouraging of good Manners, was that the People should marry betimes; and their Parents, without any Prospect of Interest, should leave 'em to chuse their Wives, suitable to 'em both in Body and Mind, with whom they might live continually happy.

---

*The End of the Third Volume.*

---





THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS*

The Son of

ULYSSES.

---

PART IV.

---

LONDON,

Printed for *A. and J. Churchill,*  
at the *Black-Swan* in *Pater-*  
*Noster-Row.* MDCC.

ADVENTURES

THE EMANCIPATION

ULYSSES

PART IV

LOWDOWN

Printed for A. and J. Church  
at the Press in  
Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS*  
The Son of  
ULYSSES.

---

PART. IV.

---

**B**UT while they were thus laying down the most probable Means to keep their Youth Chaste, Innocent, Laborious, Tractable, and

R 2

Ambitious

Ambitious of Renown; *Philocles*, who chiefly delighted in War, said to *Mentor*, In vain do you employ Youth in all those Exercises, if you suffer them to languish in continual Peace; where they shall neither have Experience in War, nor occasion to shew their Valour; by this, you will insensibly weaken the Nation, and soften their Courage: Pleasures will corrupt their Manners, and other warlike Nations will find it no hard matter to vanquish them; and by endeavouring to shun the Evils of War, they will fall into a miserable Servitude.

*Mentor* reply'd, The Evils of War never fail to drain a Nation, and put it in danger of Ruin, even while it is most victorious: With how great advantage soever they begin it; they are never sure to end it, without being exposed to the most tragical Chances of Fortune. Suppose you engage with never so great a superiority of Force; the smallest Mistake,

Mistake, a panick Fear, a Nothing, snatches away the Victory that was already in your Hands, and puts it into those of your Enemies: And tho' you should hold Victory chain'd in your Camp, you destroy your Self in destroying your Enemies. You dis-people your Country, leave your Ground uncultivated, interrupt Commerce; nay, which is far worse, you weaken your Laws, and suffer Manners to be corrupted. The Youth do not any more apply themselves to Learning; pressing Wants make you give Way to a pernicious Licentiousness among your Troops; Justice, good Order, every thing suffers in this Confusion. A King who spills the Blood of so many Men, and is the Cause of so many Miseries to acquire a little Glory, or to extend the Limits of his Kingdom, is unworthy of the Glory he hunts after, and deserves to lose that which he possesses, by endeavouring to Usurp what belongs to another.



But after this manner you must exercise the Courage of a Nation in time of Peace. You have already seen the Exercises of the Body that we have Established ; the Prize that excites Emulation, the Maxims of Honour and Virtue, with which we season the Minds of Children, almost from their Cradle, by Songs full of the great Actions of Heroes ; add to those Aids that of a sober and laborious Life. But this is not all ; As soon as any of your Allies shall be in War, you must send thither the flower of your Youth, chiefly those in whom you shall observe a War-like Genius, and who are the most likely to profit by Experience : By this means, you shall preserve a high Esteem amongst your Allies ; your Friendship shall be Courted, and they shall be afraid to lose it : And without having a War at Home, and at your own Charge, you shall always be provided with a Martial and intrepid Youth. And altho' you  
your

your selves enjoy Peace, cease not to treat respectfully those that are Masters of the Art of War ; for the true way to avoid it, and preserve a lasting Peace, is to Cultivate Arms, to Honour Men excellent in that Profession, and to entertain those that are train'd up to it in Foreign Parts, and who know the Force, Discipline, and manner of War in Neighbouring Countries. You shall be equally incapable of making War to gratify your Ambition, and of being afraid of it through Effeminacy : And being in a readiness to undertake it when Necessity obliges, you can easily find means to prevent it. When your Allies make War upon one another, 'twill be your part to become Mediator : And thus you will acquire a Glory far more solid and sure than that of the Conquerors. You shall gain the Love and Esteem of Strangers, they will all of them stand in need of you ; you will strengthen your Authority over

your Subjects: You shall become the Confident of their Secrets, the Umpire of Treatises, and Master of their Affections. Your Fame shall fly through the most distant Countries, and your Name shall be like a most delicious Perfume, that diffuses it self far and wide. In such a happy State, let a Neighbouring People unjustly attack you, they shall always find you ready to receive them: And what strengthens you still more, they shall find you beloved by all, and succour'd by your Neighbours, who will chearfully Arm themselves for you; being fully perswaded, that the publick Security depends on the Preservation of you. This is a Rampart more secure than the strongest Walls, and most regular Fortifications. This is true Glory.

But how few Kings are there that pursue it? nay rather, how few are there that don't avoid it? They run after a deceitful Shadow, and leave  
true

true Honour behind them, because they do not know it. *Mentor* having thus spoke, *Philoctes* look'd upon him with Astonishment; then cast his Eyes on the King: He was charm'd to see how greedily *Idomeneus* suckt into his very Soul, the Stream of Wisdom which flow'd from the Mouth of that Stranger. *Minerva*, in the Shape of *Mentor*, did thus establish in *Salentum*, the best Laws, and most useful Maxims of Government; not so much for the Prosperity of the Kingdom of *Idomeneus*, as to give *Telemachus* a sensible Example of what a Wise Government may do, to make People Happy, and to secure to a good King a lasting Reputation

In the mean time, *Telemachus* gave Proof of his Courage in the Perils of War: And parting from *Salentum*, made it his chief care to gain the Affection of the Old Captains, who were Men of tried Experience, and established Reputation. *Nestor*, who

had formerly seen him at *Pylos*, and had always loved *Ulysses*, treated him as his own Son: He gave him Instructions, enforce'd with divers Illustrious Examples: He related to him the Adventures of his Youth, and the most remarkable things he had seen performed by the Hero's of the last Age. The Memory of this sage Old Man, who had now seen Three Ages, resembled an History of Ancient Times, deeply engraved on lasting Marble or Brass. *Philoctetes*, at first, had not the same Affection for *Telemachus*; the inveterate Hatred which he bore in his Heart against *Ulysses*, gave him an Aversion to his Son; and it was some uneasiness to perceive how much this Youth seem'd to be the Darling of the Gods, who design'd to make him equal to those Hero's which had laid *Troy* in Ashes: But the obliging Behaviour of *Telemachus*, soon overcame the Resentments of *Philoctetes*, and irresistibly forc'd him to love  
 one



one who was possess'd with so much Sweetness and Modesty. He often took *Telemachus* in his Arms, and said to him: My Son, (for I cannot henceforth forbear calling you so) I must own, your Father and I did bear a mutual Hatred, for a long time against one another; and even after we had brought proud *Troy* to its fatal Period, my Anger was not asswag'd; and though at first sight, I found it hard for me to love you; yet that Sweet and Innocent Virtue, and unaffected Modesty with which you are endued, are not to be resisted. Afterwards *Philoctetes* told him that he would relate to him what it was that had first kindled his Hatred against *Ulysses*.

To begin, says he, my Story a little higher; I accompanied in all his Travels, the great *Hercules*, who deliver'd the Earth from so many Monsters; who in respect of other Hero's, was as the lofty Oak amidst the tender Roses, or the Eagle among

mong the little Birds. Both that Hero's Misfortunes and my own, proceeded from a Passion which is the Cause of the most terrible Disasters, Unhappy Love. *Hercules* was subdued by that shameful Passion, and became the Spirit of the cruel Boy, *Cupid*. He could not remember, without Blushing, that formerly forgetting all his Glory, he had been brought even to handle the Distaff with *Omphale*, Queen of *Lydia*, as if he had been the Weakest and most Effeminate of all Men. While he was under the Dominion of his blind Passion, a Hundred times has he owned to me, that this Action had quite tainted his Virtue, and almost defaced the Glory of all his Labours. Nevertheless he was caught a second time in the very same Snares that he so much studied to avoid. Had he been constant, he was once too happy in the love of *Deianira*, his Wife; but too soon the Youth of *Iola*, in whose  
Face

Face the Graces themselves were painted, did rob him of his Heart. *Deianira*, burning with Jealousie, be-thought her of the fatal Garment that the Centaur *Nessus* had left her at his Death, as an infallible way to awaken the Affection of *Hercules*, when he seem'd to neglect her, and love another. But alas! this Garment was full of the venomous Blood of the Centaur, and of the Darts which had pierc'd him; for you know that the Arrows with which *Hercules* kill'd the perfidious Monster, had been dipp'd in the Blood of the *Hydra* of *Lerna*, whence they had drawn so strong a Poison, that the Wounds they gave were incurable.

*Hercules* having put on this Coat, was quickly sensible of the devouring Fire which penetrated into the Marrow of his Bones. Mount *Oeta* shook, and the deepest Valleys resounded; the Sea it self seemed troubled at his Groans; which far surpass'd the Bellowings of the most  
furious

furious Bulls, in their dreadful Combats. The unhappy *Lychas*, who had brought him the Garment from *Dejanira*, venturing to approach him; *Hercules* in the extremity of his Pain, whirl'd him round, as one does a Stone in a Sling, which he is to throw a great distance.

So *Lychas* being darted from the top of the Mountain by the powerful Arm of *Hercules*, fell amongst the Waves of the Sea, where he was immediately chang'd into a Rock, which still retains its Humane shape, and against which the angry Billows beating, frighten from afar the wary Pilot. After the Misfortune of *Lychas*, I judg'd it not safe to trust my self to *Hercules*: I began to think now of hiding my self in the deepest Caverns of the Earth: I observ'd how easily with one hand he pluck'd up by the Roots the lofty Firs, and firm-rooted Oaks; which so many Years had despis'd the most impetuous Storms; and with the other,

ther, how he endeavour'd to pull off  
 the fatal Garment; but to no pur-  
 pose; for it was glu'd to his Skin,  
 and as it were, incorporated with  
 his Members, and whilst he rent it,  
 he tore his Flesh: His Blood flow'd  
 in Streams, and moisten'd the Earth;  
 till at last his Vertue overcoming  
 his Pain, he cry'd out, Thou seest,  
 my dear *Philoctetes*, the Evils which  
 the Gods inflict upon me! they are  
 the just punishment of my Offences:  
 I have violated my Conjugal Love:  
 After having subdu'd so many Ene-  
 mies, I have basely suffer'd my self  
 to be overcome by the Love of a  
 beautiful Stranger: I perish, and  
 am pleas'd that my Ruin will appease  
 the Wrath of the Gods. But alas!  
 my dear Friend, whither dost thou  
 fly? 'Tis true, the extremity of my  
 Pain has made me commit an Act of  
 Cruelty upon the unhappy *Lychas*,  
 for which I abhor my self. He was  
 ignorant of the Poison which he  
 brought me, and therefore did not  
 deserve



deserve what he suffer'd: But couldst thou believe that I should forget the Friendship I owe thee, or that I would take away thy Life? No sure, I shall never cease to love *Philoctetes*: I will breath into his Bosom, my departing Soul, and he shall gather my Ashes. Where art thou, then my dear *Philoctetes*, thou only Hope that is left me here below? At these words I ran towards him, whilst he held out his Arms to embrace me; but he drew them back, for fear he should kindle in my Breast the same raging Flame, with which himself was burnt up. Alas! says he, I dare not embrace thee; the last Consolation is denied me. While he thus spoke, he gather'd together the Trees that he had pluck'd up, and erected them into a Funeral Pile, upon the top of the Mountain, which he calmly ascended; he spreads the Skin of the *Nemean* Lyon, which had so long serv'd him for a Mantle, whilst he travel'd  
from

from one end of the Earth to the other, to destroy Monsters, and free the Unfortunate: And leaning upon his Club, he desired me to set Fire to the Pile. My trembling Hand could not refuse him this cruel Piece of Service; for his Life was now so miserable, that it could not any more be reckoned the Gift of the Gods: Yea, I was not even without Apprehension, but the excess of his Pain might transport him to do some Action unworthy of that Virtue which had been hitherto the Admiration of all the World. When he saw the Flame begin to Catch, he cry'd out, Now it is, my dear *Philoctetes*, that thou hast given me a Proof of thy sincere Friendship; for thou lov'st my Honour more than my Life, and may the Gods reward thee. I bequeath thee what I have most valuable on Earth; These Arrows which were dip'd in the Blood of the *Hydra* of *Lerna*: Thou know'st that the Wounds they  
give

give are incurable ; by these thou  
 shalt be invincible, as I have been ;  
 nor shall any Mortal ever dare to  
 encounter thee. Remember I Die  
 thy faithful Friend ; and if thou art  
 mov'd at my Misfortunes, thou  
 mayst give me the last Consolation,  
 by promising never to discover  
 my Death, nor the Place where  
 thou hidest my Ashes. I promised  
 him, yea swore it. Whilst I  
 water'd the funeral Pile with my  
 Tears, a Beam of Joy appear'd  
 darting from his Eyes ; but on a  
 sudden he was involv'd in a tour-  
 ning Flame, which stifled his Voice,  
 and rob'd me of the Sight of him :  
 Afterwards I saw him through the  
 Flames, amidst which he appear'd  
 with a Countenance as serene, as if  
 it had been crown'd with Garlands,  
 and cover'd with delicious and festi-  
 val Perfumes in the Company of his  
 Friends. The Fire quickly consumed  
 all that in him was earthly and mor-  
 tal ; so that there remained nothing  
 of

of what he had received in his Birth from his Mother *Alcmæna*; but by the command of *Jupiter*, it left un-  
 touch'd that subtle and immortal Substance, that celestial Flame, which is the true Principle of Life, and which he had receiv'd from the Father of the Gods; with whom he walk'd along under the gilded Arches of the glittering *Olympus*, to drink Nectar: Where they gave him to Wife the lovely *Hebe*, the Goddess of Youth, who used to fill Nectar to *Jupiter*, before *Ganimede* was promoted to that Honour. As for the Arrows he left me, with a Design to raise me above all the Hero's, they have been an inexhaustible Fountain of Mischief; for shortly after this, the confederated Kings had undertaken to revenge *Menelaus* upon the infamous *Paris*, for the Rape of *Helena*; and to overturn the Empire of *Priamus*. They were inform'd by the Oracle of *Apollo*, that they were not to expect a  
 happy

happy Issue of the War, unless they got the Arrows of *Hercules*. *Ulysses*, your Father, who was always the most clear sighted and industrious in the Management of all their Designs, took upon him to persuade me to go along with them to the Siege of *Troy*, and to bring along with me those Arrows, which he believed were in my Possession. 'Twas now a long time since *Hercules* had disappear'd, neither did they talk of any new Exploit of that Hero: Monsters and Villains began now to shew their Heads; the *Greeks* were uncertain what to believe: Some said he was Dead, others, that he was gone under the Northern Bear, to subdue the *Scythes*; but *Ulysses* affirm'd he was Dead, and undertook to make me own it. He found me out, when as yet I could not comfort my self for the loss of the great *Alcides*: It was not an easy matter to come at me; for I could not any more endure the

Com-



Company of Mankind : I would not suffer my self to be torn from the Desarts of Mount *Oeta*, where I had beheld the last Fate of my dear Friend : There I entertained my self with the Image of that Hero, which was so deeply imprint'd on my Mind, and with Weeping at the sight of that melancholy Place, which had been the last Scene of his Life. But soft and powerful Eloquence sat brooding on your Father's Lips ; he seem'd almost as much afflicted as my self ; he shed Tears ; he knew how to gain my Heart insensibly, and engage me to confide in him ; he begat in me a concern for the *Grecian* Kings, who were going to Fight in a just Cause, and whose Success depended on me. Yet he could never tear from my Breast the Secret of the Death of *Hercules*, which I had sworn never to reveal ; but taking it for granted, he press'd me to shew him the Place where I had hid his Ashes. I was seiz'd with  
hor-

horreur at the Thoughts of such  
 Perjury, in revealing a Secret which  
 I had promised to the Gods to con-  
 ceal for ever. But what I durst not  
 violate, I was tempted to elude ; for  
 which the Gods have punish'd me :  
 I stamp on the Ground with my  
 Foot in the Place where I had hid  
 the Ashes of *Hercules*. Afterwards  
 I went to join the confederated  
 Kings ; who receiv'd me with as  
 much Joy as if I had been *Hercules*  
 himself. Passing thro' the Isle of  
*Lemnos*, I had a mind to shew the  
*Greeks* an Experiment of what my  
 Arrows could do, and preparing to  
 pierce a Doe, that was skipping  
 through the Forrest, heedlessly I  
 dropt the Arrow, which lighting  
 on my Foot, gave me a Wound  
 which pains me still. Immediate-  
 ly I felt the same Torments which  
*Hercules* had suffer'd : Night and  
 Day I fill'd the Island with my  
 Groans. Black and corrupted Gore  
 issuing from my Wound, infected  
 the

the Air, and spread thro' the *Grecian* Camp such a Stench as was able to stifle Men of the most vigorous Constitutions. All the Army were seiz'd with Horrour at the sight of me, and concluded that it was a Punishment inflicted on me by the Justice of the Gods. *Ulysses*, who engaged me in this War, was the first that abandon'd me: I have been inform'd since that he did so, because he prefer'd the common Interest of *Greece*, and the Victory they so much sought after, to all the Ties of Friendship and private Concerns. It was impossible to Sacrifice in the Camp; so much did the horrour and infection of my Wound, and the loudness of my Groans disturb the whole Army: But as soon as I found the *Greeks* had forsook me, and that even by the advice of *Ulysses*; this Artifice seem'd to me full of the most barbarous Cruelty and blackest Treachery. Alas, I was blind and did not see that I had deserved

to be hated by wise and good Men, as much as by the Gods, whom I had offended. I continu'd, during this whole Siege of *Troy*, without help, without hope, or any Thing to ease my Pain: Excessively tormented, in a desert and savage Island, where nothing was to be heard but the noise of Billows breaking upon the Rocks. In this Retirement, I found a hollow Cave within a Rock, which pointed with a double Head towards the Heavens, and afforded a clear and pleasant Spring. This Cave was the usual retreat of wild Beasts, to whose Fury I was expos'd Night and Day: My Bed was of Leaves which I had gather'd together: All my Utenils were a Wooden-box, coarsely wrought; and some tattered Cloaths, with which I bound up my Wound to stop the Blood, and which I used likewise to clean it: In this Place forsaken of Mankind, and delivered over to the Anger of the Gods, I  
 spent



spent my solitary Hours in darting the Pigeons and other Birds that flew about the Rock: And when I had kill'd any to satisfy my Hunger, I was forc'd to crawl along the Ground, with extremity of Pain, to take up my Prey, and with my own Hands to dress it at a Fire I had lighted with a Flint; for the Provisions which the *Greeks* had left me did not last long. This solitary Life, dreadful as 'twas, had seem'd pleasant, in so much as it remov'd me from the Company of base and deceitful Mankind, if I had not been quite overcome with the extremity of my Pain, and the continual remembrance of my last sad Adventure. How! said I, to entice a Man from his Native Country, as the only Person that was capable to revenge the Quarrel of *Greece*, and then to leave him in a desert Island asleep; for so I was when the *Greeks* went away. And you may judge of my Surprize when I awak'd,

S how



how I wept when I saw their Fleet  
 plough the Deep! Looking about,  
 on all hands, I found nothing but  
 Sorrow in this horrid and desert  
 Island, where there are neither  
 Harbour, Commerce nor Hospitali-  
 ty, nor any that land, but who are  
 driven upon it by Storm: You can  
 hope for no Company but by Ship-  
 wrack; and even such durst not  
 carry me along with them, being  
 afraid both of the Anger of the  
 Gods, and of the *Greeks*. Thus ten  
 Years did I suffer Pain and Hunger,  
 feeding a Wound which devour'd  
 me; so that Hope it self was quite  
 extinguish'd in my Breast. One day  
 having been in quest of Medicinal  
 Plants for my Wound, on a sudden  
 I perceiv'd in my Cave a young  
 Man, handsome, of a graceful, but  
 haughty Meen, and heroick Stature:  
 Methought I saw *Achilles*; so much  
 did he resemble him in his Features,  
 Look, and Gate; only the difference  
 of Age made me understand it could  
 not

not be he. I observ'd in his Countenance both Pity and Confusion: He was mov'd with Compassion to see with what trouble and slowness I crawl'd along: My piercing and doleful Scrieks, which made all the Echo's along the Coast to ring, melted his very Heart. Seeing him at a distance, O Stranger! said I, what Misfortune has brought thee into this Island? I know that *Grecian* Habit, still so dear to me: O how I long to hear thy Voice, and that Language that drops from thy Lips, which I learn'd in my Childhood; and for so long a time never could talk to any in this Desert. Be not afraid at the sight of so miserable a Creature, whom thou ought'st rather to pity.

*Neoptolemus* had hardly pronounced these words, *I am a Greek*, when I cry'd out, O sweet Word, after so many Years of Silence and Sorrow; O my Son, what Misfortune? What Storm, or rather what favourable

able Wind has brought thee hither, to put an end to my Misery? He answer'd, I am of the Island of *Sti-yes*, whither I am returning; they say I am the Son of *Achilles*; thou know'st whether it be so or not.

So short an Account did not satisfy my Curiosity. O Son, said I, of a Father whom I so much lov'd, the dear Charge of *Lycomedes*: How camest thou hither, and from whence? He answer'd me, That he came from the Siege of *Troy*: Thou were not, said I, in the first Expedition. Then, said he, where wert thou? I answer'd him, I see thou art ignorant both of the Name and Misfortunes of *Philoctetes*: Alas, how unhappy am I, my Persecutors insult over me in my Affliction! It encreases my Sorrow to think that *Greece* is ignorant of that which I suffer. The *Atrides* have brought me into this Condition, and may the Gods repay them. Afterwards I gave him an Account how the

*Greeks* had left me: As soon as he had heard the Relation of my Misfortunes, he thus began his own. After the death of *Achilles*, said he, (immediatly I stopt him, What! *Achilles* dead? Pardon me, my Son, if I interrupt your Relation with the Tears I owe your Father.) *Neoptolemus* answers, In so doing you oblige me: How I am pleas'd to see *Philoctetes* bewail my Father! and thus he proceeded: After the death of *Achilles*, *Ulysses* and *Phenix* sought me out, assuring me, that without me they could not overthrow the City of *Troy*. 'Twas no hard task to persuade me to follow them in this famous War, in which my Grief for the death of *Achilles*, and a desire to inherit his Glory, did naturally engage me. I no sooner arriv'd at the Camp, than the Army gather'd round about me; every one could have sworn that he had seen *Achilles*; but, alafs, he was no more: Young and without Ex-

S 3

perience,

perience, I could promise my self any thing from those who had bestow'd on me such large Commendations. Immediately I demanded of the *Atrides* my Father's Armour; to which they made me this barbarous Reply, Thou shalt have all that belong'd to thy Father, except his Armour, which are destin'd for *Ulysses*. At this I fell into a most extravagant Passion, my Grief and Anger knew no Bounds; but *Ulysses* calmly told me, Young Man, thou hast had no share in the Perils of this long Siege, and so cannot deserve such a Reward; thou begin'st too soon to talk haughtily; rest satisfy'd, thou shalt never have the Armour of *Achilles*. Thus rob'd unjustly by *Ulysses*, I return'd to the Isle of *Sciros*, less incens'd against him than the *Atrides*. O *Philoctetes*, I shall say no more, but may the Gods always befriend their Enemies.

Then



Then I ask'd him, how it came  
 that *Telemonian Ajax* did not hinder  
 such a Piece of Injustice? He is  
 dead, answer'd he. Dead, said I,  
 and *Ulysses* lives and prospers! Then  
 I ask'd him News of *Antilochus*, the  
 Son of sage *Nestor*, and *Patrocles*,  
 the Favorite of *Achilles*; they are  
 dead too, said he. Then I cry'd  
 out, alas, What do'st thou tell me?  
 Cruel War, it seems, mows down  
 the Good and lets the Bad stand:  
*Ulysses* lives, and *Thersytes* likewise,  
 no doubt. Is this the Justice of the  
 Gods? And must we still continue  
 to praise them? Whilest I fell out  
 in this Passion against your Father,  
*Neoptolemus* continu'd to deceive  
 me, and added these melancholy  
 Words; I am going, says he, to  
 live contented in the desert Island of  
*Sciros*, far from the *Grecian* Army,  
 where Evil prevails above Good:  
 Adieu, I must be gone, may the  
 Gods restore you your Health. Then  
 said I, O my Son, I conjure you by

the Ghost of your Father, by your Mother, and by all you hold dearest in this World, not to leave me alone in this miserable Condition. I am not ignorant how troublesome I shall be; but it will be a shameful thing to forsake me: Tie me to the Prow, or the Stern of your Ship; throw me into the Pump, or where I shall incommode you the least. None but great Souls know the Pleasure of being good; don't leave me in a Desert, where there is not the Foot-step of a Man; carry me either to your own Country or to *Lybia*, which is not far from Mount *Oeta*, and *Trachynium*, and the agreeable Banks of *Sperchius*. Bring me to my Father; Alas! I fear he's dead. I desir'd him to send me a Ship; either he's dead, or those that carry'd the Message have not deliver'd it: O my Son, thou art my only Relief; remember the Instability of humane Affairs: The Happy ought to succour the Unfortunate,

tunate, and be afraid to abuse the  
 Prosperity they enjoy. This was  
 the Substance of what the excess of  
 my Grief made me say to *Neoptole-*  
*mus*; which made him promise to  
 carry me along with him: Then I  
 cry'd out, O happy Day; O dear  
*Neoptolemus*, worthy of the Glory  
 of such a Father: Dear Companions  
 of my happy Voyage, allow me to  
 bid adieu to this melancholy Abode:  
 See where I have liv'd, and imagine  
 what I have suffer'd: I am sure it  
 is what none else could have en-  
 dur'd: But Necessity instructed me;  
 Necessity, that teaches Mankind  
 what they would never learn with-  
 out her. Those that have never  
 suffer'd, know nothing: They are  
 ignorant both of Good and Evil:  
 They are Strangers to Mankind,  
 and Strangers to themselves. When  
 I had thus spoke, I took my Bow  
 and Arrows; which *Neoptolemus* de-  
 sir'd to kiss, being the famous and  
 sacred Arms of the invincible *Her-*

*cules*. I can deny thee nothing, said I; 'tis thou, my Son, that restorest to me my Life, my Country, my decrepit Father, my Friends and my Self: Freely touch these Arms and boast, That thou art the only *Greek* that ever had that Honour. Whilest *Neoptolemus* enter'd my Grotto to look on my Arms, I was seiz'd with a cruel Pain; I was quite distract-ed, and did not know what I did: I ask'd a Knife to cut off my Foot; I cry'd out, O Death, so much long'd for, Why dost not thou come? O dear Youth, burn me to Ashes, as I did the Son of *Jupiter*. O Earth, open and receive a dying Wretch, that cannot any more raise himself from thee. Then, on a sudden, as I us'd to do, I fell into a deep Swoon: I was relieved by the Sweat that begun to break out upon me; whilest black and corrupted Gore issu'd from my Wound. During my Sleep, it had been easie for *Neoptolemus* to have carry'd off my  
my

my Arms; but he was the Son of *Achilles*, and not born to cheat. When I awak'd, I perceiv'd the Confusion he was in; he sigh'd like one that was not us'd to dissemble, or act against his Conscience. Wilt thou then surprize me? said I. What is the matter, said he, thou must follow me to the Siege of *Troy*. Then answer'd I, what do'st thou say? my Son, I am betray'd; Restore me my Bow; don't rob me of that which is dearer to me than my very Life. He made me no return, but look'd on me calmly and unconcern'd. O ye Banks and Promontories of this desert Island! O ye wild Beasts, and steep Rocks, to you only I can complain; to you, who are accusom'd to my Groans: Must I be betray'd by the Son of *Achilles*! Who robs me of the sacred Bow of *Hercules*, and would drag me along with him to the *Grecian* Camp; and does not see that this is only to triumph over a dead Corps,



Corps, a Ghost, a Fantom. Would he had attack'd me in my Vigour, as now he does basely and by surprize! O Son, shew thy self like thy Father, like thy Self. What say'st thou? Nothing! O dearest Rock, to thee I return, naked, miserable, forsaken, famish'd; in this Cave I must pine away, wanting my Bow to kill the wild Beasts for my Food, or to defend me from their Fury. What then? But thou, my Son, who dost not appear to be so wicked, tell me what pushes thee on to so black a Villany! Restore me my Arms, and get the gone! Then *Neoptolemus*, with Tears in his Eyes, was muttering to himself, Would to God I had not departed from *Sciros*! In the mean time I cry'd out in a surprize, What is it I see! Is not this *Ulysses*? I knew his Voice. He answer'd, It is I. If the dark Regions of *Pluto* had open'd, and I had seen the black *Tartarus*, which the Gods themselves  
are

are afraid to behold, I could not have been seiz'd with a greater Horror: I cry'd out, Witness thou Illand of *Lemnos*! O Sun! do'st thou look on and suffer this? *Ulysses* calmly answer'd, I execute the Will of *Jupiter*. Do'st thou, said I, name *Jupiter*? Seest thou there that Youth, who was not born to deceive, and to whom 'tis painful to execute thy perfidious Designs? 'Tis neither to cheat nor hurt thee, said *Ulysses*, that we come hither; 'tis to deliver thee, to heal thy Wounds, to give thee the Honour of destroying the City of *Troy*, and to bring thee back to thy own Country; 'tis thy Self, and not I, that art the Enemy of *Philoctetes*. Then did I breath out against your Father all that my Passion could inspire me with: Since thou left'st me forsaken upon this Shoar, said I, why wilt thou not suffer me to live here in Peace! Go, seek Renown in Battle, and enjoy the Pleasures of

of Life; thy good Fortune in the company of thy Companions the *Atrides*: Don't envy me my Misery and Pain, why would you carry me off? I am nothing, I am already dead. Hast thou not as much reason to believe now as well as formerly, that my Shrieks, and the Infection of my Wound will disturb the Sacrifices? O *Ulysses*! Author of all my Miseries, May the Gods— But the Gods are deaf; nay, they stir up my Enemy against me. O my Country, which I shall never see again! O ye Gods, if there be any just enough to pity me! Punish *Ulysses*: Then I shall believe my self Cured of all my Maladies.

While I thus spoke, your Father calmly look'd on me with an Air of Compassion, far from being provok'd; he seem'd like a Rock upon the top of a Mountain, which sports it self with the Fury of the Winds; and lets them spend their rage, while it continues immoveable. So your  
Father

Father kept silence till my Rage  
 shou'd be exhausted; for he well  
 knew, that to reduce Men to Reason,  
 we must not attack their Passions,  
 but stay till they are weaken'd  
 through weariness. O *Philoctetes*,  
 said he, what has become of your  
 Reason and Courage? Now is the  
 occasion to use it; if you refuse to  
 go along with us, to fulfil the great  
 purposes of *Jupiter* concerning your  
 self, farewell; You are unworthy to  
 be the Deliverer of *Greece*, and the  
 Ruin of *Troy*: Continue at *Lemnos*.  
 These Arms which I carry off shall  
 give me the Renown that was de-  
 stin'd for you. *Neoptolemus*, let us  
 be gone, 'tis in vain to speak to him;  
 our Compassion for one single Man,  
 must not make us neglect the safety  
 of all *Greece*.

Then methought I was like a *Lyo-*  
*ness* about to be robb'd of her Young;  
 who with her roaring, makes the  
 Forests to tremble. O Cave, said I,  
 I shall never quit thee, thou shalt be  
 my

my Grave! O thou sorrowful Abode! I have now no Hope left me, nor means of Subsistence; Who will give me a Sword to stab my self? O! if the Birds of Prey would devour me, they need not any more dread my Arrows? Oh precious Bow, consecrated by the Hands of the Son of *Jupiter*! O dear *Hercules*! art not thou sensible of this Indignity? thy Bow is not any more in the Hands of thy faithful Friend, but in the impure and treacherous Hands of *Ulysses*. Birds of Prey and wild Beasts, flie no more from this Cave, my Arrows cannot hurt you; come and devour me! Or thou merciless *Jupiter*, crush me with thy Thunder!

Your Father having try'd all other means of perswasion, at last, thought it better to restore me my Arms, and made a Sign to *Neoptolemus* to give them back. Then, said I to him, thou shewest thy self to be the Son of *Achilles*. Suffer me to pierce my Enemy to the Heart.

And



And drawing an Arrow against your Father, *Neoptolemus* stopp'd my Hand, saying, Anger clouds your Reason, and hinders you from seeing the unworthy action you are going to commit: As for *Ulysses*, he appear'd as unconcern'd at my Arrows as at my Reproaches. I was sensibly mov'd with his Courage and Patience, and asham'd for endeavouring, in the transport of my Passion, to kill him with the Weapons, which he had caused to be restor'd. But as my Resentment was not as yet appeas'd, I was sorry that I must owe such a Favour to my Enemy. Know, said *Neoptolemus*, that the Divine *Helenus*, the Son of *Priamus*, having come out of the City of *Troy*, by the Order and inspiration of the Gods, hath unridled the Mysteries of future times. The unhappy *Troy*, said he, shall fall; but not before it is attack'd by him, who keeps the Arrows of *Hercules*; nor shall that Man ever be heal'd till he come before

fore its Walls, where the Sons of *Escalapius* shall Cure him. At that instant I was divided in my Thoughts; I was mov'd with the Ingenuity of *Neoptolemus*, and his Honefty in restoring my Bow; but I could not think of submitting to *Ulysses*; the disgrace of which, kept me in suspense. Must I ever be seen again in the company of *Ulysses* and the *Atrides*? What will the World say of me? Whilst I continu'd in this uncertainty, on a sudden I heard a more than Humane Voice; I saw *Hercules* in a bright Cloud, encircled with Rays of Glory. I easily knew his Masculine Features, his robust Limbs, and his plain manner; but he appear'd with a Stature and Majesty beyond what he had, when he was Conquering Monsters upon Earth. He said to me, 'Tis *Hercules* whom thou seest and hearest: I have quitted the high *Olympus*, to make known to thee the Commands of *Jupiter*: Thou know'st by what Labors

Labors I acquir'd Immortality:  
 Thou must likewise go with the  
 Son of *Achilles*, to trace my Foot-  
 steps in the Path of Renown: Thou  
 shalt be Cur'd, and with my Ar-  
 rows thou shalt pierce *Paris*, the Au-  
 thor of so much Mischief. Thou  
 shalt send the rich Spoils of *Troy* to  
 thy Father, on Mount *Oeta*; there  
 they shall be plac'd upon my Tomb,  
 as a Monument of the Victory ow-  
 ing to my Arrows: And thou, O  
 Son of *Achilles*! I tell thee, that thou  
 cannot be victorious without *Philo-  
 ctes*, nor *Philoctetes* without thee:  
 Go then like two Lyons who seek  
 their Prey together. I will send *E-  
 sculapius* to *Troy* to Cure *Philoctetes*.  
 Love, and observe Religion; all o-  
 ther things are mortal, but the  
 Fruits of this endure forever.

When I had heard these Words, I  
 cry'd out, O happy Day! O sweet  
 Light! that after so many Years  
 do'st shew thy self at last. Lobey;  
 let me salute the Place, and be gone.  
 Adieu,

Adieu, dear Cave, adieu ye Nymphs  
 of these watry Meadows; I shall  
 hear no more the hollow noise of  
 these Billows; adieu thou Shore,  
 where I have so often endur'd the  
 Injuries of the Weather; adieu ye  
 Hills, where the Eccho has so often  
 repeated my Groans; adieu sweet  
 Fountains, yet who to me have been  
 so bitter; adieu *Lemnos*, favour my  
 Departure, since I go where I am  
 call'd by the Will of the Gods, and  
 my Friends. So we departed and ar-  
 riv'd at the Siege of *Troy*; where  
*Machaon* and *Podalyrus*, by the Di-  
 vine Art of their Father *Esculapius*,  
 did cure me; or at least put me in  
 the Condition you now see me, ha-  
 ving recovered my Vigour, tho' I  
 am still somewhat lame. *Paris* fell  
 by my Hand, as a fearful Fawn,  
 pierc'd with the Arrows of the Hun-  
 ter. *Ilium* was reduc'd to Ashes;  
 I need say no more, you know the  
 rest. Nevertheless I retain'd still  
 some aversion to the sage *Ulysses*, oc-  
 casion'd

caſion'd by the remembrance of the Ills that I had endur'd; and tho' his Virtue could not appeaſe my Reſentment, yet the ſight of a Son, who reſembles him ſo much, and whom I am forc'd to love, ſoftens my Heart towards the Father himſelf.

During the Relation of the Adventures of *Philoctetes*, *Telemachus* continued immovable; and as 'twere, in ſuſpence, with his Eyes fix'd on the great Man that ſpoke: All the different Paſſions that mov'd *Hercules*, *Philoctetes*, *Ulyſſes*, *Neoptolemus*, as they were repreſented, appear'd, each in their turn, upon the innocent Countenance of *Telemachus*: During the Relation, he would ſometimes cry out, and interrupt *Philoctetes*, without thinking; ſometimes he would ſeem thoughtful, and like one concern'd for the ſequel of ſome important Affair; whiſt *Philoctetes* was deſcribing the Confuſion of *Neoptolemus*, who could not diſſemble;



ble; *Telemachus* seem'd to be in the same disorder: And at that Moment you would have took him for *Neoptolemus*.

In the mean while, the Confederate Army march'd in good Order against *Adrastus*, King of the *Dau-nians*, an impious Fellow despised of the Gods, and a Deceiver of Men. *Telemachus* found some difficulty how to behave himself among so many Kings, jealous of one another; it behoved him to give none of 'em ground of suspicion, but to gain the Favour of them all: He was of a good and honest Disposition, but not very complaisant: He did not trouble himself much with obliging others: And tho' he was not covetous of Riches, yet did he not care to part with them. Thus with a Noble and Honest Mind, he seem'd neither obliging, nor very sensible of Friendship, or the concern others had for him, nor careful to distinguish Merit. He follow'd his

his Humour without reflection ; in spite of *Mentor*, his Mother *Penelope* had brought him up in Pride and Haughtiness of temper, that tainted all his good Qualities. He look'd upon himself as made of other Metal than the rest of Mankind, who seem'd to him to be sent by the Gods, only for his Pleasure and Service, and to make every thing subservient to him as a Deity. The Happiness of serving him was a sufficient Reward. Where his Pleasures were concern'd, nothing must be impossible ; the most trivial Delays did irritate his eager Temper. Had any one seen him in his natural Disposition, they would have thought him incapable of loving any thing besides himself, being only mov'd by his own Vain-glory, and Pleasure : but this indifference for others, and regard for himself, proceeded from nothing but the continual transport and violence of his Passions ; which his Mother had humour'd from his

his Cradle. He was a remarkable Instance of the Unhappiness of those who are High-born: The Severities of Fortune which he felt in his early Youth, had not moderated the impetuosity and haughtiness of his Temper: Tho' destitute, forsaken, and expos'd to so many Miseries, yet he abated nothing of his Pride. It would raise it self, like a supple Palm, after all Attempts to press it down. These Faults did not shew themselves in *Mentor's* Company, but daily decreas'd; as a fiery Courser, who frisking through the spacious Fields, whom neither Rocks nor Precipices, nor Torrents can stop, is obedient only to the Voice and Hand of one Man, who knows how to tame him: So *Telemachus*, full of a Noble Ardour, could be kept in by none but the Wise *Mentor*; one of his Frowns would immediately stop him in his most impetuous Career: He knew the meaning of each Look, and at that Moment would

would summon all his virtuous Resolutions. Wisdom in an instant, would render his Countenance smooth and serene. *Neptune* does not more quickly appease the hideous Tempests, when with his Trident he threatens the proud Billows.

When *Telemachus* was alone, all his Passions, that seem'd only suspended for a time, like a Torrent damm'd in, would take their natural Course. He could not endure the Arrogance of the *Lacedemonians*, nor of *Phalanthus*, who was at their Head. This Colony, which came with a Design to found the City of *Tarentum*, was compos'd of young Men, who were Born during the Siege of *Troy*; who for their illegitimate Birth, irregular Manners, and the Licentiousness in which they had been brought up, had something about them that was wild and barbarous: They resembl'd more a Company of Robbers than a *Grecian* Colony. *Phalanthus*

T

would

would seek out all occasions to contradict *Telemachus*, despising his Counsels, as those of a Young Man without Experience; and would make him the Subject of his Raillery; treating him as if he had been pusillanimous and effeminate: He expos'd his smallest Failings to the Captains of the Army, endeavouring to sow Jealousie, and to make the haughtiness of *Telemachus*, odious to all the Confederate Princes. One Day, *Telemachus* having taken some *Daunian* Prisoners, pretended that they belong'd to him, alledging it was he that had defeated that Party of the Enemies: And that *Telemachus* having found the *Dau-nians* already beat and put to flight, had nothing to do but give them Quarter, and carry them along to the Camp. *Telemachus* on the other hand maintain'd, that he had saved *Phalanthus* from being beat, and obtain'd  
this



this Victory over the *Daunians*. Both of 'em pleaded their Cause before the Confederate Kings; where *Telemachus* was so much transported with his Passion, that he gave *Phalanthus* threatening Language, so that they had gone to Blows, if the By-standers had not interpos'd. *Phalanthus* had a Brother whose name was *Hippias*, famous thro' all the Army for his Valour, Strength and Address: *Pollux*, as the *Tarentines* alledge, was not a better Champion, and he surpass'd *Castor* himself in managing a Horse. He had almost the Stature and Strength of *Hercules*, and was redoubted of all the Army, tho he was more quarrelsome and brutal than brave. *Hippias*, when he saw with what Insolence *Telemachus* had treated his Brother, goes in haste, and carries off the Prisoners to *Tarentum*, without waiting for the Sentence of the Assembly; which somebody having whisper'd to *Telemachus*, out he went in a Rage,

foaming like a Bear, pursuing the Huntsman that had wounded him. You might see him wandring thro' the Camp, endeavouring to spy out his Enemy, and shaking the Dart, with which he resolv'd to pierce him: At last, meeting him, the Sight redoubl'd his Rage; he was now no more the wise *Telemachus*, instructed by *Minerva* in the shape of *Mentor*, but a mad-Man, a furious Lyon. Immediately he call'd out, Stay, *Hippias*! Thou basest of Mortals! I will try if thou dar'st rob me of the Spoils of my Victory: Thou shalt not carry these Prisoners to *Tarentum*; I'll send thee down to the gloomy Banks of *Styx*. This said, he flung his Dart, but with so much Fury, that he could not measure his Stroke, and the Dart miss'd *Hippias*. Immediately he puts his Hand to his Sword, whose Handle was of Gold, and which *Laertes* had given him when he parted from *Ithaca*, as a Pledge of his Love.

Love. This Sword had won *Laertes* much Honour in his Youth, and was stain'd with the Blood of many famous Captains of the *Epirots*, in a War wherein *Laertes* was Victorious. *Telemachus* had hardly drawn his Sword, when *Hippias*, taking the Advantage of his own Strength, falls upon him, endeavouring to snatch it out of his Hand. The Sword was broke betwixt 'em, so they grapled and clos'd. They seem'd like Two young Lyons tearing one another to Pieces; they dart Fire from their Eyes, they contract themselves, then they stretch, they stoop, they rise again, they dart themselves, and are all over besmear'd with Blood. Now they come to Handy-blows, Foot to Foot, Hand to Hand, with their two Bodies so twisted together, that they seem'd but one. *Hippias*, who was already arriv'd at Manhood, seem'd able to crush the weaker and more tender Youth of *Telemachus*, who

already found himself out of Breath,  
 and his Legs begin to fail. *Hippias*  
 finding him in a staggering Con-  
 dition, doubled his Force. There  
 had been an end of the Son of *Ulysses*,  
 and he had received the just Punish-  
 ment of his Rashness and Passion,  
 if *Minerva*, who in her absence  
 watch'd over him, and left him in  
 this Danger only for his Instruction,  
 had not determin'd the Victory in  
 his Favour. She did not leave her  
 Palace of *Salentum* her self, but sent  
*Iris*, the swift Messenger of the  
 Gods; who with nimble Wing,  
 cutting the spacious Air, and leav-  
 ing behind her a Tract of Light,  
 which painted the Clouds with a  
 Thousand different Colours; rested  
 at last upon the Shoar where the  
 numerous Army of the Confederates  
 was Encamp'd. She beheld from  
 afar the Strife and Ardor of the two  
 Combatants; she trembled at the  
 sight of the Danger to which the  
 young *Telemachus* was expos'd: And  
 ap-

approaching towards him, involv'd  
 in a bright Cloud, form'd of subtle  
 Vapours, in the very nick of time,  
 when *Hippias* redoubling his Force,  
 believed himself Victorious, she co-  
 vered the young Charge of *Minerva*,  
 with the Shield with which the sage  
 Goddess had entrusted her. Im-  
 mediately *Telemachus*, whose Force  
 was quite spent, began to recover  
 new Vigour, and the more he re-  
 viv'd, the more *Hippias* was disorder'd:  
 He felt something, as 'twere  
 Divine, that crush'd and confounded  
 him. *Telemachus* presses him hard,  
 assaults him sometimes in one Po-  
 sture, sometimes in another: He  
 makes him stagger, leaving him no  
 time to recover himself; at last he  
 throws him, and falls upon him.  
 A lofty Oak of Mount *Ida*, fell'd  
 with a thousand Blows, which  
 make all the Forest ring, does not  
 make a more terrible Noise in fal-  
 ling: The Earth groan'd, and all  
 Things around him trembled at his



Fall. In the mean time, *Telemachus*, who had recover'd his Wisdom with his Strength, had scarce thrown *Hippias*, when he begun to be sensible of his Fault, in attacking thus the Brother of one of the Confederate Kings, whom he came to Succour. He call'd to mind, with confusion, the wise Counsels of *Mentor*; he was asham'd of the Victory, which he well knew he did not deserve. In the mean time, *Phalanthus* transported with Rage, ran to succour his Brother: He had pierc'd *Telemachus* with the Dart which he held, if he had not been affraid at the same time to wound *Hippias*, whom *Telemachus* kept down. In this Condition, the Son of *Ulysses* might have easily took away the Life of his Enemy, but his Wrath was asswag'd: He thought of nothing now but repairing his Fault, by shewing his Moderation: Up he gets, uttering these Words. Oh *Hippias*! I am satisfied I have Taught

Taught thee not to despise my Youth. Live; I admire thy Force, thy Strength and Courage : Yeild to the Power of the Gods that have protected me, and let us think of nothing now but of uniting our Force against the *Daunians*. Whilst *Telemachus* thus spoke, *Hippias* rose up, besmear'd with Durt and Blood, and full of Shame and Rage. *Phalanthus*, who could not take the Life of him who had just now so generously given it to his Brother, was quite beside himself, and knew not what to do. All the Confederate Kings ran to the Place : On one side they carry'd off *Telemachus*, and on the other *Phalanthus* and *Hippias*, who having now lost all his Courage, durst not shew his Face. The Army could not enough admire how *Telemachus*, at so tender an Age (wherein Men usually do not attain to their full Strength) was able to throw *Hippias* ; who seem'd in Strength and Bulk like to those Sons

of the Earth, who in former times durst drive the immortal Gods from *Olympus*.

But the Son of *Ulysses* was very far from enjoying any Pleasure in his Victory; and whilst others could not enough admire him, he retir'd into his Tent, ashamed of his Fault, and unable to brook himself. He bewail'd his Rashness: He was sensible how unjust and unreasonable he was in his Passion: He found something Vain, Silly, and mean in his excessive Pride: He knew that true Greatness was only to be found in Moderation, Justice, Modesty and Humanity. This he saw clearly, but durst not hope that ever he should amend after so many Relapses: He was combating with himself, and you might hear him roar like a furious Lyon: Two Days he continu'd shut up in his Tent, unable to endure any Company, and tormenting himself. Alas, said he, dare I ever look *Mentor* in the Face?

Face? Am I the Son of *Ulysses*, the wisest and most patient of Men? Did I come hither to create Division and Disorder in the Confederate Army? Is it their Blood or that of the *Daunians* that I ought to have shed? I have been rash; and whilst I lanc'd my Dart unskilfully, put my self upon unequal Terms with *Hippias*, whereby I could expect nothing but a dishonourable Fate. But what then? I should not have been any more the inconsiderate *Telemachus*; that young Coxcomb that does not profit by any Advice; then my Disgrace should have ended with my Life. Oh, could I hope never to be guilty of that for which I am now so Disconsolate! I should be still too happy; but perhaps before Night I shall repeat the same Actions, which at this time fill me with so much Horrour and Shame. Oh fatal Victory! Oh insufferable Applause! Which art nothing but the bitter reproach of my Folly.

While



of the Earth, who in former times durst drive the immortal Gods from *Olympus*.

But the Son of *Ulysses* was very far from enjoying any Pleasure in his Victory; and whilst others could not enough admire him, he retir'd into his Tent, asham'd of his Fault, and unable to brook himself. He bewail'd his Rashness: He was sensible how unjust and unreasonable he was in his Passion: He found something Vain, Silly, and mean in his excessive Pride: He knew that true Greatness was only to be found in Moderation, Justice, Modesty and Humanity. This he saw clearly, but durst not hope that ever he should amend after so many Relapses: He was combating with himself, and you might hear him roar like a furious Lyon: Two Days he continu'd shut up in his Tent, unable to endure any Company, and tormenting himself. Alas, said he, dare I ever look *Mentor* in the Face?



Face? Am I the Son of *Ulysses*, the wisest and most patient of Men? Did I come hither to create Division and Disorder in the Confederate Army? Is it their Blood or that of the *Daunians* that I ought to have shed? I have been rash; and whilst I lanc'd my Dart unskillfully, put my self upon unequal Terms with *Hippias*, whereby I could expect nothing but a dishonourable Fate. But what then? I should not have been any more the inconsiderate *Telemachus*; that young Coxcomb that does not profit by any Advice; then my Disgrace should have ended with my Life. Oh, could I hope never to be guilty of that for which I am now so Disconsolate! I should be still too happy; but perhaps before Night I shall repeat the same Actions, which at this time fill me with so much Horrour and Shame. Oh fatal Victory! Oh insufferable Applause! Which art nothing but the bitter reproach of my Folly.

While

While *Telemachus* was in this disconsolate Condition, *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* came to wait on him. *Nestor* had resolv'd to make him sensible of his Fault ; but this wise old Man finding the Despair the Youth was in, chang'd his grave Reproof into Expressions of Tenderness to mitigate his Grief.

The Confederate Princes were put to a stand by this Quarrel: They could not march their Army towards the Enemy, till they had reconcil'd *Telemachus* with *Phalanthus* and *Hippias*: They were affraid every Minute lest the *Tarentine* Troops should attack the Hundred young *Cretans* that follow'd *Telemachus* in this War: All was in Disorder through *Telemachus's* Fault; and he finding himself the Author of so much Mischief, both present and to come, gave himself up intirely to Grief. The Confederate Princes were in a great strait: They durst not march their Army for fear lest the *Cretans* and

and *Tarentines* should fall foul of one another; nay, they could not keep them from Quarrelling within the Camp, where they were carefully watch'd. *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* went backward and forward incessantly betwixt the Tent of *Telemachus* and that of *Phalanthus*, who breath'd nothing but Revenge. Neither the soft Eloquence of *Nestor*, nor the Authority of *Philoctetes* could prevail upon his implacable Spirit; which was still more provok'd by the irritating Discourse of his Brother *Hippias*. *Telemachus* on the other Hand was Mild, but quite overwhelm'd with Grief, which refused all manner of Consolation. This Disorder among the Princes, put all the Troops in a Consternation. The Camp appear'd like a desolate House, after having lost the Master of the Family, the support of its Neighbours, or the flattering Hopes of its little Children. During this Disorder and Consternation, on

a sud-

a sudden they heard the terrible Noise of Chariots, Arms, the Neighing of Horses, and Cryings of Men; Some as Conquerours, and Hot in the Pursuit; others Flying, Dying or Wounded: A thick Cloud of Dust cover'd the Sky and involv'd the Camp: To this was join'd a stifling Smoke, which thicken'd the Air; and all were seiz'd with Terror. It seems *Adrastus*, who was Vigilant and Indefatigable, had surpriz'd the Allies; having been advis'd of their March, and concealing his own. In two Nights time, with an incredible Expedition, he had march'd round an inaccessible Mountain, of which the Allies had seiz'd all the Avenues: And being possess'd of them, thought they were not only in perfect Security themselves, but pretended, when they should be join'd by the rest of their Troops, by these Passes, to fall on the Enemy on the other side of the Mountain, *Adrastus*, who gave  
Mony



Mony with both Hands for Intelligence, had been inform'd of this their Resolution; for *Nestor* and *Philoctetes*, tho' otherwise experienc'd and wise Captains, were not secret enough in their Counsels. *Nestor* in his old Age was too much taken up with the vain glory of recounting his former Actions: *Philoctetes* spoke less, but he was hasty; and if you but rous'd his active Temper, he would blab out all his Designs. Cunning People, by this means, found the way to his Heart, and the Key to his most important Secrets: Only provoke him, then full of Fire, and beside himself, he would break out in threatening Language; he would brag of sure Means to accomplish his Designs; if you seem'd never so little to doubt of them, he would proceed inconsiderately to explain them, and to betray the most important Secrets. The Heart of this great Captain was like a Vessel made of costly Metal,



Metal, but Leaky. These Villains that were brib'd with the Gold of *Adrastus*, did not fail to take advantage of the Weakness of these two Princes. *Nestor*, they flatter'd continually with vain Applause: They put him in mind of his past Victories, admir'd his Foresight and Conduct: On the other hand, they laid a Trap for the impatient Humour of *Philoctetes*; they talk'd of nothing to him but Difficulties, Unseasonableness, Dangers, Inconveniences, and remediless Faults: When he was once heated, his Prudence forsook him, he was not any more the same Man.

*Telemachus*, notwithstanding the Faults we have mention'd, was more close: He had been accusom'd to Slavery by his Misfortunes, and the Necessity he was in, from his Child-hood, to hide his Designs from the Lovers of his Mother *Penelope*. He knew how to keep a Secret without telling a Lie, and

and was free from that reserv'd and mysterious Air, that is so common to close People. He did not seem burthen'd with the Secret which he kept; you found him always easie, free and open, as one that had his Heart upon his Lips: He would tell you every thing that was of less moment; but knew how to stop nicely, and without affectation, at those things which might give any suspicion or broach his Secret. By this means his Heart was inaccessible, and his best Friends knew but as much as he thought fit to discover in order to have their good Advice. *Mentor* was the only Person for whom he had no Reserve. He had different degrees of Confidence in his other Friends, according as he had experience of their Love and Prudence.

*Telemachus* had often observ'd that their Counsels were too soon spread over the Camp: He advertiz'd *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* of it; but these  
two

two experienc'd Captains did not attend sufficiently to so wholesome an Advice. Age is untractable, Habit holds it, as 'twere in Chains, so that its Faults admit of no Remedy; as full grown Trees, whose rough and knotty Trunks are hardned by Years, cannot any more be strait'ned, so Men at a certain Age cannot be bent from these Customs which are grown up with them, and, as 'twere, entred into their very Marrow. They know them, but too late: In vain they lament; for tender Youth is the only Age wherein Men have the Power of Correcting their vicious Habits.

There was in the Army a *Dolopian*, nam'd *Earimachus*, an insinuating Flatterer, who knew how to accommodate himself to all the Humours of the Princes, Ingenious and Active to find new ways to please them. Believe him, Nothing was hard. Ask his Advice, he thought upon what would be most grateful: He

He knew how to break a Jest upon the Weak; but complaisant to those of whom he stood in awe. He could season his Flattery so nicely, as to make it pass with Persons of the greatest Modesty. He was Grave with the Grave, Cheerful with the Cheerful. It was easie for him to put himself in all Shapes. Sincere and virtuous Men, who are always the same, and subject themselves to the strict Rules of Virtue, can never be so agreeable to Princes, as those who humour their predominant Passions.

*Eurimachus* understood the Art of War, was capable of Business, had follow'd *Nestor* as one that was pushing his Fortune, and had got much into his Favour. He could pump any Secret out of his Heart, which was vain and subject to Flattery: And altho' *Philoctetes* was more diffident of him, yet his cholerick and impatient Temper gave him the same advantage as his Familiarity  
with



with *Nestor*: *Eurimachus* would contradict him, and so by provoking him, would discover all. This Fellow had receiv'd great Sums from *Adrastus*, to inform him of the Designs of the Allies; besides, he had always a certain Number of Refugees in the Confederate Camp, who were one after another to desert from thence, and return to his Army: And when *Eurimachus* had any important Affair to communicate to *Adrastus*, he sent off one of these Deserters. The Cheat could not be easily discover'd, because they carry'd no Letters; and if they were taken, had nothing about them to make *Eurimachus* suspected. In the mean time *Adrastus* prevented all the Enterprizes of the Confederates: A Resolution was no sooner taken in their Council, than the *Daunians* did that precisely which was necessary to hinder the Execution of it. *Telemachus* was very diligent in searching out the Cause of this, and striving



striving to excite the Jealousie and  
 Mistrust of *Nestor* and *Philoctetes*;  
 but to no purpose; for they were  
 blind. Once they had resolv'd in  
 Council to wait for the numerous  
 Troops that were to join them;  
 and they had caused to advance se-  
 cretly in the Night an hundred Ves-  
 sels, the sooner to transport their  
 Troops from a rugged Coast where  
 they were to come, to the Place  
 where the Army was encamp'd. All  
 this while they thought themselves  
 safe, their Troops being possess'd of  
 the Passes of the neighbouring  
 Mountains, which is inaccessible to-  
 wards the *Apennines*. Their Army  
 was encamp'd on the River *Gale-  
 sus*, not far from the Sea; in a de-  
 licious Country, abounding in Pa-  
 sturage, and all things necessary for  
 the Subsistence of an Army. *Adra-  
 stus* was encamp'd behind the Moun-  
 tain, which they reckon'd he could  
 not pass; but he understanding that  
 the Confederates were weak, and  
 ex-

expected a great Reinforcement; that the Ships were waiting for their Arrival, and that the Army was divided by *Telemachus's* Quarrel with *Phalanthus*, he march'd round with great Expedition, Night and Day, till he arriv'd at the Sea-Coast; where, at break of Day, he surpriz'd these hundred Vessels. They being ill guared, he seiz'd upon them without much Resistance, and made use of them to transport his own Troops to the Mouth of the River *Galesus*. Afterwards sailing up the River, the advanc'd Guards believ'd that these were the Ships that had their own Troops on Board; and immediately shouted for Joy. So *Adrastus* and his Soldiers landed before they were known. They fall upon the Allies, who mistrusted nothing: They found their Camp entirely open, without Order, without a Head, and unarm'd. He made his Attack on the Quarters of the *Tarentines*, where *Phalanthus* commanded:

manded: The *Daunians* entred there with such force, that the *Lacedemonian* Youth being surpriz'd, were not able to resist: While they were looking for their Arms, in the Confusion they hinder'd one another. *Adrastus* sets Fire to the Camp: It seizes on the Tents, and mounts up to the Clouds. With its terrible Noise it resembled a Torrent which overspreads a whole Countrey, and with its rapid Course, carries it along with it the lofty Oaks with their deep Roots, the Corn, the Granaries, the Flocks and their Stalls. The Wind blows the Flame from Tent to Tent, and in an instant, the Camp look'd like an old Forest burnt down by a Spark of Fire. *Phalanthus*, tho' nearest the Danger, could not remedy it: He saw clearly that all the Troops must perish in this Fire, if they did not make haste to leave the Camp; but he likewise saw how dangerous such a disorderly Retreat must

must be before a victorious Enemy :  
 He began to draw out the *Lacedemonian* Youth half Arm'd ; but *Adrastus* would not give them time to  
 breath. On one Hand a Troop of  
 cunning Archers let fly a shower of  
 Arrows upon the Soldiers of *Phalan-  
 thus* ; on the other, the Slingers  
 hailed great Stones. *Adrastus* him-  
 self, with Sword in Hand, march-  
 ing at the head of a chosen Com-  
 pany of the bravest *Daunians*, by  
 the light of the Fire, pursu'd the  
 flying Troops ; mowing down with  
 his Sword what had escaped the Fire.  
 Tho' he swam in Blood, he was not  
 satiated with slaughter : Lyons and  
 Tygers, when they worry the Shep-  
 herds with their Flocks, fall short of  
 his Fury. The Troops of *Phalan-  
 thus* faint, their Courage fails them :  
 Pale Death, led on by an Infernal  
 Fury, with her Head bristled with  
 Serpents, freezes their Blood in  
 their Veins. Their benumm'd Mem-  
 bers grow stiff, and their faint Limbs  
 deprive



deprive them even of the Hope of Flight. *Phalanthus*, whose Shame and Despair had rouz'd up his small remainder of Courage and Vigour, lifting his Eyes and Hands towards Heaven, he saw his Brother *Hippias* fall at his Feet, under the redoubled strokes of the thundering Hand of *Adrastus*. There he lay stretched out, and groveling in the Dust, with black and boiling Blood, gushing like a Torrent from the deep Wound of his side: He shuts his Eyes, and his furious Soul flies out with the last drop of his Blood. *Phalanthus* besmear'd with his Brother's Blood, and unable to help him, finds himself environ'd with a Crowd of his Enemies, who were endeavouring to run him down. His Buckler was pierc'd with a Thousand Darts, and his Body wounded in several Places. He could not rally any more his fleeing Troops; the Gods look'd down, and did not pity. *Jupiter* amidst the Celestial Deities, beheld from O-

U

*lympus*



*lympus*, the slaughter of the Confederates. At the same time he consulted the immutable *Destinies*, and saw all those Captains whose Thread was to be cut that Day with the fatal Cissars. All the Gods were attentive to discover his Will by his Countenance ; but the Father of the Gods and Men, told them with a sweet and majestick Voice: You see to what Extremity the Allies are reduced ; you see *Adrastus* routing the Enemies ; but this Sight is fallacious. Short is the Glory and Prosperity of the Wicked : The Impious *Adrastus*, and detestable for his Treachery, shall not gain an intire Victory. This Misfortune happens to the Allies, only to teach them to correct their Folly, and keep their Counsels more secret. On this occasion, the Sage *Minerva* is preparing a new Triumph for her young Darling *Telemachus*. Here *Jupiter* having ended, all the Gods in deep silence continued to behold the Battle.

In

In the mean time *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* were advertis'd, that a part of their Camp was already burnt; that the Flame, pusht on by the Wind, was continually advancing; that their Troops were in Disorder; that *Phalanthus* was not any longer able to sustain the Enemies Attacks. As soon as this fatal News had reach'd their Ears, they run to Arms, assemble their Captains, and command them to retire immediately out of the Camp to shun the Fire.

*Telemachus*, formerly cast down, and disconsolate, now forgets his Grief; he puts on his Armour, the invaluable Present of the sage *Minerva*; who appearing in the shape of *Mentor*, made as if she had got them from a curious Workman at *Salentum*; but in reality, he caus'd them to be made by *Vulcan*, in the fuming Caverns of Mount *Aetna*. This Armour was as smooth as Ice, and bright as the Beams of the Sun. Upon them was grav'd

the famous History of the Siege of *Thebes*: There you might see the unhappy *Laius*; who being inform'd by the Oracle of *Apollo*, that his New-born Son should be his Fathers Murderer, deliver'd the Child to a Shepherd, to expose him to the Wild Beasts, and Birds of Prey. Then you might observe the Shepherd carry the Child up the Mountain *Citheron*, betwixt *Bætica* and *Phocis*, whilst it seem'd to cry, as sensible of its deplorable Destiny. It had in its Countenance, that native Simplicity and Tenderness, which makes Childhood so lovely. The Shepherd who carri'd him up the hideous Rocks, seem'd to do it with Regret, and being mov'd with Compassion, the Tears flow from his Eyes: Irresolute and perplex'd, he pierces the Child's Feet with his Sword, and thrusting in an Ozier Branch, he hangs him to a Tree, neither daring to save him against his Masters Orders, nor to deliver

deliver him up to certain Death. After this he leaves him for fear of seeing the little Innocent die, which he lov'd so dearly.

By this time, the Child was ready to perish for want of Nourishment; his Feet by which he was hung, were Black and Swell'd.

*Phorbas*, a Shepherd of *Polybus* King of *Corinth*, feeding his Master's Flocks in this Desert, heard the Cries of the poor Child: He runs and takes him down, delivers him to another Shepherd, to carry him to Queen *Merope*, who was Childless: She was mov'd with his Beauty, and from his swell'd Feet nam'd him *Oedipus*; nurses him as her own Son, believing him sent from the Gods. All these different Actions were represented in their proper places. Afterwards you saw *Oedipus* now grown up, who being inform'd that *Polybus* was not his Father, travel'd from Country to Country to discover his Nativity.

The Oracle told him, that he should find his Father in *Phocis*: Thither he goes: where finding the People in an Uproar, in the Tumult he kill'd his Father *Laius* without knowing him. After that he appears at *Thebes*, he explains the *Ænigma* of *Sphinx*, kills the Monster, and espouses Queen *Jocasta*, his Mother not knowing her, and she believing him to be the Son of *Polybus*. This detestable Marriage was follow'd by a dreadful Plague, a manifest Sign of the anger of the Gods. Here *Vulcan* had taken Pleasure to represent Infants dying in their Mothers Bosom, the People languishing, and Death and Sorrow painted on their Countenance; but that which was most frightful, was to see *Oedipus*, after having for a long time sought out the Reason of the Wrath of the Gods, discover himself to be the Cause. You might see upon the Countenance of *Jocasta*, Shame and Dread, to unriddle what she was unwilling



unwilling to know: Despair and  
 Horrour upon that of *Oedipus*. He  
 plucks out his Eyes, and you see him  
 led about Blind by his Daughter *Antigone*. He reproaches the Gods with  
 the Crimes which they had suffer'd  
 him to commit: Then you see  
 him enrag'd against himself, and be-  
 ing unable to endure the Company  
 of Mankind any longer, he retires,  
 leaving his Kingdom to his two  
 Sons, which he had by *Jocasta*, *Eteocles*  
 and *Polynices*, on condition that  
 they should reign each a Year by  
 Turns. But the Discord of the Bro-  
 thers was more terrible still than the  
 Misfortunes of *Oedipus*. *Eteocles* ap-  
 pears upon the Throne, refusing to  
 come down to let his Brother take  
 his Place: He again having recourse  
 to *Adrastus*, King of *Argos*, whose  
 Daughter he had espoused, advan-  
 ces towards *Thebes* with a numerous  
 Army. Round about all the besieg-  
 ed Town you might see Battles.  
 Here were assembled all the Hero's of

*Greece*; and the Siege of *Troy* did not seem more Bloody.

There you might know the Unfortunate Husband of *Eryphile*, the famous Diviner *Amphiraus*; who foresaw the Fate which he could not avoid. He hides that he might not be carried to the Siege of *Thebes*, knowing he was to engage in a War, from which he should never return. *Eryphile* was the only Person he durst confide in; *Eryphile* his Spouse whom he lov'd so dearly, and by whom he believ'd he was so tenderly belov'd, betray'd her Husband *Amphiraus*, bribed with a Neck-lace which *Adrastus* King of *Argos* gave her. You might see her discover the Place where her Husband was hid: And *Adrastus* carrying him to *Thebes* against his Will. Quickly after his Arrival, he appears swallow'd up of the Earth; which opens on a sudden to plunge him. Amongst so many Combats where *Mars* exercised his Fury, you might observe

observe with horror, that of the two Brothers, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*. There appears something hideous and dismal in their Looks: Their Criminal Birth seems written in their Foreheads, by which you might easily judge, that they were devoted to the Infernal Furies, and the Vengeance of the Gods, who sacrifice them as an Example to all Brethren that should be born in after Ages: And to shew the fatal effects of Discord, which separates those Hearts that ought to be so strictly united; you might see those Brothers full of Rage; tearing one another to pieces; each forgetting to defend his own Life; that he might take away that of his Brothers. They were both Bloody, dying of mortal Wounds, without the least Abatement of their Fury; both of 'em fallen to the Ground; and ready to breath their last; yet would crawl one towards another to have the Pleasure of dying in the last effort of Cruelty and Revenge. All

other Combats seem'd suspended at the sight of this. The two Armies were seiz'd with Horror and Consternation at the sight of these two Monsters. *Mars* himself turn'd aside his cruel Eyes from such a hideous sight. At last you might see the Flame of the funeral Pile, on which they placed the two Bodies of these unnatural Brothers. But what was strange to behold! the Flame parts it self in two, and Death it self could not put an end to the implacable Hatred of *Eteocles* and *Polynices*. They would not burn together, and their Ashes, sensible of the Mischiefs they had done to one another, would never mingle. This was what *Vulcan* with his divine Art, had represented upon the Arms which *Minerva* gave to *Telemachus*.

On the other side of the Shield, was represented *Ceres* in the fruitful Plains of *Enna*, which are situated in the middle of *Sicily*. There you might

might see that Goddess assembling the Inhabitants, who were dispersed up and down to get wherewithal to sustain Nature, by Hunting, or gathering the wild Fruit, which had fall'n from the Trees. She taught those Savages to till the Ground, and to draw their Food from its plentiful Bosom. She shew'd them the Plough, and taught them to yoke the labouring Ox. You might see the Ground open in Furrows, cleft by the Plow-share; and afterwards you might perceive the Golden Harvest, covering the fruitful Plains; and the Reaper with his Sickle cutting down the comfortable Fruits of the Ground, and thereby repaying his Labour. Iron, elsewhere the Instrument of Destruction, was used here only to produce Plenty, and all sorts of Pleasure.

The Nymphs, crown'd with Garlands, dance together on the Banks of a River, hard by a pleasant



ant Grove. *Pan* play'd on his Flute; the *Fawns* and wanton *Satyrs* frisk at a distance by themselves. *Bacchus* was likewise represented, crown'd with Ivy, leaning on his Spear, and holding in his Hand a Vine-branch, adorn'd with Leaves and Clusters of Grapes; his Beauty was fresh, with something in it languishing and passionate. In this manner it was, that he appeared to the Unfortunate *Ariadne*, when he found her alone and Forsaken, and overwhelm'd with Grief, on the Banks of a strange River. In fine, you might see on all Hands, a multitude of People; the Old Men carrying the First Fruits of their Harvest into the Temples; the Young Men wearied with Toil and Labour, returning home to their Wives, and these going out to meet them, with the young Pledges of their chaste Love in their Hands. There were likewise Shepherds represented; some singing, others dancing to the sound of

of their Reed; all was Peace, Plenty and Pleasure; and every thing look'd smiling and happy. You might see the Wolves play in the Pastures among the Sheep; and the Lyons laying aside their fierceness, were sporting among the tender Lambs, and the little Shepherd's Crook equally commanded them all. This lovely piece seem'd to bring to mind the Charms of the Golden Age.

*Telemachus* having put on his Divine Armour, instead of his own took up *Minerva's* dreadful Shield, which she had sent him by *Iris*, the swift Messenger of the Gods; Having without his Knowledge carried away his own Buckler, and left this in its room, which is formidable to the Gods themselves. In this Condition he ran out of the Camp, to avoid its Flames: He call'd the chief Commanders with a strong Voice, which inspir'd new Courage in their routed Troops, who had given all  
over

over for lost. The Eyes of the young Warriour sparkle with a divine Fire; he gives Orders with as much Caution, as an old Man ruling his Family and instructing his Children, but executes them with all the promptness and vigour of Youth; like an impetuous River, that with its rapid Motion rould along, not only its own frothy Billows, but with them the Vessels of greatest Burthen that float upon it.

*Philoctetes*, *Nestor*, and the Commanders of the *Mandurians*, and other Nations, found in the Son of *Ulysses* a certain unaccountable Authority, which they all found themselves irresistibly oblig'd to submit to. The Aged trust no more to their Experience, and Counsel and Prudence forsook the Commanders: Jealousy and Emulation, so natural to Mankind, are quite extinguish'd in their Minds. They all keep silence; they all wonder at *Telemachus*, and stand ready to obey his Orders.

Orders implicitly ; as if they had been accustom'd to do so. He advances, and from an Imminence observes the posture of the Enemy ; and forthwith judg'd it necessary, with the utmost expedition , to surprize them in their present Disorder, while they were burning the Camp of the Confederates. He fetch'd a compass with great Expedition , and was followed by the most experienc'd Commanders. He attack'd the *Daunians* in the Rear, who doubted nothing of the Allies being involv'd in the Flames of their Camp. This surprize put them in great Disorder, and they fell under *Telemachus's* Hand , as the autumnal Leaves of the Forest , when a blust'ring North Wind , bringing back Winter, shakes all the Branches, and makes the very Trunks of ancient Trees groan. The Ground all about was covered with the Bodies of those who had fall'n by *Telemachus's* Hand. With his own  
Lance

Lance he pierced the Heart of *Iphycles*, the youngest Son of *Adrastus*, who had the boldness to offer him Combat, to save his Father's Life, who was in danger of being surpriz'd by *Telemachus*. These young Combatants were both of them Comely, Vigorous, full of Address and Courage; of the same Stature, the same Age, had the same sweetness of Temper, and were equally belov'd by their Parents. But *Iphycles* prov'd like a full blown Flower in a Meadow, cut down by the Sithe of the Mower. Afterwards *Telemachus* overthrew *Euphorion*, the most celebrated of all the *Lydians*, that came into *Etruria*. At last with his Sword he slew *Cleomenes*, who being lately Married, had promised his Spouse, to bring her the rich Spoils of the War, or never to return himself. *Adrastus* foam'd with Rage to see the Death of his Son, and of many other Commanders, and the Victory snatch'd out of his Hands. *Phalanthus*,



*lanthus*, almost knock'd down at his Feet, was like a half-slain Victime, who had escap'd the edge of the sacred Knife, and had fled from the Altar. *Adrastus* had well nigh compleated the ruin of *Lacedemonian Phalanthus*, drown'd in his own Blood, and that of the Soldiers that Fought with him. When he heard the shooting of *Telemachus* coming up to his relief, in that Moment he gets new Life; and the Cloud that had already over-spread his Eyes is dissipated. The *Daunians* at this unexpected Attack, leave *Phalanthus*, to make head against a more formidable Enemy. *Adrastus* seem'd like a Tiger, from whom a Body of Shepherds have snatch'd the Prey which he was ready to devour. *Telemachus* fought him out in the Crowd, endeavouring by one stroke to put an end to the War, by delivering the Allies from their implacable Enemy; But *Jupiter* grudg-  
ed

ed the Son of *Ulysses*, so quick and easie a Victory: And *Minerva* too had a mind to inure him to Troubles, that he might the better understand how to Reign. Therefore the impious *Adrastus* was preserv'd by the Father of the Gods, that *Telemachus* might have opportunity to acquire more Glory, and exercise his Virtue. A Storm summon'd by *Jupiter*, sav'd the *Daunians*; a terrible Thunder proclaim'd the Will of the Gods. You would have thought that the eternal Vaults of the high *Olympus* had been ready to tumble down upon the Heads of weak Mortals; the Flashes of Lightning split the Clouds from Pole to Pole; and from the moment that they ceas'd to dazle the Eyes with their darting Flame, all was over-spread with Midnight Darknes. The Rain falling in great abundance separated the two Armies. Thus *Adrastus* took advantage of the assistance of the Gods, without being mov'd with

a sense of their Power: And for his Ingratitude, deserved to be kept for a more dreadful Vengeance. He made haste to march his Army between the Camp that was half burnt down, and a Morass that reacht as far as the River. The Expedition with which he made his Retreat, sufficiently demonstrated his ready Invention and Presence of Mind. The Allies animated by the Valour of *Telemachus*, would have pursu'd him; but by the favour of the Storm he escap'd, as a swift-wing'd Bird out of the Net of the Fowler. The Allies now thought of nothing but re-possessing their Camp, and repairing their Damages: In entring it, they saw the woful Effects of War; the Sick and Wounded not being able to crawl out of their Tents, or to save themselves from the Fire, appear'd half burnt, sending up towards Heaven their doleful Shrieks and dying Groans. It struck *Telemachus* to the Heart,

Heart, nor was he able to contain his Tears: Oft did he turn aside his Eyes, being seiz'd with Horror and Compassion: He could not without groaning, behold these Bodies that remain'd still alive, and destin'd to a long and painful Death. They look'd like the Flesh of Victims, roasted on Altars, whose Smell diffuses it self all a-round. Alas! cry'd *Telemachus*, behold the Mischiefs that attend War! What blind Fury pushes on unhappy Mortals? Their Days are so short, and the Misery that attends them so great: Why do they hasten the Fate that is already so near? Why will they add so many Troubles and Afflictions, to the Bitterness which the Gods have mingled with this short Life? Men are all Brethren, and yet they tear one another more cruelly than the savage Beasts. Lyons never make War with Lyons, nor Tygers with Tygers, but exercise their Cruelty upon Creatures of a different Kind.

Man

Man alone, in despite of his Reason, does that which Beasts, that are void of it, would never have done. But still, why such Wars? Is there not Ground in the World enough to employ the Labour of all Mankind? How much of it lies desert? More than all Mankind is sufficient to replenish. What is it then that makes Princes spread the Flames of War over vast Kingdoms and Countries? A false Idea of Glory, an empty Title of Conqueror. Thus one Man, whom the Gods in their Anger have sent into the World, render so many Men miserable: To satisfy his Ambition and Vanity, all must be ruin'd; all must swim in Blood, be destroy'd by Fire; and those who escape the Fire and Sword, must perish by more cruel Want. In a word, one Man sports himself with human Nature, involves all in universal Desolation to gratify his Humour and Vain-glory.

What



What monstrous Ambition is this? Can we sufficiently abhor and detest enough such Men, who have forgot all Humanity? No sure, so far are they from being Demi-Gods, that they are to be reckon'd below Men: Their Memory ought to be accursed through all those Ages, in which they thought to have been admir'd. Oh! with how much deliberation ought Princes to weigh the War they undertake! They ought to be just: Nor is that enough, they ought to be Necessary. The Blood of the People ought not to be spilt, but for their Preservation, in the greatest Extremity: But the Counsels of Flatterers, a false Notion of Greatness, groundless Jealousies, and unreasonable Covetousness, cover'd with specious Pretexts, do insensibly engage Princes in Wars, which render themselves unhappy, make them hazard all when there is no necessity, and in the end prove equally fatal to their

their Subjects and Enemies. Thus did *Telemachus* reason ; but he did not rest content in deploring the Miseries of War, but endeavour'd to mitigate them. You might see him visiting the sick and expiring Soldiers in their Tents, scattering Money and Medicines among them, comforting and encouraging them by his Discourses, which were full of Friendship and Tenderneſs, and ſending others when he could not viſit them himſelf. Among the *Cretans* that were with him, there were two old Men ; one of them were call'd *Traumaphilus* ; the other *Nozofugus* : *Traumaphilus* had been at the Siege of *Troy* with *Idomeneus*, and had learn'd from the Sons of *Eſculapius* the Divine Art of curing Wounds : He had an odoriferous Liquor which he injected into the deepeſt and moſt envenomed Wounds, that conſum'd all the rotten and dead Fleſh, without being forc'd to make Inciſions, cauſing new  
Fleſh

Flesh to grow, more sound and more beautiful than the former. As for *Nozofugus*, he had never seen the Sons of *Esculapius*, but by the means of *Meriones*, he had procured a sacred and mysterious Book, which *Esculapius* had given his Sons: And besides, *Nozofugus* was a Favorite of the Gods: He had compos'd Hymns in honour of the Children of *Latona*: And every day sacrific'd a white Sheep, without blemish, to *Apollo*, by whom he was oftentimes inspir'd: He no sooner saw a sick Person, than he could tell by his Eyes, his Complexion, the Disposition of his Body, and the manner of his Breathing, what the source of the Malady was: Sometimes he would give 'em sudorifick Remedies, which by their powerful Effects did demonstrate, how much Perspiration encreas'd or diminish'd, disorder'd or restor'd the Machine of our Body. In languishing Distempers, he gave certain Drinks which by degrees re-establish'd

blish'd the noble Parts, and by sweetning the Blood, renew'd the Vigour of his Patients; but he often alledg'd, that it was the fault of their Virtue and Courage that made Men stand in need so often of Medicines. It is a shame, said he, for Men to have so many Diseases; for good Health is the Product of a virtuous Life; their Intemperence, said he, changes into deadly Poison that wholesome Nourishment which was appointed for preserving their Life. Immoderate Pleasures do shorten Mens days more than the best Remedies can prolong them. The short Allowance of the Poor preserves their Health, while the Rich deprive themselves of it by their excess. Those Nourishments that gratifie the Palate most, and which force Appetite, are a poisoning instead of nourishing. Medicines in themselves are really mischievous and destroy Nature, and ought only to be used on pressing Occasions; but

the Sovereign Remedy that is always harmless, always useful, is Sobriety, Temperance in all our Pleasures, Tranquillity of Mind, and Exercise of the Body: This makes the Blood sweet and temperate, and dissipates all noxious and superfluous Humours. Thus the sage *Noxofugus* was less admir'd for his Medicines than he was for the Diet he prescrib'd to prevent Diseases, and render Remedies effective.

These two Men were sent by *Telemachus* to visit all the Sick in the Army: They cur'd many by their Remedies, but many more by the care they took to make them successful; for they took care to keep them clean, and by that cleanness to prevent noisome Air; and made them observe an exact Sobriety, and a regular Diet during their Cure. The Soldiers were all touch'd with a sense of this seasonable Relief, and thank'd the Gods for sending *Telemachus* into the Confederate Army.

This



This is, fure, no Mortal, say they,  
 but some beautiful Deity, in human  
 Shape; or if he is a Man, he is  
 nearer a Kin to the Gods than the  
 rest of Mankind, and is sent into  
 the World only to do good. He is  
 more to be belov'd for his Sweet-  
 ness and Bounty, than for his Va-  
 lour. O that we could have such a  
 King! But the Gods have reserv'd  
 him for a People more happy than  
 we; whom they mind to cherish,  
 and among whom they will renew  
 the Golden Age. *Telemachus*, while  
 he spent the Night in visiting the se-  
 veral Quarters of the Army to pre-  
 vent the Stratagems of *Adrastus*,  
 heard these Commendations, which  
 had not the least Suspicion of Flat-  
 tery. As he desir'd no other, so his  
 Heart was mov'd at these, and he  
 found that sweet and pure Pleasure,  
 which the Gods have join'd to Vir-  
 tue alone, and which ill Men, be-  
 cause they have never experiment-  
 ed it, can neither conceive nor be-  
 lieve;

lieve ; but could not remain fix'd in this sort of Pleasure ; his former Faults came all thronging into his Mind : He did not forget his natural Haughtiness, nor his indifferent Behaviour towards other Men, and he was secretly asham'd that he was naturally harsh, and yet seem'd so human. He ascrib'd all the Glory that was bestow'd on him, and which he thought was above his Merit, to the Wisdom of *Minerva*. It is thou, O great Goddess, said he, that gave me *Mentor* for an Instructor, and a Corrector of my evil Temper : It is thou that hast blessed me with Wisdom to make advantage of my Escapes, and to distrust my self : It is thou that restrain'st my impetuous Passions ; and it is thou that makest me sensible of the Pleasure of relieving the Unhappy : Without thee I should be hated, and deservedly too : Without thee I should commit irreparable Faults, and be as a Child, who  
being

being insensible of its own Weakness, lets go the hold it had of its Mother, and falls the very first step that it makes.

*Nestor* and *Philoctetes* were amaz'd to see *Telemachus* become so gentle, so courteous, so helpful, and so provident. They were puzzled what to think; they saw him quite another Man; and that which surpriz'd them more, was the great care he took about the Funeral of *Hippias*. He went in Person to bring his bloody and disfigur'd Body from the Place where it lay hid under a heap of dead Men: He shed pious Tears over him, and said, O Shade, thou know'st now how much I esteem'd thy Valour! 'Tis true, thy Haughtiness did provoke me; but the heat of thy Youth was to blame for't; and I am not insensible how much that Age wants to be excus'd. We had at last been united in a sincere Friendship; I was to blame:

O ye Gods, wherefore have ye taken him from me !

*Telemachus* afterwards caus'd the Body to be Wash'd with an odorous Liquor, and gave Orders concerning the funeral Pile. The lofty Pines, groaning under the stroaks of the Ax, came tumbling down from the tops of the Mountains; the Oaks, those Antient Sons of the Earth, that seem'd to threaten Heaven; the tall Poplars, the young Elms with their verdant Tops, and thick leav'd Branches; the Beeches, the glory of the Forest, lay all fell'd on the River *Galesus*: There were they rais'd into a Pile, resembling a regular Building. The Flame began to appear, and a Pillar of Smoak mounted up to the Heavens. The *Lacedemonians* march'd with a slow and doleful pace, trailing their Pikes, and looking on the Ground; bitter Sorrow flood painted on their Warlike Countenances, and the Tears trickl'd down in abundance. After the



the rest, came the aged *Pherecidas*, stooping not so much under the great number of his Years, as a load of Grief for surviving *Hippias*, whom he had brought up from his very Infancy: He rais'd his Hands, and his Eyes that were drown'd in Tears, towards Heaven. After the death of *Hippias*, he refus'd all manner of Food, nor could Sleep shut his Eye-lids, or suspend the smartness of his Pain for a Moment. With a trembling pace he walk'd after the Procession, not knowing whither he went; he was speechless, because his Heart was quite oppress'd; his silence was the effect of Despair and Dejection. But no sooner did he see the Pile kindled, than he cry'd out in a fury, O *Hippias*, *Hippias*! I shall never see thee again! *Hippias* is no more, and yet I live still! O my dear *Hippias*! 'tis I that am the cause of thy Death; 'twas I that taught thee to despise it; I believ'd that thou



shouldst have shut my Eyes, and suck'd my last Breath. O ye cruel Gods! Why did ye prolong my days, only that I might see the death of *Hippias*? O my dear Child, that I have brought up with so much care, I shall see thee no more; but I shall see thy Mother, whom Grief will kill, and who will reproach me with thy Death; I shall see thy young Spouse beating her Breast, and pulling off her Hair, and I am the unhappy cause. O dear Shade, call me to the Banks of *Styx*; for the Light is hateful to me, and 'tis thee only, my dear *Hippias*, that I wish to see. *Hippias, Hippias!* O my dear *Hippias!* I only live now to pay my last Duty to thy Ashes.

In the mean time, you might see the Body of young *Hippias* stretch'd out in a Coffin adorn'd with Purple, Gold and Silver; Death that had shut his Eyes was not able to deface all his Beauty, and the Graces appear'd still in his pale Face; Around his

his Neck that was whiter than Snow,  
 but now leaning on his Shoulder,  
 his long black Hair did wave, finer  
 than those of *Atis* and *Ganimede*;  
 but which were now to be turn'd  
 to Ashes. You might observe in his  
 Side the deep Wound, through which  
 all his Blood had run out, and which  
 had sent him down into the gloomy  
 Regions of *Pluto*. *Telemachus*, sad  
 and dejected, follow'd the Corps  
 at a little distance, strowing Flow-  
 ers. When they came to the Pile,  
 the young Son of *Ulysses* could not  
 endure to see the Flame seize on the  
 Cloth in which the Body was wrapt,  
 without shedding fresh Tears. A-  
 dieu, said he, O magnanimous *Hip-  
 pias*! For I dare not call thee Friend:  
 Rest in quiet, O Shade, who hast  
 merited so much renown! If I did  
 not love thee I should envy thy Hap-  
 piness, who art free'd from those  
 Miseries that accompany us, and art  
 retir'd by the Path of Honour. How  
 happy should I be, if my End were

the same! May *Styx* ne're be able to stop thy Ghost; may thy Passage be easie into the *Elysian Fields*; may Fame preserve thy Name throughout all Ages, and may thy Ashes rest in Peace. Scarce had he spoke these Words, which were interrupted with Sobs, when the Army gave a hideous Shout; they were mov'd with grief for the loss of *Hippias*, they were recounting his great Actions; and their Grief for his death, brought to their Minds all his good Qualities, and made them forget all those Failings, which the Heat of his Youth, or his bad Education had occasion'd. But they were more mov'd with the tender Affection that *Telemachus* had for him. Is this, said they, the young *Greek*, that was so Proud, so Haughty, so Disdainful and untractable? See how gentle, how humane, how kind he's now become! *Minerva*, no doubt, who loved his Father so dearly, has had the same Passion for the Son; doubt.

doubtless she has bestow'd on him the most valuable Blessing that the Gods can give to Mortals, in affording him, together with Wisdom, a Heart sensible of Friendship.

By this time the Flame had consum'd the Body. *Telemachus*, with his own Hands, besprinkl'd the Ashes that were yet smoaking, with a Liquor richly perfum'd; then put them into an Urn of Gold, which he crown'd with Garlands, and carried to *Phalanthus*. He lay stretch'd out wounded in several places, and in the extremity of his Weakness, had a glimpse of the melancholy Gates of Death.

*Traumaphilus* and *Nozofagus*, whom the Son of *Ulysses* had sent to attend him, had try'd their utmost skill for his Relief. They had by degrees brought back his departing Soul; fresh Spirits began insensibly to revive his Heart, and create a penetrating Vigor. The Balsom of Life gliding from Vein to Vein,



Vein, had reach'd his Heart; a grateful warmth reviv'd his Limbs; but in the very Moment that the Swooning left him, Grief succeeded; for he began to be sensible of the Loss of his Brother, which, till then, he had not been in a condition to think of. Alas! said he, why all this care to save my Life? Had I not better die, and follow my dear *Hippias*? I saw him fall hard by me: O *Hippias*! the comfort of my Life, my Brother, my dear Brother, thou art now no more! I can hereafter neither see thee, nor hear thee, nor embrace thee, nor comfort thee in thy Troubles, nor complain to thee of my own. O ye Gods, Enemies to Mankind! Must I forever be depriv'd of *Hippias*? Is it possible! is it not a Dream? No, it is real, O *Hippias*, I have left thee, I have seen thee die, and I must live till I have aveng'd thee; I will sacrifice to thy Ghost the Cruel *Adrastus*, who is stain'd with thy Blood.

While



While *Phalanthus* was thus speaking, the two Divine Men used their utmost endeavour to appease his Grief, for fear it should increase his Disease, and frustrate the Effects of their Medicines: On a sudden he perceiv'd *Telemachus*, who came to see him. At first sight, two contrary Passions were struggling in his Breast; he harbour'd a Resentment of what had pass'd between *Telemachus* and *Hippias*; his Grief for the loss of *Hippias* gave it an Edge; he could not forget that he owed the preservation of his Life to *Telemachus*, who rescu'd him out of the Hands of *Adrastus*, all bloody, and half dead. But when he saw the Golden Urn which inclos'd the Ashes of his dear Brother *Hippias*, he dissolv'd into Tears; he embrac'd *Telemachus*, without being able to speak: At last, with a languishing Voice, interrupted with Sighs, he said, O worthy Son of *Ulysses*, thy Virtue constrains me to love thee;

I owe thee the small remainder of my Life, and I owe thee also something that's more dear to me. Had it not been for thee, the Body of my Brother had been a Prey to the Vultures: Had it not been for thee, his Ghost, depriv'd of Sepulture, had wander'd in a miserable Condition, on the Banks of the River *Styx*, continually push'd back by the pitiless *Charon*. Must I be so far indebted to one whom I mortally hated? Repay him, O ye Gods, and deliver me from this Miserable Life. And thou *Telemachus*, pay me the last Duty that thou hast paid to my Brother, that thy Glory may be compleat.

With these Words, *Phalanthus* was quite spent, and overwhelm'd with excess of Grief. *Telemachus* staid by him, but durst not speak, waiting till he should recover a little strength. Presently *Phalanthus* having come out of his Fit, takes the Urn out of the Hands of *Telemachus*; twenty times he

he kiss'd it, and water'd it with his Tears, and said; O Dear, O Precious Ashes! When shall mine be inclos'd in the same Urn? O thou Ghost of *Hippias*! I will follow thee to the Shades below: *Telemachus* shall avenge us both.

In the mean time, *Phalanthus* recover'd daily by the watchful Care of these two Men, who understood the Art of *Esculapius*. *Telemachus* was always by them to quicken their Diligence for hastening the Cure; and all the Army was struck with Admiration at his Goodness in relieving his greatest Enemy, more than at the Valour and Conduct which he shew'd in Battle, when he sav'd the Confederate Army. In the mean time *Telemachus* gave Proof how indefatigable he was in the greatest Hardships of War. He slept little, and his Sleep was often interrupted, either by the intelligence he received, every Hour of the Night, as well as of the Day;  
or

or by viewing all the Quarters of the Army, which he never did twice at the same Hours, that he might the better surprise those that were negligent. Oftentimes he return'd to his Tent, all over Sweat and Dust. His Diet was plain, being the same with that of the Soldiers, that he might set them a Copy of Sobriety and Patience. Provisions being scarce in that Encampment, he judg'd it necessary to prevent a Mutiny of the Soldiers, voluntarily to share with them in their Hardships. His Body was so far from being weaken'd by that toilsom Life; that every Day it became Stronger and more hardned. He began to lose the tender Graces of his Face, which are, as 'twere, the bloom of Youth; his Complexion grew Browner and less Delicate, and his Limbs rougher and more nervous.

In the mean time, *Adrastus*, whose Troops had been considerably wast-ed by the Battle, had posted himself be-



behind the Hill *Auton*, to wait the coming of some Reinforcements, and to try whether he could once more surprise the Enemy; just like a famish'd Lyon, bauk'd of his Prey, returns to the shady Forest, and re-enters his Den, where he whets his Teeth and his Claws, and impatiently waits for a favourable Minute to destroy the whole Flock.

*Telemachus* having made it his chief Care to observe a strict Discipline through the whole Army, he thought of nothing now but putting in execution a Design which he had already conceived, and which he had conceal'd from all the Commanders in the Army. For a long time, during whole Nights, his Head had been fill'd with Dreams, that represented to him his Father *Ulysses*. This Image of *Ulysses* used always to return when Night was going away, and *Aurora* began with her dawning Light to chase the wandering Stars from the Heavens; and  
when



when soft Sleep began to compose the fluttering Dreams. Sometimes he would fancy that he saw him Naked in a fortunate Island, on the Banks of a River, in a pleasant Meadow bedeck'd with Flowers, and environ'd by Nymphs, who threw their Garments on him to cover him. Sometimes he thought he heard him Talking in a Palace, all glittering with Gold and Ivory, where Men, crown'd with Garlands, listen to him with Pleasure and Admiration. At other times he would appear to him on a sudden in those Feasts, where Joy shines bright amidst Delights, and where you might hear the soft Harmony of a charming Voice with a Harp, more melodious than the Harp of *Apollo*, or the Voice of all the Muses.

*Telemachus* awaking, grew melancholy at his pleasant Dream. O my Father! O my dear Father *Ulysses*, cry'd he! The most frightful Dream had been more pleasant to me.

me. These Representations of Happiness give me reason to believe that you are already gone down to the abode of blessed Souls, where the Gods reward their Virtue with eternal Tranquillity. Methinks I see the *Elysian* Fields. O how hard a Thing is it to hope no more! What, O my dear Father! Shall I see thee no more, shall I embrace him no more who lov'd me so tenderly, and whom I have sought after with so much Labour and Toil? Shall I never hear Wisdom it self speak out of thy Mouth? Shall I never again kiss those Hands, those dear, those victorious Hands, by whom so many Enemies have fallen? Shall they never punish the foolish Lovers of *Penelope*, and must *Ithaca* for ever be Ruined?

O ye Gods, who are Enemies to my Father, ye have sent me this Dream to deprive me of all Hope; 'tis to deprive me of Life. No, I cannot live longer in this uncertainty.

ty. What do I say, Alas! No-  
 thing is more certain than that my  
 Father is no more; I'll go find out  
 his Ghost in the Shades below.  
*Theseus* succeeded in this Attempt:  
 The impious *Theseus*, who durst  
 offer Violence to the infernal Deities!  
 As for me, a pious Motive carries  
 me thither. *Hercules* hath descended  
 there; I am no *Hercules*; but 'tis  
 glorious to attempt to imitate him.  
*Orpheus*, by the relation of his Mis-  
 fortunes, did sensibly touch the  
 Heart of the inexorable God, and  
 obtain'd the return of *Eurydice* from  
 thence. I have a juster Claim to  
 Compassion than *Orpheus*, because  
 my Loss is greater. Who can com-  
 pare a young Girle, not singular for  
 her Beauty, to the sage *Ulysses*, ad-  
 mir'd by all *Greece*? Let us go, let  
 us dye, if it must be so: Why should  
 Death be so formidable, since Life  
 is so miserable? O *Pluto*! O *Proser-  
 pine*! I'll try e'r it be long whether  
 ye are as pitiless as ye are call'd. O

my

my Father ! After all my fruitless Travel over Seas and Land to find you out, if the Gods deny me the Enjoyment of you on Earth, and in the Light of the Sun, I'll go try whether you are gone to the melancholy Abodes of the Dead. Perhaps they will not refuse me a sight of your Ghost in the Kingdom of Darkness. While he was thus Speaking, *Telemachus* watered his Bed with his Tears ; then he arose, to try whether by the Light he could mitigate the sharpness of his Sorrow that his Dream had occasion'd ; but this was an Arrow that had pierced his Heart, and which he continually carried about with him. In this Anguish, he essay'd to descend into the infernal Regions, by a famous Place not far remov'd from the Camp : It is call'd *Acheron*, because in this Place there is a dreadful Cave, by which you may go down to the Banks of *Acheron*, a River by which the Gods themselves are afraid to Swear.

The

The Town stood on a Rock, like a Nest in the top of a Tree. At the foot of the Rock was this Cavern to be seen, which fearful Mortals were afraid to approach. The chief care of the Shepherds was to turn away their Flocks from it: The sulphureous Stams which the *Stygian* Lake incessantly cast forth through this Passage infected the Air. Around it grew neither Herb nor Flower: There no gentle *Zephirs* fann'd the Air: There you could neither see the blooming Graces of the Spring, nor the rich Blessings of Autumn: There the Ground was all dry and languishing; and there was nothing to be seen but a few Shrubs stript of their Leaves, and the fatal *Cypress*. All round for a great way, *Ceres* denied the Labourers her Golden Harvests: In vain did *Bacchus* seem to promise his pleasant Fruits; the Grapes wither'd instead of ripening. The Sorrowful *Nayades* could not make the Water run pure; their  
Streams



Streams were always bitter and muddy. No warbling of Birds was to be heard in that Desert, that was all bristled with Bryers and Thorns; there was no Grove to shelter them, they went and sung their Loves in a gentler Air. Nothing was to be heard there but the croaking of Ravens, and the melancholy Voice of the Owl: The very Herbs were bitter, and the Flocks that pass'd that way did not feed on that pleasant Pasture which used to make them skip: The Bull loath'd the Heifer, and the Shepherds forgot their Pipe and Flute.

Out of this Cavern, oftentimes, there issu'd forth a dark and thick Smoke, which made a sort of Night at Mid-day. The neighbouring People redoubled their Sacrifices, to appease the Wrath of the infernal Gods; but oftentimes, Men in the flower of their Age, and in the bloom of their Youth, were the only Victims, which these cruel Divinities,

vinities, by a fatal Contagion, took Pleasure to Sacrifice.

It was here that *Telemachus* resolved to find out the way into the black Habitation of *Pluto*. *Minerva*, who always kept a watchful Eye over him, and had cover'd him with her Shield, had bespoke *Pluto's* Favour. *Jupiter*, at the Request of *Minerva*, had given Orders to *Mercury* (who went down every Day to the Regions below, to deliver a certain number of Mortals into the Hands of *Charon*) to desire the King of Shades that he would allow the Son of *Ulysses* to enter into his Dominions.

*Telemachus* secretly withdrew out of the Camp by Night ; he travel'd by the Light of the Moon, and invoc'd that powerful Deity, who in the Heavens appears a bright Star in the Night, on Earth is the chaste *Diana*, and in Hell is the dreadful *Hecate*. This Goddess vouchsafed him a favourable Ear, because his Heart

Heart was upright, and because he was guided by the pious Love of a dutiful Son. Scarce had he approach'd the entry of the Cave, when he heard the bellowing of the subterranean Empire. The Earth trembled under his Feet; the Heavens arm'd themselves with Lightning and Fire, that seem'd ready to fall down. The young Son of *Ulysses* was shock'd, and his whole Body was bedew'd with a cold Sweat; but his Courage supported him; he rais'd up his Eyes and his Hands towards Heaven. Ye great Gods, cry'd he, I accept this happy Omen: Compleat your Work. This said, he redoubled his Pace, and went forward boldly. Presently the thick Smoke, which rendred the entry to the Cavern fatal to all other Creatures that approach'd it, was dissipated; the poisonous Smell ceased for a while, and *Telemachus* entred alone; for what other Mortal durst follow him? Two *Cretans* who had accompanied

Y

panied him to a certain distance from the Cave, and to whom he had entrusted his Design, stood Trembling and half Dead a great way from it, in a Temple, making their Vows, and despairing of ever seeing *Telemachus* again.

In the mean time, the Son of *Ulysses*, with his Sword in his Hand, plunges himself in horrible Darkness. Presently he perceiv'd a dim and faint Light, such as we see in the Night Time on Earth. He observ'd the airy Ghosts fluttering about him, whom he warded off with his Sword. Not long after, he came in sight of the melancholy brink of the marshy River, whose muddy and stagnant Waters turn in a continual Whirlpool. He discover'd upon the Banks of it an innumerable crowd of departed Souls who had been depriv'd of Sepulture, making their fruitless Addresses to the pitiless *Charon*. This Deity, whose perpetual old Age made him morose and fretful, return'd



turn'd them nothing but Threats and Refusals; but at first sight receiv'd the young *Greek* aboard his Boat. *Telemachus* had no sooner entered than he heard the mournful Groans of a certain disconsolate Ghost. What is the cause, pray, said he, of your Misery; what was you on Earth? I was, reply'd the Ghost, *Nabopharzan*, King of proud *Babylon*; all the Eastern Nations trembled at the sound of my Name. I made the *Babylonians* pay divine Honours to me in a Temple of Marble, where I was represented by a Statue of Gold; before which, night and day, the most precious Perfumes of *Ethiopia* were burnt; none ever contradicted me unpunish'd; new Pleasures were daily invented to sweeten my Life; I was then young and vigorous. What Pleasure was there that I did not taste while I sat on the Throne? But an ungrateful Woman, whom I dearly lov'd, convinc'd me that I was not a God;



She has poison'd me, and I am no more. Yesternight my Ashes were, with great Solemnity, put into an Urn of Gold ; they cry'd, they tore off their Hair, and seem'd as if they would throw themselves into the Flames of my Pile, and share in my death : Some are going still to mourn at the Foot of the magnificent Tomb where my Ashes were laid ; but no body does really regret my Loss : My Memory is abhorr'd by my own Family, and here below I am already expos'd to the most dreadful Reproaches.

*Telemachus*, mov'd at this sight, said to him : But were you truly happy during your Reign ? Were you sensible of that calm and gentle Peace, without which the Heart remains always, as 'twere, withered and shrunk up amidst the greatest Pleasures ? No, reply'd the *Babylonian*, I don't so much as know what you mean. The Sages boast of this Peace, as the only Good ; but for  
my

my part, I never felt it : My Soul was incessantly agitated with new desires, with fear and with hope : I endeavour'd to intoxicate my self with the tumultuous Motion of my Passions ; I was careful to entertain this Frenzy, to make it lasting ; the shortest interval of calm Reason had been bitter. Behold, this was the Peace that I enjoy'd ; all other seem'd a meer Trifle and a Dream ; these are the Blessings that I regret. While the *Babylonian* was thus speaking, he wept like one of a mean Spirit, soften'd by Prosperity, and who had never been accusom'd to bear Misfortunes with Constancy. There were hard by him certain Slaves, who had been slain to grace his Funeral. *Mercury* had deliver'd them to *Charon* with their King, and had given them absolute Power over him whom they had serv'd on Earth. The Ghosts of these Slaves stood now no more in awe of the Ghost of *Nabopharzan* ; they kept him in

Chains, offering him the most cruel Indignities. One would say to him, Were not we Men as well as you? How camest thou to be so stupid as to fancy thy self a God, and not rather remember that thou were Cast in the same Mould with other Men? Another insultingly would tell him, Thou had'st reason not to pass for a Man, being a Monster, void of all Humanity. Another would say to him, Well, where are all thy Flatterers now? Thou hast now nothing to bestow, poor Wretch; 'tis not in thy Power to do any more Mischief; behold thou art now become a Slave to thy own Slaves. The Gods are slow in executing Justice, but at length they have done it. At these hard words he fell flat on his Face, tearing his Hair, in an excess of Rage and Despair. But *Charon* call'd to the Slaves; Pull him by his Chain, raise him up in spite of his Teeth; he shan't so much as have the comfort to hide his Shame:  
All

All the Ghosts about *Styx* must bear witness to justifie the Gods who suffer'd this impious Wretch to Reign so long upon Earth. This is, O *Babylonian*, but the beginning of thy Sorrow; prepare thy self to be judg'd by the inflexible *Minos*. Before dreadful *Charon* had well ended his Discourse, his Boat had touch'd the Borders of *Pluto's* Empire. The Ghosts came all flocking together to view this living Man, that appear'd among the dead in the Boat; but no sooner had the Foot of *Telemachus* touch'd the Land, than they all fled; just as the Shades of Night are dissipated by the first glimpse of the Day. *Charon* looking on the young *Greek* with a smooth Face, and less fierceness in his Eyes than usual, said, O Mortal! belov'd by the Gods, since thou art allow'd to enter the Kingdom of Night, inaccessible to all living, make halt to go where the Destinies call thee; go through this gloomy Path to the Palace of

*Pluto*, whom you will find on his Throne; he will permit you to enter those Places, the Secrets of which he will not allow me to discover. *Telemachus* forthwith advancing with a swift Pace, was surrounded by multitudes of fluttering Ghosts, innumerable as the Sands on the Shoar; and amidst the hurry of this numberless Multitude, he was seiz'd with a Divine Horrour, observing the profound Silence of these vast Places. His Hair stood on end, so soon as he approach'd the gloomy Abode of the pitiless *Pluto*; his Knees trembled, his Voice fail'd him, and it was with much ado that he could utter these words: You see, O terrible Divinity! The Son of the unhappy *Ulysses*; I come to enquire of you, whether my Father is descended into your Dominions, or if he is wandering still on Earth.

*Pluto* was seated on a Throne of Ebony; his Countenance look'd pale and severe, his Eyes were hollow and



and sparkling, his Face wrinkled and threatning: The Sight of a living Man was as odious to him, as the Light is offensive to the Eyes of those Creatures that are accustom'd to lurk in their Retreats till the approach of Night. By his side appear'd *Proserpine*, who was his only pleasing Object, and who seem'd in some measure to soften his Heart: She enjoyed a Beauty that was always fresh; but her Divine Graces seem'd sullied a little by something harsh and cruel that was borrowed from her Spouse. At the Foot of the Throne was pale and devouring Death, with his sharp-edg'd Sithe, which he whetted incessantly. About him flew, black Cares, cruel Jealousies, Revenges, glutted with Blood, and full of Wounds; unjust Hatreds, Covetousness, gnawing it self; Despair, tearing it self with its own Hands; furious Ambition, that puts all in Confusion; Treason, that feeds upon Blood, and cannot enjoy

the Fruits of its Wickedness; Envy, that darts its deadly Venom all round her, and who frets and rages when she's unable to hurt; Impiety, that has digg'd a bottomless Pit, and desperately thrown her self head-long into it; the hideous Spectres; the Phantomes, that assume the shape of the Dead to frighten the Living; the frightful Dreams and Watchings that are as tormenting as those. With all these dire Spectres was the haughty *Pluto* environ'd, and with these were his Palace fill'd. He answer'd *Telemachus*, with a hollow Voice, that made the bottom of *Hebrus* roar: Young Mortal, said he, thy Destiny hath made thee violate this sacred Refuge of the Ghosts; follow thy Destiny; for me, thou shalt never know where thy Father is; 'tis enough thou art free to go look for him; since he has been a King upon Earth, thou hast no more to do but to traverse one part of dark *Tartarus*, where the wicked  
Kings

Kings are punish'd; and on the other, the *Elysian* Fields where the good Ones are rewarded. But you cannot pass from hence to the *Elysian* Fields, till you have gone through *Tartarus*; make hast thither, and get ye out of my Dominions.

Forthwith *Telemachus* seem'd to fly through those empty and immense Spaces; he was so eager to know if he should see his Father, and to remove himself from the Presence of that horrible Tyrant, dreadful both to the Living and Dead. He quickly found himself on the Borders of gloomy *Tartarus*; from which there arose a black and thick Smoke, whose infectious Stink would have brought present Death with it, if it had reach'd the Abodes of the Living. This Smoke cover'd a River of flaming Fire; the noise of which, resembling that of the most impetuous Torrents, when they throw themselves down the highest Mountains into the bottom  
of

of a Gulf, struck those almost deaf  
that entered those dismal Places.

*Telemachus*, secretly animated by  
*Minerva*, undauntedly entered this A-  
byss; at first sight he perceiv'd a  
great number of Men, who had liv'd  
in a very mean Condition, and who  
were punish'd for having heap'd up  
Riches by Fraud, Treachery and  
Cruelty. He observ'd there Swarms  
of impious Hypocrites, who made  
a shew of Religion, to serve them  
for a pretext to cover their Ambition,  
and to impose upon the Credulous.  
These Men who had abus'd Virtue  
it self, (the greatest Blessing that the  
Gods can bestow) were punish'd as  
the most execrable of all Mankind.  
The Children who had kill'd their  
Fathers or Mothers; the Wives who  
had embrew'd their Hands in the  
Blood of their Husbands; the Tray-  
tors who had abandon'd their Party,  
after they had violated their most  
solemn Oaths, underwent a more  
gentle Punishment than those Hy-  
pocrites.



poorness. Such was the Sentence of the three Infernal Judges, and this was their Reason: It was, because the Hypocrites, not thinking it enough to be ill, as the rest of the Wicked, would pass for good Men, and by their counterfeit Virtue, make People afraid to trust those that were really so. The Gods, whom they mock'd, and made despicable in the Eyes of Men, take Pleasure to exercise their Power in revenging this Affront.

Near to these, appear'd another sort of Men, whom the Vulgar do not believe very culpable, but whom the divine Vengeance punishes without Mercy. These are the Ungrateful, the Lyars, the Flatterers, who commend Vice; the malicious Censurers, who endeavour to fally the brightest Virtue; in fine, those who have rashly pass Sentence, before they consider'd things to the bottom, and by that means wrong'd the Reputation of the Innocent; but of all



all Ingratitudes, that is punished as the blackest which one is guilty of against the Gods. What, says *Minos*, one is reputed a Monster, that fails in his Acknowledgments to his Father, or to his Friend, from whom he has receiv'd assistance ; and yet Men glory in their Ingratitude towards the Gods, of whom they hold Life, and all the Blessings that attend it. Do not we owe our Being to them more than to our Parents, of whom we are Born? and the more such Crimes go unpunish'd upon Earth, the more they become the Object of implacable Vengeance here below.

*Telemachus* seeing the three Judges sitting to pass Sentence upon a Man, took the boldness to ask what were his Crimes. Immediately the Criminal taking upon him to Answer, cry'd out, I never did any Evil ; on the contrary, I placed my greatest Happiness in doing good : I have always been Generous, Liberal, Just,  
Com-

Complaisant, what have they then to object? To which *Minos* answer'd, we have nothing to reproach thee with, in respect of Men; but didst not thou owe them far less than to the Gods? Where is then that Justice of which thou bragst so much? Thou hast fail'd in nothing towards Men, who are indeed nothing themselves: Thou hast been vertuous, but thou mad'st thy Virtue subservient only to thy self, and not to the Gods who gave it thee: Thou hadst a mind to enjoy alone, the Fruits of thy Virtue, and mad'st it center in thy self; thou hast been thy own Divinity; but the Gods, who made all things for themselves, could not renounce their Right; and as thou didst forget them, they will forget thee, and deliver thee over to thy self: Since for thy self thou livedst and not for them. Find therefore, if thou can'st at present, Consolation in thy own Mind: Lo! thou art now forever separated from  
the

the Company of Men, whom thou studiest so much to please; thou art now alone with thy self, thy own Idol. Learn, that there is no true Virtue, without the reverence and love of the Gods, to whom we owe all: Thy counterfeited Virtue, which for so long has blinded the Eyes of credulous Mankind, shall be now expos'd: Mankind judging of Virtue or Vice only with respect to his own conveniency, is blind both as to Good and Evil. But here a divine Light repeals their rash Sentences; condemning what they have admir'd, and justifying what they have condemn'd.

At these Words, the Philosopher, as 'twere, Thunder-struck, could not now be reconcil'd to himself: The Pleasure which he took formerly in contemplating his Moderation, Courage, and generous Inclinations, were now turn'd into Despair. The sight of his own Heart, so treacherous to the Gods, was now punisht enough:

enough: He saw himself, nor could he refrain from the odious sight: He saw the Vanity of the Opinion of Men, whom in all his Actions, he studied so much to please. There was a compleat Revolution of every thing within him, as if all his Bowels had been turn'd topsy-turvey. He was no more the same Man; his Heart fail'd him; his Conscience, formerly so peaceable, rises up against him, and outrageously reproaches him with his sham Virtues, which had not either for their Beginning or End the Worship of the Gods. He is in Confusion, Consternation, full of Shame, Remorse, and Despair. The Furies did not torment him, because it sufficed to let him alone to himself; his own Heart sufficiently aveng'd the Gods whom he had contemn'd: Since he could not shun himself, he sought out the obscurest Places to hide himself from others: He courted Darkness, but could not find it; officious  
 Light



Light pursues him every where. Every where the piercing Rayes of Truth revenge his Contempt of her. What he lov'd formerly, now becomes hateful, as being the source of all his endless Miseries. He said within himself, O Fool that I am, I have neither known the Gods, nor my self; no, I have been ignorant of every thing, since I never lov'd the only and true Good: All my Steps have been out of the Way; my Wisdom was Folly, my Virtue was nothing but an Impious and Foolish Pride, for I was always my own Idol.

At last *Telemachus* observ'd those Kings that were punish'd for having abus'd their Power; on one hand a revengeful Fury presented a Mirrour, which shew'd them the deformity of their Vices. There they saw, and could not hinder themselves from seeing their undisguis'd Vanity, greedy of silly Flattery; their hard-heartedness towards Men, for whose Happiness



Happiness they were made; their insensibility of Virtue, their fear of Truth, and Inclination for base Men and Flatterers; their want of Application, their Effeminacy, their Laziness, their Jealousie, their Pride, their excessive Magnificence, founded upon the Ruins of their Subjects; their Ambition to purchase Vain-Glory with the Blood of their People. In fine, their Cruelty, which seeks out new Pleasures, amidst the Tears and Despair of so many unhappy Wretches.

In this Mirrour, they saw themselves continually, more terrible and monstrous than the *Chimera* that was vanquish'd by *Bellerophon*, or the *Hydra* of *Lerna*, that was destroy'd by *Hercules*; yea than *Cerberus* himself, though he Vomits from his three gaping Throats black and poisonous Blood, capable to infect the whole Race of Mortals living upon Earth.

At

At the same time, on the other hand, another Fury did insultingly repeat the nauseous Praises that their Flatterers had bestow'd upon them while alive; and presented another Mirror, where they appear'd such as they were Painted by Flattery. The opposition of these Portraits so contrary, was the Punishment of their Vanity: It was observable that the most wicked of these Kings, were such as during their Life had receiv'd the most magnificent Praises, because the Evil are more dreaded than the Good; and they exact without shame, the base Flatteries of the Poets and Orators of their time. You might hear them groan in their profound Darkness, where they can see nothing but the Insults and Derisions which they are destin'd to suffer. They have none about them, but such as oppose, contradict, and expose them. Whereas on Earth they sported themselves with the Lives of Men, and pretended that

all

all was made for their Service; in *Tartarus*, they are deliver'd over to the Caprice of certain Slaves, who make them feel in their turn, the Miseries of cruel Bondage. Their Slavery is painful, and there remains no Hope of ever being able to mitigate their Captivity: Under the lash of these Slaves, now become their Merciless Tyrants, they seem'd like the Anvil under the Hammer of the *Cyclops*, when *Vulcan* makes them work in the burning Furnaces of Mount *Ætna*.

There *Telemachus* perceiv'd pale, hideous and melancholy Countenances arising from Black Grief, that gnaws these Criminals: They abhor themselves, and yet they can no more deliver themselves from this Horror than their very Nature; they want no other Chastisement of their Crimes, than their Crimes themselves; which they incessantly contemplate with their most aggravating Circumstances: They pre-  
sent

sent themselves to them like horrible Spectres pursuing them; to defend themselves from them, they call for a Death more powerful than that which separated them from their Bodies; a Death that can extinguish in them all Sense and Thought. They call to the Deeps to swallow them, that they may be snatch'd from the revenging Beams of tormenting Truth. But in vain, for they are reserved for Vengeance, that drops upon them leasurely, and will never be exhausted. The Truth which they were afraid to see, now becomes their Punishment; they see it, but whilst it flies in their Faces, the sight of it puts them beside themselves: 'Tis like the Thunder, which without hurting the Out-side, penetrates into the inmost parts of the Bowels. The Soul melts in this revenging Fire, as Metal in a burning Furnace. Its texture is destroy'd, and yet there is nothing consum'd: It dissolves it to the  
very

very first Principles of Life, and yet it can never die. They are tied to themselves, and can find neither Ease nor Comfort for the least Minute. They subsist only by their revenge upon themselves, and Despair, which makes them furious. Among so many Objects which made his Hair stand, *Telemachus* saw several of the Ancient Kings of *Lydia* punish'd for having preferr'd the Pleasures of a voluptuous Life to that of Application; which ought to be inseparable from Royalty, in order to procure the Ease of their People.

---

*The End of the Fourth Volume.*



The first of these is the fact that the  
 Government has not been able to  
 secure the necessary funds to  
 carry out its policy. This is due  
 to the fact that the Government  
 has not been able to raise the  
 necessary funds to carry out its  
 policy. This is due to the fact  
 that the Government has not been  
 able to raise the necessary funds  
 to carry out its policy. This is  
 due to the fact that the Govern-  
 ment has not been able to raise  
 the necessary funds to carry out  
 its policy. This is due to the  
 fact that the Government has not  
 been able to raise the necessary  
 funds to carry out its policy.

---

---

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*TELEMACHUS*

The Son of  
ULYSSES.

---

PART. V.

---

**T**Hese two Kings reproach'd  
one another of Folly and  
Stupidity : Says one to the other  
who had been his Son; did not I,  
Z when

when I was Old, and near my Death, often recommend to your Care the reproach of those Mischeifs which my own negligence had occasion'd? The Son reply'd, O unhappy Father! 'Tis you that have ruin'd me; 'twas your Example that habituated me to Pride, Arrogancy and Cruelty to Mankind. While I saw you Reign in so effeminate a manner, surrounded with servile Parasites; I addicted my self to the Love of Flattery and Pleasures; I thought the rest of Men were in respect of Kings, what other Animals are in regard of Men; I say I thought 'em no better than Beasts, and that no other account was to be made of 'em, but only what Service they could render, and what advantage might be expected from 'em. This I believed, and 'twas you that made me believe it, and now I endure all these Miseries for imitating your Example. To these Reproaches they added the most dreadful Curses, and were irritated

irritated with so much Rage, that they seem'd ready to tear one another in Pieces. Besides, round about these Kings, there hover'd (like so many Owls in the Shades of Night) cruel Suspicions, vain Allarms and Diffidences, which revenge Subjects on their Kings for their Severity. The unsatiable thirst of Riches, that false kind of Glory which is always Tyrannical, and vile Effeminacy, which redoubles all the Evils they suffer, without being able to give any true and solid Pleasure. Many of these Kings were severely punished, not for the Evils they had done, but for neglecting the Good they ought to have done. All the Crimes of the People, which proceed from Negligence in the execution of the Laws, were imputed to their Kings; and on them were all those Disorders charg'd which spring from Pride, Luxury, and all other Excesses which throw Men into a violent State, and tempt 'em to contemn the Laws in

quiring Wealth. Above all, those Kings were treated with extreme Rigour, who instead of acting the part of good and vigilant Shepherds towards the People, thought of nothing but how to ravage their Flocks, like so many voracious Wolves. But that which rais'd the Conster-nation of *Telemachus* to the highest Degree, was to see in this Abyss of Darkness and Misery, a great number of Kings, who had past upon Earth for tolerably good Princes, now abandon'd to the Pains of *Tartarus*, for having suffer'd themselves to be govern'd by wicked and designing Men. These were punish-ed for the Evils they had suffer'd to be committed by their Authority. Indeed the greatest part of these Kings were neither Good nor Bad; their Weakness was so great, that they never had been afraid of being kept in Ignorance of the Truth, nor ever had a true relish of Vertue, nor took Pleasure in doing Good.

No



No sooner was *Telemachus* got out of these dark Regions, but he felt himself as much eas'd as if one had remov'd a Mountain off his Breast ; The sense of this made him comprehend the Misery of those that were shut up in this dismal Place, without hope of being ever releas'd. It fill'd him with Horror to observe how many Kings were more rigorously Tormented than other Criminals. What, said he, so many Endeavours, so many Dangers, so many Snares, so many Difficulties in coming at the Truth, so as to be able to defend ones self against others, and against ones self, and at last so many horrible Torments in Hell, after such Agitations, such Assaults of Envy, and so many Crosses in a short course of Life ! O unthinking Man who is desirous of Reigning ! And happy he who limits his Desires to a private and peacable manner of Life, wherein 'tis less difficult to be Vertuous. In making these

Reflections his Mind was fill'd with Trouble and Horror, insomuch, that he fell into a kind of Consternation, which made him feel something of that Despair which racks those miserable Princes whose wretched Condition he had been considering. But in proportion to the degrees of distance he gain'd in retiring from these sad Territories of Darkness, Horror and Despair, his Courage began gradually to revive; he regain'd his Breath as he went forward, and soon was entertain'd with a distant view of the mild and pure Rays of Light that darted from those blessed Regions where the Heroes reside.

Here dwelt all those vertuous Kings, who had prudently govern'd Men till that time. They were separated from other good Men; for as wicked Princes suffer'd Torments in *Tartarus*, infinitely more violent than those of other Criminals of a low and private Condition; so these  
good

good Kings enjoy a Happiness in *Elysium*, infinitely exceeding that of the rest of Mankind, who had devoted themselves to Vertue, when upon Earth. Towards these Kings *Telemachus* advanc'd. They were in odoriferous Groves, on Meadows cover'd with immortal Green, and always deck'd with Flowers; a Thousand little Rivulets water'd this happy Place with their limpid Streams, which refresh'd it after a most agreeable manner; an infinite number of pretty Birds made these Groves resound with their sweet Harmony. Here they see at once the beautiful Flowers of the Spring growing on the Turf, under their Feet; and the pleasant Fruits of Autumn hanging on the Trees, over their Heads. Here the parching Heat of the furious Dog-star is never felt; here the rough North-Wind never dares to Blow, to make 'em feel the rigours of Winter. Neither War, that thirsts for Blood, nor cruel Envy,

Z 4

that

that bites with envenom'd Teeth,  
 having twist'd Vipers in her Bosom,  
 and wreath'd about her Arms; nor  
 Jealousies, Distrusts, Fears, nor vain  
 Desires, ever approach this blessed  
 Region of Peace. In this happy  
 Place, the Day nere knows an End;  
 and the Night with her bloomy  
 Vail is utterly a Stranger here. A  
 pure and insinuating Light spreads  
 it self round the Bodies of these just  
 Men, and encompasses you with its  
 Rays like a Garment. 'Tis not like  
 that which illuminates the Eyes of  
 miserable Mortals, which in com-  
 parison of this is little better than  
 Darkness. 'Tis rather a celestial  
 Glory than Light; for it penetrates  
 the thickest Bodies, after a more  
 subtile manner, than the Beams of  
 the Sun can pierce the purest Cryst-  
 al: Yet it never Dazzles, but on  
 the contrary, fortifies the Eyes, and  
 produces an unspeakable serenity in  
 the inmost recesses of the Soul. 'Tis  
 this alone that nourishes those blessed  
 Men,

Men, it penetrates 'em, and incorporates it self with 'em: They See it, they Feel it, they Breath it; it causes an inexhaustible Fountain of Peace and Joy to spring up in their Souls. In this Abyfs of Joy they plunge themselves, and live in it, as Fishes do in the Sea; they desire nothing, they have every thing without having any thing; for the relish of this pure Light appeases the Hunger of their Souls, all their Wishes are satisfied, and their fullness raises them above all that which Men with empty and hungry Minds so earnestly seek upon Earth. All the Pleasures that surround 'em, are nothing to 'em, because their consummate Happiness which proceeds from within 'em, leaves 'em void of Sensation, for every the most delicious Thing they see without 'em. Just as the Gods who are satiated with Nectar and Ambrosia, would disdain to Feed on those gross Meats which would be presented you at



the most exquisite Treat that Mortals could make 'em. All manner of Evils fly far away from this place of Tranquillity. Death, Sicknes, Poverty, Pain, Regrets, Remorses, Fears, and Hopes, too (which often cost us as much as our very Fears) vain Imaginations, Disgusts, and Vexations can none of 'em find entrance here. † The lofty Mountains of *Thrace* that thrust their Brows (which have been cover'd with Snow and Ice from the very beginning of the World) into the Clouds of Heaven, might sooner be over-turn'd from their Foundation, which is fix'd in the Center of the Earth, than the Hearts of these righteous Men be mov'd in the least degree; only they pity the Inhabitants of this World for the Miseries that oppress 'em, yet 'tis such a sweet and calm kind of Compassion as can't in the least alter their immutable Felicity: An everlasting Youth, an endless Happiness, and a Glory altogether  
Divine,

Divine, is conspicuous in their Countenances; but their Joy has nothing in it that is frothy and uncomely. 'Tis a noble Alacrity, sweet and full of Majesty. 'Tis a sublime Gust of Truth and Virtue that transports 'em. They are every moment, without Interruption, in such a kind of extasie of Mind, as that which seizes a tender Mother at the sight of her beloved Son, whom after a long absence she had given over for dead. But this Rapture which soon retires from such a Mother's Heart, never forsakes the Souls of these Men; it never languishes for so much as an Instant, but always continues fresh and new: They have the Transports of Inebriation, without the disturbance and folly of it: They entertain one another with Discourses on what they see and taste: They trample under their Feet the sweet Delights, and vain Poms of their former Condition, which they in some  
 fort

sort bewail: They reflect with Pleasure on those sad, but short Years, wherein they were oblig'd to oppose their own Inclinations; and to stemm the impetuous Torrent of the Persuasions of corrupt Men, to become Virtuous: They admire the Assistance which was given 'em by the Gods, who conducted 'em, as it were, by the Hand in the Paths of Virtue, through a multitude of Perils. There is something Divine, which I know not how to express, that runs incessantly through their Hearts like a Stream of the Divine Nature it self, and unites it self to 'em; they see, they taste, they are happy, and feel; they shall always be so; they all sing together the Praises of the Gods, and all of 'em together make but one Voice, but one Thought, but one Heart, but one Felicity, which constantly ebbs and flows, as it were, in these united Souls. While they enjoy these Divine Raptures, whole Ages glide away

away more swiftly than Hours do among Mortals here on Earth ; and yet a thousand and a thousand Ages when elaps'd, don't in the least diminish their Happiness, which is always new, and always entire. They all Reign together ; not on such Thrones as may be over-turn'd by the Hands of Men, but in themselves, with a Power that can never be shaken. For now they have no more need to render themselves formidable by a Power borrow'd from a vile and miserable People ; they no more wear those vain Diadems, under whose darling Lustre so many Fears and melancholy Cares lie hid. The Gods themselves have with their own Hands plac'd Crowns of Glory on their Heads, the beauty of which nothing can ever Tarnish.

*Telemachus*, who was seeking his Father, and was once afraid of finding him in these Regions, was so ravish'd with this Tact he had of  
Peace,

Peace, Joy, and Happiness, that he could have wish'd to have met him here; and could not chuse but be troubled to think of being constrain'd himself to return again into the Society of Mortals. This is the Place, said he, where true Life is to be found, and as for ours 'tis but a kind of Death: But that which surpriz'd him with wonder was, that he had seen so many Kings punish'd in *Tartarus*, and so few in the *Elysian Fields*: He learn'd from this, that there are few Kings whose Minds are firm and couragious enough, to resist their own Power, and to reject the Flattery of so many Persons, who make it their Business to excite all their Passions; so that good Kings must needs be very rare; and the greatest part of 'em are so wicked, that the Gods would not be Just, if after having suffer'd them to abuse their Power during their Life, they should not punish them severely after their Death.

Tele-



*Telemachus* not finding his Father *Ulysses* among these Kings, cast his Eyes about to seek at least the Divine *Laertes* his Grand-father. While he was looking round for him, in vain, an old Man, venerable, and full of Majesty, advanc'd toward him. His old Age did not resemble that of Men on Earth, when oppress'd with the weight of numerous Years; it only signify'd that he had been old before his death; it was a mixture of all the Gravity of old Age, with all the Graces of Youth; for those Graces revive even in the most decrepid old Men at the very moment of their entrance into the *Elysian* Fields. This Person advanc'd with speed, and look'd upon *Telemachus* with Complacency, as one that was very dear to him. *Telemachus*, who did not know him, was in pain, and his Thoughts held him in suspense: I forgive thee, O my Son, said the old Man, that thou doest not know me, I am *Arceſius*,  
the

the Father of *Laertes*; I finish'd my Days a little before *Ulysses* my Grandson went to the Siege of *Troy*, and thou wa'st then a little Infant in thy Nurse's Arms. I even then conceiv'd great hopes of thee, and thou hast not disappointed my Expectation; since I see thou art come down into the Kingdom of *Pluto* to seek thy Father, and yet the Gods support thee in this Enterprize. O happy Child, thou art belov'd of the Gods, who prepares for thee a Glory like that of thy Father! And O how happy am I to see thee again! Leave off looking after thy Father *Ulysses* in these Regions; he is yet alive; he is reserv'd to advance our Family in the Isle of *Ithaca*; and *Laertes* himself, tho' he stoops under the burden of Age, yet sees the Light, and lives in hope to see his Son return to close his Eyes: Thus Men fade away like Flowers, which in the Morning blow and display their Beauty, and in the Evening are

are wither'd and trampled under Foot. The Generations of Mortals slide away like the Waters of a rapid River; and nothing can stop the Course of Time, which draws after it even those things that seem the most immoveable. Thy self, O my dear Son, my dear Son, thy self, who now enjoy'st a Youth so vigorous and capable of Pleasures, thou wilt do well to remember that this gay part of thy Age is but a Flower that will be almost as soon wither'd as blown; thou wilt see thy self insensibly change; these smiling Graces, and sweet Pleasures, this Strength, Health, and Gravity will vanish like a pleasant Dream, and will only leave the sad Remembrance of 'em behind. Languishing old Age, that Enemy of Pleasures, will bend thy Body double, infeeble thy trembling Limbs, and dry up that Spring of Joy which now rises in thy Soul, make thee dis-relish what is present, and fear what is to come, and render

der thee insensible of every thing but Pain and Sorrow. This Time to thee seems distant; but alas! my Son, thou art mistaken, it advances apace, and will soon arrive; that which approaches with so much rapidity, can't be far from thee; the present Time flies away, and is remote already, since it vanishes in the moment we speak of it, and can come near us no more. Therefore, my Son, ne're reckon on the present, but bear up in the rough and difficult Path of Virtue in Prospect of the future. Prepare thy self by a virtuous Course of Life, and the love of Justice, for a place in the happy Regions of Peace. Thou art born to Reign after thy Father *Ulysses*, whom thou shalt at last see Master of *Ithaca* in a little time: Thou art born to Reign; but alas! my Son, how deluding a thing is Regal Power: If you look upon it at a distance, you see nothing but Authority, Pomp and Pleasure; but take

take a near Prospect, and it appears full of thorny Cares and Difficulties. A private Man may without dishonouring himself, lead a pleasant and obscure Life, but a King degrades himself if he prefers an easie and unactive Life to the painful Offices of Government; he owes himself to all the People he Governs, and he is never permitted to be his own: His least Faults are of infinite Consequence, because they occasion national Miseries, and that sometimes for several Ages: He ought to suppress the Presumption of ill Men, to support Innocence, and dissipate Calumny. 'Tis not enough for him to do no Mischief, but he must do all the Good that is possible for him to do according to the Necessity of the State. 'Tis not enough for him to do Good for his own part; he must besides this, hinder all the Mischief others would do if not restrain'd. Fear, therefore, O my Son, fear a Condition  
so



so perilous; arm with Courage against thy Self, against thy Passions, and against Flatterers. In speaking these words, *Arceſius* ſeem'd animated with a Divine Flame, and ſhew'd *Telemachus* a Countenance full of Compaſſion for the Miſeries that accompany a Royal State; when 'tis aſſum'd, ſaid he, to ſatiſſie ones ſelf, 'tis a monſtrous Tyranny; when 'tis taken up, to fulfil the Duties that belong to it, and to guide innumerable Multitudes, as a Father governs his Children, 'tis a preſſing Servitude, which requires an Heroick Courage and Patience. On the other hand, 'tis as certain that ſuch as have reigned with uncorrupted Virtue, poſſeſs here all that the Power of the Gods can give, to render their Happineſs compleat. †

While *Arceſius* expreſs'd himſelf after this manner, his words enter'd into the very Soul of *Telemachus*, and were as deeply impreſs'd on his Heart, like thoſe indelible Characters  
which

which an expert Artist engraves on Brass, with a design to have them expos'd to the View of all Posterity: His sage Advice pass'd like a subtile Flame, and penetrated into the Heart of *Telemachus*, so that he felt himself strangely mov'd and inflam'd. Something Divine, which I know not how to describe, seem'd to melt his Heart within him. That which he carried in the inmost Apartments of his Soul, secretly consum'd him; he knew not how either to contain it, or indure it, or to resist so violent an Impression; it was a sweet and calm kind of Sorrow; a levity and delightful Sentiment, mix'd with a sort of Torment capable of depriving one of Life.

At length *Telemachus* began to recover himself, and to breath more freely; he discern'd in the Countenance of *Arcefius*, a great Resemblance of *Laertes*; he thought too he had a sort of a confus'd Remembrance, that he had seen in his Father

ther *Ulysses*, the same kind Lineaments, when he parted for the Siege of *Troy*; these Reflections melted his tender Heart, so that Tears mix'd with Joy, gently trickled from his Eyes; he would fain have embrac'd a Person so dear to him; he attempted it several times, but all in vain; the empty Shadow still escap'd his Embraces; as a delusive Dream flies from a Man, when he imagines he is possess'd of a real Enjoyment: One while his thirsty Mouth pursues a Stream that slides away from him; Another while his Lips move to form Words which his faltering Tongue cannot utter; he earnestly stretches out his Hands, and can take hold of nothing: Just so it was with *Telemachus*, who could not satisfy the tender sentiments of his Soul; he sees *Arceſius*, hears him, speaks to him, but cannot touch him. In fine, he ask'd him, who those Men were, that were round about him. Thou seest

see'st, my Son, reply'd this Grave  
 Old Man, those Persons who have  
 been the Ornament of the Ages  
 wherein they liv'd, the Glory and  
 Happiness of Mankind; thou see'st  
 the small number of Kings, who  
 have been truly worthy of Royalty,  
 and have faithfully perform'd the  
 Function of Gods upon Earth. These  
 others whom thou see'st not far from  
 'em, but separated by the little  
 Cloud, have a Glory too, but no-  
 thing near so great. These indeed  
 are Hero's, but the Recompence of  
 their Valour, and Military Expedi-  
 tions, is not to be compar'd with  
 that of Wise, Just and Beneficent  
 Kings: Among those Hero's, thou  
 see'st *Theseus*, whose Countenance is  
 somewhat dejected; he has felt the  
 Unhappiness of having too much  
 Credulity for an Intreaguing Wife;  
 and is still afflicted for having so  
 unjustly desir'd of *Neptune*, the  
 Death of his Son *Hippolitus*: Hap-  
 py had he been, if he had not so ea-  
 sily

sily and readily given way to the  
 Passion of Anger. Thou also seest  
*Achilles* leaning on his Spear, because  
 of the Wound the dissolute *Paris*  
 gave him on the Heel, which put an  
 end to his Days. If he had been  
 as Wise, Just, and Moderate as he  
 was Intrepid, the Gods would have  
 granted him a long Reign ; but they  
 had pity on the *Phitiotes* and *Dolopes*,  
 over whom, according to the ordina-  
 ry Course of Nature, he was to have  
 reign'd after his Father *Peleus* ; and  
 they were not willing to leave so  
 many People at the mercy of a vio-  
 lent and furious Man, more easie to  
 be provok'd, than the most unquiet  
 Sea is to be mov'd by a sudden  
 Storm. The fatal Sisters have cut  
 off the Thread of his Life ; he was  
 like a Flower scarce fully Blown, that  
 is cut down by the rude Plow-man,  
 and falls before the end of the Day  
 that gave it Birth. The Gods were  
 willing to use him only as they do  
 Floods and Tempests, to punish  
 Men



Men for their Crimes: They employ'd *Achilles* to beat down the Walls of *Troy*, to revenge the Perjury of *Laomedon*, and the unjust Amours of *Paris*: And after having us'd him as the Instrument of their Vengeance, they are pleas'd; and have refus'd the Tears of *Thetis*, to suffer this young Hero any longer upon Earth, who was fit for nothing but to disturb the World, and to overthrow Cities and Kingdoms. But dost thou observe that other Person who looks so fiercely? 'tis *Ajax* the Son of *Telamon*, and Cousin to *Achilles*; to be sure thou art not ignorant what Glory he acquir'd in Battel; after the Death of *Achilles*, he pretended his Armour ought not to be given to any but himself; but thy Father did not think fit to give him the precedency; and the *Greeks* gave Judgment in favour of *Ulysses*. *Ajax* upon this, kill'd himself in Despair: Indignation and Despair are still painted on his Countenance. My

A a

Son,

Son, forbear to approach him, for he would think thou hadst a mind to insult over him, on the account of his Misfortune, which ought to be bewail'd. Dost thou not see that he looks upon us with Pain, and rushes hastily into the dark Grove, because he hates to see us? On the other side thou seest *Hector*, who had been Invincible, if the Son of *Thetis* had not been in the World. But take notice how *Agamemnon* passes along, still carrying the Marks of *Clytemnestra's* Perfidiousness. O my Son, I tremble to think of the Misfortunes of that Family, of the Impious *Tantalus*; the Contention of the two Brothers *Atreus* and *Thyestes*, fill'd that House with Horror and Blood. Alas! how one Crime draws a multitude of others after it? *Agamemnon* when he return'd at the head of the *Greeks*, from the Siege of *Troy*, had not time to enjoy in Peace the Glory he had acquir'd in War; and this is the Destiny of almost all Conquerors.

querors. All those Men whom thou  
 seest there, have been formidable in  
 War ; but have not been of an A-  
 miable and Virtuous Disposition, and  
 therefore are only admitted into the  
 second Mansion of the *Elysian*  
 Fields. #

As for these others, who have  
 reign'd with Justice, and had a ten-  
 der Affection for their People, they  
 are the intimate Friends of the Gods.  
 While *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, full of  
 their Quarrels and Battels, still re-  
 tain their Disquietments and natu-  
 ral Defects ; while they in vain re-  
 gret the Life which they have lost,  
 and afflict themselves with the  
 Thoughts of being now Impotent  
 and Vain Shadows ; these Just  
 Men who are refin'd by that Di-  
 vine Light which nourishes 'em,  
 having nothing more to desire to  
 make 'em happy, Behold, with  
 compassion, the uneasinesses of poor  
 Mortals ; and the greatest Affairs  
 that agitate the Minds of Ambitious  
 A a 2 Men,

Men, appear to them like the trifling Play of Children; their Hearts are replenish'd with Truth and Virtue, which they draw at the Fountain Head. They have now nothing more to suffer either from others or from themselves; no more Wishes, no more Necessities, no more Fears; all is at an end with them, except their Joy which can never end. Consider, my Son, this Ancient King *Inachus*, who founded the Kingdom of *Argos*; thou seest how full of Sweetness and Majesty his Old Age appears; the Flowers grow under his Steps; he treads so lightly, that his walking resembles the flying of a Bird; he holds a Golden Book in his Hand, and in an Eternal Transport, sings the wonderful Works of the Gods; from his Heart and Mouth, he Breaths exquisite Odors; the Harmony of his Lyre and Voice together is capable of Ravishing the Gods, as well as Men. He is thus rewarded for the

Love

Love he bore to the People he assembled  
 within the compass of his New Walls,  
 to whom he gave excellent Laws. On  
 the other side, thou may'st see a-  
 mongst those Myrtles, *Cecrops* the E-  
 gyptian, who was the first King of  
*Athens*, a City Consecrated to that  
 wise Goddess, whose Name it bears:  
 This *Cecrops* brought wholesome  
 Laws from *Egypt* (a Country which  
 has been to *Greece* a Spring both of  
 Learning and Morality); by this  
 means he polish'd the rough Tem-  
 pers of the Towns of *Attica*, and u-  
 nited them by the Bands of Civil So-  
 ciety. He was eminent for Justice,  
 Humanity, and Compassion; he left  
 his People in great Prosperity, and  
 his Family but in a middle state;  
 he was not willing to have his Chil-  
 dren succeed him in his Authority;  
 because he judg'd there were others  
 more worthy of that Trust. I must  
 likewise needs shew thee *Erichon*, in  
 this little Valley, who invented the  
 Use of Silver for Money; this he



did with a Design to facilitate Commerce among the Cities of *Greece*; but he foresaw the Inconvenience attending this Invention. Apply yourselves, (said he, to all those People) to multiply natural and true Riches in your Dwellings. Cultivate the Earth, that you may have great plenty of Corn, Wine, Oyl, and other Fruits. Get innumerable Flocks, that may nourish you with their Milk, and Cloath you with their Wool. Hereby you will put yourselves in a Condition never to be afraid of Poverty: The more Children you have, the richer you'll be, provided you inure 'em to Labour and Industry; for the Earth is inexhaustible, and augments her Fecundity in proportion to the Number of her Inhabitants, who take care to manure her. She liberally rewards the Labour of 'em all; whereas she is tenacious and reserv'd to them that Cultivate her after a negligent manner. Endeavour therefore principally

cipally to acquire this real Wealth, which Answers the real Necessaries of Mankind: As for Money, no Account ought to be made of it any farther than it is necessary, either to carry on such Wars as you are unavoidably engag'd in abroad, or in the way of Commerce, for such necessary Commodities as are wanting in your own Countrey; and it were to be wish'd that Traffick were suffer'd to fall to the Ground, for all such things as serve only to maintain Luxury, Vanity, and Effeminacy. The Wise *Erichon* would often say, My dear Children, I am much afraid I have made you a fatal Present, in giving you the Invention of Money: I foresee it will excite Ambition, Avarice, and Pride; that it will support an infinite number of pernicious Arts, which only tend to debase and corrupt the meanest of Men; that it will make you disrelish that happy Simplicity which makes your Lives so very quiet and secure: In

fine, That it will make you despise Agriculture, which is the support of Humane Life, and the source of all solid Riches; but the Gods are my Witnesses, that my Heart was upright, when I imparted this Invention to you, which indeed is useful in it self. But at length when *Eriethon* found that Money, as he had foreseen, corrupted the People, he for Grief retired into a solitary Mountain, where he lived in Poverty, at a distance from Mankind, 'till he became extreme Old, without being willing to meddle with the Government of Cities. Not long after him appear'd in *Greece*, the famous *Triptolemus*, whom *Ceres* had taught the Art of Tilling the Ground, and covering it every Year with a Gilded Harvest. Not that Men were 'till then ignorant of Corn, and the manner of multiplying it by sowing; but they knew not the Art of Husbandry to that Perfection, till *Triptolemus*, sent by *Ceres*, came  
with

with the Plow in his Hand to offer the Favours of this Goddess to all those Nations who had Courage enough to overcome their natural Laziness, and to addict themselves to assiduous Labour. *Triptolemus* soon taught the *Greeks* the way of cleaving the Ground with Furrows, and of rendring her fertile in tearing up her Bosom. The sweating and indefatigable Reapers, soon made the Ripe standing Corn that cover'd the Fields, fall under their sharp Sicles; even the Wild and Barbarous People that were scatter'd up and down in the Forests of *Epirus* and *Ætolia*; seeking Acorns for their Food, became civiliz'd, and submitted to Laws, when they had learn'd the way of making Corn grow, and of baking Bread. *Triptolemus* made the *Greeks* know the Pleasure of owning their Riches to nothing but their Labour, and of finding in their own Fields whatever was necessary to render their Lives commodious.

and Happy. This simple and innocent Plenty entail'd on Agriculture, made them remember *Eriethon's* Counsel, so that they slighted Money, and all Artificial Riches, that become so only by the Fancy of Men, which tempts 'em to seek after dangerous Pleasures, and divert 'em from Labour, in which they would find allreal Wealth, with Purity of Manners in the full Enjoyment of Liberty. They were then convinc'd, that a Fruitful and well Cultivated Field, was the true Treasure of a Family, that was wise enough to be content to live frugally, as their Fathers had done before 'em. And happy had the *Greeks* been, if they had continued firm and steady in embracing Maxims so proper to render 'em powerful: Happy Lovers of Liberty and Virtue! But alas! they begin to admire false Riches, and gradually neglect the true; they degenerate from their once admir'd Simplicity. O my Son, thou



thou shalt one Day Reign; and then remember to bring Men back to the Exercise of Husbandry, to Honour that Art, to support those that apply themselves to it, and neither to suffer the People to live in Idleness, nor to employ their Time in those soft Arts that uphold Luxury and Vanity. These two Men that were so wise, when upon Earth, are here cherish'd by the Gods themselves: Observe it well, my Son, their Glory as far surpasses that of *Achilles* and other Hero's, who have only excell'd in Battel, as the agreeable Spring exceeds the frozen Winter, and as the Lustre of the Sun out-shines the feebler Light of the Moon.

While *Arcefius* was thus speaking, he perceived *Telemachus* had his Eyes continually fix'd on the side of a little Wood of Laurel, by a little River, the Banks of which were painted with Violets, Roses, Lillies, and many other sorts of odoriferous Flow-

Flowers, whose lively Colours resembled those that invest *Iris*, when she descends from Heaven to bring some Message from the Gods to mortal Men. 'Twas the great King *Sesostris* that *Telemachus* saw in this lovely Place; he was a thousand times more full of Majesty, than he had ever been when upon the Throne of *Egypt*; his Eyes emitted mild Rays of Light, which dazzled those of *Telemachus*; any one that saw him would think he were overcharg'd with Nectar, the Spirit of the Gods had put him into such a Transport above the reach of human Reason, to recompense his Virtues. Said *Telemachus* to *Arceſius*, O my Father, I know *Sesostris* that wise King of *Egypt*, whom I saw not long ago. Ay, there he is, reply'd *Arceſius*, and thou ſeeſt by his Example how magnificent the Gods are in rewarding vertuous Princes: But you ought to know, that all this Felicity is nothing in Comparison of

of what was design'd for him, if too great Prosperity had not made him forget the Rules of Moderation and Justice. The passionate Desire he had to abase the Pride and Insolence of the *Tyrians*, engag'd him to take their City. This Conquest gave him the Ambition to attempt the making of others; so that he suffer'd himself to be seduced by the vain-glory of Conquerors. He subjugated, or to speak more properly, ravaged all *Asia*. At his return into *Egypt* he found his Brother possess'd of the Throne, who by an unjust Government, had alter'd the best Laws of the Country. These are the Mischiefs Conquerors bring upon their own States, while they seek to usurp those of their Neighbours. This is the Injury, a King otherwise so Just and Beneficent, did to the Laws; and 'tis this that diminishes the Glory which the Gods had prepar'd for him. Dost thou not see that other Person, my  
Son,

Son, whose Wound appears so bright  
 and glorious; 'tis a King of *Caria*,  
 nam'd *Diocledes*, who devoted him-  
 self to Die in Battle for his People,  
 because the Oracle had predicted  
 that in the War of the *Carians* and  
*Licians*, that Nation whose King  
 should Perish, should be Victorious.  
 Here is another I would have thee  
 consider; 'tis a wise Legislator, who  
 having given Laws to the Nation  
 under his Conduct, proper to make  
 'em Vertuous and Happy, made  
 'em Swear they would never vio-  
 late any of those Laws during his  
 Absence; after which he left his  
 Country, voluntarily exiling him-  
 self, and died Poor in a strange  
 Land, by this means to oblige his  
 People always to observe these use-  
 ful Laws according to their Oath.  
 That other Prince, thou seest, is the  
 eleventh King of the *Pylians*, and  
 one of the Ancestors of wise *Nestor*:  
 When the Earth was ravag'd by  
 a Pestilence, which cover'd the  
 Banks

Banks of *Acheron* with a multitude of new Ghosts, he requested of the Gods that they would suffer him to appease their Anger, in satisfying by his Death for so many Thousands of innocent Men. The Gods heard his Petition, and gave him here a royal Grandeur, in comparison of which all the Pumps of the Earth are but so many vain Shadows.

That old Man, whom thou seest crown'd with Flowers, is the famous *Belus*; he reigned in *Egypt*, and married *Anchinoe*, the Daughter of the God *Nilus*, who hides the source of his Streams, and enriches the Countries which he Waters by his fruitful Inundations; he had two Sons, *Danaus*, of whose History thou art not Ignorant, and *Egyptus*, who gives his Name to that considerable Kingdom. *Belus* thought himself Richer, by the Prosperity he gave his People, and the love his Subjects bare to him, than by all  
the



the Tributes he could have exacted of 'em. These Men, my Son, whom thou supposest to be dead, are alive; and that Life which Men lead amidst many Miseries on Earth, is no better than Death, only the Names of Things are chang'd. May it please the Gods to render thee Vertuous enough to merit this blessed Life, which nothing can ever either end or disturb. Haste away, 'tis time to go and seek thy Father; before thou shalt find him, alas, how much Blood-shed shalt thou see! But yet what Glory waits for thee in the Fields of *Hesperia*! Remember the Counsels of the wise *Mentor*; if thou follow'st them, thy Name shall be great among the Nations, and in all Ages.

Having said this, he presently conducted *Telemachus* toward the Gate of Ivory, which leads out of the gloomy Empire of *Pluto*. *Telemachus* parted from him with Tears in his Eyes, without being able to embrace

embrace him: Being come out of these dark Regions, he made what haste he could to return to the Camp of the Allies, after he had again joyn'd the two young *Cretans* on the Way, who had accompanied him very near the Cavern, and had lost their hope of ever seeing him again. In the mean time the chief Commanders of the Army met together to deliberate whether they should possess themselves of *Venusia*. It was an old Fort which *Adrastus* had heretofore usurp'd upon his Neighbours the *Appulians*. These were enter'd into the Confederacy against him, to demand Satisfaction for this piece of Injustice. *Adrastus*, to appease 'em, had put this City by way of Caution, into the Hands of the *Lucanians*, but had by Money corrupted both the *Lucanian* Garrison, and the Person that Commanded it; so that the *Lucanians* had in reality no more Authority than he in *Venusia*: And thus the *Appulians*,  
 who

who had consented that the *Lucanian* Garrison should keep *Venusia*, were trick'd in this Negotiation : A Citizen of *Venusia* nam'd *Demophantes*, had made a private Offer to the Allies, to deliver up one of the Gates of the City in the Night. This Advantage was so much the greater, in that *Adrastus* had sent all the Ammunition, and Provisions to a Castle near *Venusia*, which could not defend it self if *Venusia* were taken. *Philoctetes* and *Nestor* had already given their Opinion, that such a happy Opportunity ought to be improv'd ; all the Principal Commanders, sway'd by their Authority, and attracted by the Advantage of so easie an Enterprize, Applauded their Sentiment. But *Telemachus* at his Return, made his utmost Efforts to divert 'em from it. I am not Ignorant, said he, that if ever any Man deserv'd to be surpriz'd and deceiv'd, *Adrastus* does, who has so often dealt fraudulently with every body

body else. I see very well, that in *Venusia*, you'll only put your selves in possession of a City that belongs to you, since it pertains to the *Appulians*, who are one of our Confederate Parties: I confess you may do it with the better colour of Justice, in as much as *Adrastus*, who has put this City as a Pledge in the Hands of others, has Corrupted the Commander and the Garrison, that he may enter it when he thinks fit: In fine, I understand as well as you, that if you take *Venusia*, you'll the next Day be Masters of the Castle, where all *Adrastus* his Provisions are laid up, and so may end this so formidable a War in two Days time. But is it not much better to Perish, than Conquer by such means as these? Is Fraud to be repell'd by Fraud? Shall it be said, that so many Kings who enter'd into a Confederacy, to punish the Impious *Adrastus* for his Guile, are become fraudulent like him? If'tis lawful for us to do as

*Adrastus*

*Adrastus* has done, he is not Guilty, and we are to be blam'd to go about to punish him. What has all *Hesperia*, which is supported by so many Greek Colonies, and by so many Hero's return'd from the Siege of *Troy*? Has *Hesperia* no other Arms against the Perfidiousness and Perjury of *Adrastus*, than the practice of the same Vices? You have sworn by the most sacred Things, that you would leave *Venusia* in Trust, in the Hands of the *Lucanians*: The *Lucanian* Garrison you say is Corrupted with *Adrastus* his Money; I believe it as well as you, but this Garrison is paid by the *Lucanians*, and has not refus'd to obey 'em; it has kept, at least in appearance, a Neutrality. Neither *Adrastus* nor any of his Men have ever enter'd into *Venusia*; the Treaty subsists; your Oath is not forgotten by the Gods; shall we not keep the Promises we have given, but only when we want plausible pretexts to violate 'em?

Shall



Shall we not be faithful, and religiously regard our Oaths, but only when there is nothing to be got in breaking them? If the Love of Virtue, and the Fear of the Gods don't move you, be concern'd at least for your Reputation, and for your Interest. If you shew the World this pernicious Example of violating your Faith, and breaking your Oaths to terminate a War, what Wars will you not stir up by your Impious Conduct? Which of your Neighbours will not find themselves constrain'd to be jealous of you on all occasions, and utterly to detest you? Who will for the future confide in you in the most pressing Exigencies? What Security will you be able to give, if you should have a mind to be sincere, and when it would be of great Consequence to you to perswade your Neighbours of your sincerity? Shall it be a solemn Treaty? when you have trampled such a one under your Feet. Shall it be an Oath? when

when it is known you make no account of the Gods, if you have any hope of gaining an Advantage by Perjury. Peace will give no more Security, in respect of you, than War; all that comes from you will be receiv'd as War, either secret and dissembled, or open and declar'd. You'll be look'd upon as their perpetual Enemies, by all who have the misfortune to be your Neighbours; all Affairs that require Reputation, Probity and Confidence, will become impossible to you. You will have no Means left to make your Promises believ'd: Besides all this, said *Telemachus*, there is a more pressing Interest that ought to touch you very sensibly: If you have any Sense and Foresight left, and that is, that so deceitful a Conduct inwardly attacks the League in which you are engag'd, and will soon ruin it; and thus by your Perjury you will open away for a Triumph to *Adrastus*. At these words the whole Assembly

sembly was mov'd, and ask'd him, how he durst affirm, that an Action which would certainly give the Confederates a Victory, could ruin the Confederacy? How, reply'd he, will you be able to trust one another, if you once break the only Bond of Society, and mutual Confidence, which is Faith and Sincerity? After you have once established it for a Maxim, That the Rules of Probity and Fidelity, may be broken in Prospect of some great Advantage; How can any one of you put Confidence in any of the rest? For when this last shall find it very Commodious for his Interest to falsifie his Word, and impose on you, how will you help your selves? Which of you will not endeavour to prevent the Artifices of his Neighbour by Tricks of his own? And what will become of the Confederacy, when by a common deliberation, 'tis agreed among 'em, that 'tis lawful to surprize a Neighbour  
by

by such Wiles, and to violate the most solemn Engagements? What mutual Distrust and Divisions will be among you? And what violent Efforts to destroy each other? *Adrastus* will have no need then to destroy you; you will do your own Business sufficiently, in justifying such Perfidiousness. O wise and magnanimous Princes! who Command with so much Prudence such innumerable Multitudes of People, do not disdain to hearken to the Counsel of a young Man: If you should fall into the most terrible Extremities, into which War sometimes precipitates Men, you might be reliev'd by the Vigilance, and the Efforts of your Vertue; for true Courage never suffers it self to be entirely depress'd; but if ever you break the Barrier of Honour and Fidelity, your Loss will become irreparable; you will never be able to re-establish either that Confidence among you, which is necessary to  
the

the success of all important Affairs; nor bring Men back to the Principles of Vertue, after you have taught 'em to despise 'em. Again, what is it you are afraid of? Ha'n't you Courage enough to Conquer without using Deceit? Is not your Vertue in Conjunction with the Forces of so many Nations sufficient to support you? Let us fight and die, if it must be so, rather than Conquer by such unworthy means. *Adrastus*, the impious *Adrastus* is in our hands, provided we abhor to imitate his Baseness and Infidelity.

When *Telemachus* had finish'd this Discourse, he found that the charming Eloquence which had flow'd from his Lips, had pierc'd their very Souls. He observ'd a profound Silence in the Assembly: Every ones Thoughts were engag'd in considering, not so much his Person, and the Graces of his Speech, as the Force of Truth that display'd it self so evidently in the train of his Reasonings.

B b

Aston-



Astonishment was drawn on their Countenances: At last a low Murmur was heard to spread it self by little and little among 'em; they look'd one upon another, and every one was loth to speak first: 'Twas expected that the chief Commanders would declare themselves, and each of 'em felt an uneasiness in retaining his Sentiments. In fine, the grave *Nestor* deliver'd himself in these words: O worthy Son of the wise *Ulysses*! The Gods have taught you to speak; and *Minerva*, who has so often inspir'd your Father, has infus'd into your Soul that wise and generous Advice you have imparted to us. I don't mind your Youth; I only consider *Minerva* in all you have been saying: You have spoken on the behalf of Virtue; without which the greatest Advantages are real Losses; without which we may draw upon our selves, the Revenge of our Enemies, the Distrust of our Allies, the Horror of

of all good Men, and the just Dis-  
 pleasure of the Gods; I am there-  
 fore for leaving *Venusia* in the hands  
 of the *Lucanians*, and for thinking  
 of no other way of Conquering *A-*  
*drastus*, but by our Courage. No  
 sooner had he spoken, but the whole  
 Assembly applauded the Wisdom of  
 his Words; but in giving this Ap-  
 plause, every one turn'd his Eyes  
 with wonder towards the Son of  
*Ulysses*; and all thought they saw  
 that Wisdom of *Minerva* which in-  
 spir'd him, cast a sparkling Glory  
 upon his Countenance.

There was soon rais'd in this  
 Council of the King's, another Que-  
 stion, in resolving which, he ac-  
 quir'd no less Glory. *Adrastus*, who  
 was always Cruel and Perfidious,  
 sent into the Camp a Deserter nam'd  
*Acanthus*, who was to Poison the  
 principal Commanders of the Army.  
 Above all, he had order to spare  
 nothing to bring about the Death  
 of young *Telemachus*, who was al-  
 B b 2 ready

ready become the Terror of the *Dau-nians*. *Telemachus*, who had too much Courage and Candor to be inclin'd to Suspicion, without difficulty, kindly receiv'd this Villain, who had seen *Ulysses* in *Sicily*, and gave him an account of the Adventures of that Hero. He maintain'd him, and endeavour'd to encourage him under his Misfortune; for *Acanthus* complain'd, that he was deluded and treated unworthily by *Adrastus*; but this was to cherish and warm in his Bosom a Viper full of Venom, that was ready to give him a mortal Wound. Another Defenter was taken, call'd *Arion*, whom *Acanthus* had sent back to *Adrastus*, to acquaint him with the State of the Confederate Camp, and to assure him that the following day he would Poison the principal Kings, together with *Telemachus*, at a Feast which this last was to make on his Account. *Arion* being surpriz'd, confess'd his Treason; he was suspected to have

In-

Intelligence with *Acanthus*, because they were intimate Friends; but *Acanthus* being a profound Hypocrite, and intrepid, made his Defense with so much Art, that he could not be convicted, nor the bottom of the Conspiracy discover'd. Divers of the Kings were for sacrificing *Acanthus* at a venture, for the Publick Safety. He ought to die, said they; the Life of one Man ought not to stand in competition with the security of the Lives of so many Kings. What if one innocent Man perish, when his Death is design'd for the Preservation of such as represent the Gods among Men? What inhuman Maxim, reply'd *Telemachus*, what barbarous Policy is this? Are you then so prodigal of human Blood? O you that are establish'd the Shepherds of Mankind, and only Rule over 'em to preserve 'em, as Shepherds do their Flocks. You, it seems, then are become cruel Wolves instead of being careful

ful Shepherds; at least, you are only such Shepherds as cut the Throats of their Sheep instead of leading 'em into good Pasture. According to you, a Man becomes Guilty as soon as he is accus'd, and Suspicion makes him deserve Death; the Innocent lie at the mercy of Envy and Calumny; and according to your encrease of this tyrannical Jealousie in your Minds, we must have more such Victims sacrific'd. *Telemachus* utter'd these Words with such Authority and Vehemence as captivated their Hearts, and cover'd the Authors of this so unmanly Advice with Shame and Confusion. In fine, he soften'd his words: For my part, said he, I am not so much in love with Life, as to secure it at that rate; I had rather *Acanthus* should be Vile and Wicked than my self; and would sooner chuse to die by his Treachery, than put him to Death by any unjust Sentence, only founded upon Suspicion. But  
have



have a little Patience, O you, who in being establish'd Kings, that is, Judges of the People under your Charge, ought to know how to discharge the Function with Justice, Prudence and Moderation; let me examine *Acanthus* in your Presence. Immediately he interrogated this Man about his Correspondence with *Arion*; he press'd him with an infinite number of Circumstances; he often made him believe he would send him back to *Adrastus* as a Deserter that deserv'd to be punish'd; that he might the better make his Observation, whether he were afraid to be sent back or not; but the Countenance of *Acanthus* still remain'd calm and even: From which *Telemachus* concluded that *Acanthus* might not be Guilty: In fine, perceiving he could not thus draw the Truth out of his Breast, says he to him, Give me your Ring, for I'll send it to *Adrastus*: No sooner was the Ring demanded, but *Acanthus*

turn'd Pale, and was much embarrassed. *Telemachus*; whose Eyes were continually fix'd on him, discern'd it; he took the Ring; I'll immediately send this, says he to *Adrastus*, by the Hand of an intreaging *Lucanian*, nam'd *Polytropus*, with whom you are acquainted; he shall pretend to be come secretly from you; if we can by this means discover their private Intelligence with *Adrastus*, you shall without Mercy be put to Death by the most cruel Torments; if on the contrary you now confess your Fault, you shall be pardon'd, and we'll content ourselves only in sending you into an Island, where you shall want nothing. Upon this *Acanthus* confess'd all, and *Telemachus* obtain'd of the Kings that his Life might be spar'd, because he had given him the promise of it; and he was sent to the Islands call'd *Echinades*, where he liv'd in Peace. Not long after this a *Daunian* of obscure Birth,  
but

but of a violent and daring Temper, nam'd *Dioscorus*, came in the Night into the confederate Camp, to make an offer to 'em to kill King *Adrastus* in his Tent. He was capable of this Attempt; for that Man is Master of the Life of another, who puts no Value upon his own. This Person breath'd nothing but Revenge, because *Adrastus* had taken away his Wife, whom he passionately Lov'd, and whose Beauty did not come behind that of *Venus* her self. He had secret Intelligence whereby he could find a Way into the King's Tent in the Night, and could be favour'd in this Enterprize by several *Daunian* Captains; but he thought it necessary for the Confederate Princes to attack *Adrastus* his Camp at the same time, that in the noise and hurry of Action, he might with greater Facility make his Escape, and carry away his Wife too; and if he could not compass this last Thing, after he had

kill'd the King, he was content to Die. As soon as *Dioscorus* had explain'd his Design to the Kings, they all turn'd themselves toward *Telemachus*, thereby signifying they desir'd a direction in this matter from him. The Gods, said he, who have preserv'd us from Traitors, forbid us to make use of 'em; and if we had not Vertue enough to detest the Treason, our Interest alone would be sufficient to make us reject it; when we have once authoriz'd it by our Example, we shall deserve to have it turn'd against us; and who among us from that Moment will be safe? 'Tis possible *Adrastus* may escape the Blow that threatens him, and may make it fall upon the Confederate Princes; and then War will become quite another Thing, Wisdom and Vertue will be of no manner of use, and nothing will be seen but Frauds, Treasons and Assassinations; I therefore conclude we ought to send this Traitor back  
to

to *Adrastus*; I confess the King does not deserve it, but all *Hesperia*, and all *Greece*, who have their Eyes upon us deserve, that we should conduct our selves so as to gain their Esteem; we owe our selves, and in short we owe the just Gods such a Testimony as this of our Horror of Treachery. *Dioscorus* was immediately sent to *Adrastus*, who trembled to think of the Danger he had been in, and mightily wonder'd at the Generosity of his Enemies; for ill Men know not how to comprehend what pure Vertue is. *Adrastus* was oblig'd whether he would or no to admire what he saw, but durst not commend it. This noble Action of the Allies, recall'd the shameful Remembrance, both of all his Treacheries, and all his Cruelties; he would fain have extenuated the Generosity of his Enemies, yet was ashamed to appear Ungrateful, while he ow'd 'em his Life; but Men that are corrupted soon harden themselves  
 against



against every Thing that touches 'em. *Adrastus* observing, that the Reputation of the Allies daily augmented, thought himself oblig'd to perform some Action against 'em that might make a Noise in the World; and since he could not do a Vertuous one, he was desirous at least of obtaining some great Advantage over 'em by Arms, and therefore made what haste he could to Fight.

The Day of Battle being come, scarce had *Aurora* open'd the oriental Gates to the Sun in a Path strow'd with Roses, when the young *Telemachus*, by his early Care out-strippt the Vigilance of the oldest Captains, by throwing off the soft Embraces of Sleep, and putting all the Officers in Motion; already his Helmet cover'd with his floating Hair glitter'd on his Head; and his Cuirass dazzled the Eyes of the whole Army; it was the Work of *Vulcan*, and had besides its natural Beauty, the Lustre of a shining

shining Breast-plate that was plac'd  
 under it: He held a Spear in one  
 Hand, and pointed with the other  
 to the divers Posts that 'twas ne-  
 cessary to possess. *Minerva* had  
 fill'd his Eyes with a divine Fire,  
 and his Countenance with an awful  
 Majesty, which began already to  
 promise Victory. He march'd, and  
 all the Kings forgetting their Age  
 and Dignity, found themselves at-  
 tracted by a superior Power, which  
 oblig'd 'em to follow his Steps.  
 Weak Jealousie could enter their  
 Breasts no more. Every thing gives  
 way to him whom *Minerva* insensi-  
 bly Leads by the Hand. His Acti-  
 on had nothing in it that was Impe-  
 tuous or Precipitant; he was Mild,  
 Calm, Patient, always ready to hear  
 others, and to profit by their Ad-  
 vice; but Active, Sagacious, Atten-  
 tive to the remotest Exigences, dis-  
 posing all Things to the best Advan-  
 tage; not embarrassing himself with  
 any Thing, nor perplexing others;

ex-

excusing Faults, rectifying Mistakes, preventing Difficulties, never requiring too much of any one, and every where inspiring Freedom and Confidence; if he gave an Order, it was in the most simple and plain Terms; he repeated it, the better to inform the Mind of him that was to put it in Execution. He saw by his Eyes whether he comprehended it aright. He afterwards made him familiarly express, how he understood his Words, and what was the principal Scope of the Attempt. When he had thus made Proof of the good Sense of the Person he sent, and had made him enter into his Designs, he never let him go, till he had given him some Mark of his Esteem and Confidence, to encourage him; so that all he sent from him, were full of Zeal to please him, and a fervent Desire to succeed in their Undertakings: But they were not tormented with Fear that he would impute to them their ill Success;

Success; for he excus'd all Faults  
that did not arise from an ill Dispo-  
sition of Mind.

The Horizon appear'd Red, and  
inflam'd with the Sun's Morning-  
Rays; the Sea was fill'd with the  
bright Reflection of the rising Day;  
all the Coast was cover'd with Men,  
Horses and Chariots, all in Motion;  
which made a confus'd Noise, like  
that of the angry Waves, when  
*Neptune* stirs up dismal Tempests at  
the bottom of his deep Territories.  
Thus *Mars* began by the Noise of  
Arms, and the dreadful preparati-  
ons of War, to sow Rage in every  
Heart. The Field was full of brist-  
ling Pikes, thick set like a Crop of  
Corn that covers a fruitful Field at  
the time of Harvest; there soon  
arose a Cloud of Dust, which veil'd  
both Heaven and Earth from the  
Eyes of Men; Darkness, Blood-  
shed, Horror and merciless Death  
advanc'd apace. Scarce were the  
first Arrows Shot, when *Telemachus*  
with

with his Eyes and Hands towards Heaven, pronounced these Words. O *Jupiter*, Father of the Gods and Men! Behold, behold on our side Justice and Peace, which we have not been ashamed to pursue: 'Tis with Regret we Fight; we would willingly be sparing of humane Blood; we do not hate even such an Enemy as this, tho he is Cruel, Perfidious and Sacrilegious; Behold, and give a decision between him and us. If we must Die, our Lives are in our Hands. If we must deliver *Hesperia*, and humble this Tyrant, it will be thy Power, and the Wisdom of *Minerva*, thy Daughter, that will give us the Victory; and the Glory of it will be due to you. 'Tis you that hold the Ballance, and regulate the Fate of Battles; we Fight for you, and seeing you are Just, *Adrastus* is more your Enemy than ours. If your Cause prove Victorious, before the end of the Day, the Blood of a whole Hecatom-

tomb



tomb shall flow upon your Altars. No sooner had he thus spoken, but he push'd on his fiery and foaming Coursers into the closest Ranks of the Enemy. He presently met with *Periander* the *Locrian*, cover'd with the Skin of a Lyon which he had kill'd in *Sicily*, when he travel'd thither. He was arm'd like *Hercules*, with a prodigious Club; in Strength and Stature he was like the ancient Gyants. When he saw *Telemachus*, he despis'd his Youth, and the Beauty of his Countenance. Is it not, says he, a pretty Business for thee, thou young effeminate Spark, to dispute with us the Glory of Battle? Go Child, get thee among the Shades, to seek thy Father; in speaking which Words, he lifted up his heavy Club, which was full of Knots, and arm'd with Iron Spikes; it was so big and long, that it look'd like the Mast of a Ship: Every one near was afraid of being crush'd by the fall of it. It  
 most

most threaten'd *Telemachus* his Head ;  
 but he avoided the Stroke, and flew  
 upon *Periander* as swiftly as an Eagle  
 cuts through the Air. The Club  
 fell upon the Wheel of a Chariot,  
 near that of *Telemachus*, and broke  
 it ; in the mean time the young  
*Greek* struck a Dart into *Periander's*  
 Throat. The Blood that ran bub-  
 bling out in abundance from the  
 wide Wound, soon suffocated his  
 Voice ; his furious Horses no longer  
 felt any restraint from his fainting  
 Hand, but ran madly up and down  
 with the Reins hanging loose upon  
 their Necks ; he soon fell from his  
 Chariot, with his Eyes already  
 clos'd from the Light, and pale  
 Death was already painted on his  
 deform'd Visage : *Telemachus* mov'd  
 with pity towards him, immediate-  
 ly gave his Body to his Domesticks ;  
 and kept the Lyon's Skin together  
 with his Club, as a Mark of his  
 Victory. After this he sought for  
*Adrastus* in the Body of the Army,  
 and

and in his way precipitated into Hell a Multitude of Warriours. *Hileus*, who had his Chariot drawn by two Courses, like those of the Sun, which were fed in those vast Meadows which *Aufidus* Waters. *Dimoleon*, who formerly in *Sicily* had almost equal'd *Erix* in Combat for the embroider'd Girdle. *Cranter*, who had been the Host and Friend of *Hercules*, when this Son of *Jupiter* was going into *Hesperia*, where he kill'd the infamous *Cacus*. *Menecrates*, who was said to resemble *Pollux* in Wrestling. *Hippocon* the *Salapian*, who imitated the peaceful Addresses of *Castor* in the management of a Horse. The famous Hunter *Eurimedes*, who was always stain'd with the Blood of Beasts and wild Boars, which he kill'd on the Ridges of the cold Appenine, which are cover'd with Snow; who is said to have been so dear to *Diana*, that she taught him her self to handle the Bow. *Nicostrasius* who had  
con-

quer'd a Gyant, that vomited Fire in the Rocks of Mount *Gargan*. *Eleanthus*, who was to espouse the Young *Pholoë*, Daughter of the River *Lyris*. She had been promised by her Father, to the Person that should deliver her from a Winged Serpent, that was bred on the Banks of the River, and would have devoured her in a few Days, according to the Prediction of an Oracle. This Young Man prompted by an extraordinary love to her, ventur'd his Life to kill this Monster; he succeeded in the Attempt, but could not taste the Fruit of his Victory; for while *Pholoë* was preparing for the Rights of Charming *Hymen*, and expected *Eleanthus* with impatiënce; she was inform'd that he follow'd *Aarástus* into the Wars, and that the Destinies had cruelly cut off his Days. This News made her fill the Woods and Mountains near the River with her Groans; she drowned her Eyes in Tears, and  
tore

tore off her lovely Hair. She forgot the Garlands of Flowers she was wont to gather; and accus'd Heaven of Injustice, because she incessantly wept Day and Night; the Gods touch'd with her Complaints, and mov'd by the Prayers of the River put an end to her Sorrow; for she pour'd out such abundance of Tears, that she was instantly turn'd into a Fountain, which running into the Bosom of the River, seeks to join her Waters with those of the God her Father; but the Water of this Fountain is still bitter; Grass never grows upon the Bank of it, nor is any Shade to be found on the sides of it, but that of mournful Cypress Trees.

But to return: *Adrastus* perceiving that *Telemachus* spread Terror on every side, sought after him with the utmost diligence, hoping easily to Conquer the Son of *Ulysses*, in an Age as yet so tender. He was attended with Thirty *Daunians*, of extraordinary



extraordinary Strength, Dexterity, and Boldness, to whom he promis'd very great Rewards, if thy could any way in the World kill *Telemachus* in Battle. And if they had met him just at this time of the Fight, without doubt these Thirty Men, by surrounding his Chariot, while *Adrastus* would have attack'd him in the Front, would have found no great difficulty in dispatching him. But *Minerva* turn'd 'em out of their way. *Adrastus* thought he saw, and heard *Telemachus* in a low part of the Plain, at the foot of a Hill, where a great number of Soldiers were closely engag'd. Hither he runs, or rather flies, with an eager Desire to satiate himself with Blood ; but instead of *Telemachus*, he finds the Aged *Nestor*, who with his trembling Hand, was throwing Darts at a venture, tho' he did little or no Execution : *Adrastus* in his fury would have run him through, had not a Troop of *Pylians* thrown themselves

round

round about *Nestor*: A Cloud of Darts then soon obscur'd the Air, and cover'd all the Combatants; nothing was to be heard but the Woeful Cries of dying Men, and the clashing of the Arms of those that fell in among the Crowd; the Earth groan'd under Heaps of dead Bodies; Torrents of Blood ran on all sides; *Bellona* and *Mars*, together with the Infernal Furies, cloath'd with Robes all over running down with Blood, glutted their hollow Eyes with this Spectacle, and incessantly renew'd a Marshal Rage in the Hearts of the Combatants; these Deities, who are the Enemies of Men, chas'd far away from both Parties, generous Pity, moderated Valour, and sweet Humanity. There was nothing among these confus'd Heaps of Men enrag'd one against another, but Slaughter, Revenge, Despair and brutish Fury. The Wise and Invincible *Pallas* her self, trembled at the sight, and started back with

with horror. In the mean time *Philoctetus* march'd on by degrees, with the Arrows of *Hercules* in his Hands, endeavouring to come to the Relief of *Nestor*. *Adrastus* not able to reach the Divine Old Man, had pierc'd several *Pylians* with his Darts, and made 'em lick the Dust. He overthrew *Eufilas*, who was so swift a Runner, that he scarce left the print of his Steps upon the Sand, and in his own Countrey, outstript the most rapid Streams of the *Eurotas*, and the *Alpheus*. At his Feet fell *Entiphon*, who was more Beautiful than *Hylas*, and as violent a Hunter as *Hyppolitus*. *Pterelas*, who had followed *Nestor* to the Siege of *Troy*, and whom *Achilles* himself lov'd for his Courage and Strength: *Aristogiton*, who by bathing in the Waters of the River *Achelous*, had friendly receiv'd of this God, the power of assuming all sorts of Forms; in short, he was so supple and nimble in all his Motions, that he escap'd

cap'd the Hands of the strongest Warriors ; but *Adrastus* with one thrust of his Spear, depriv'd him of all Motion, and soon let out his Blood and Soul together.

*Nestor* seeing his most Valiant Captains fall by the Hand of *Adrastus*, as the gilded Ears of Corn in time of Harvest, fall under the keen Sickle of the Indefatigable Reaper, forgot his own Danger, and needlessly expos'd himself. He threw away his Old Age, and thought of nothing but how to follow his Son *Pisistratus*, in keeping his Eyes intent on him, who on his side was very warmly engag'd, to keep off Danger from his Father. But the fatal Moment was come, in which *Pisistratus* was to make *Nestor* feel how unfortunate a Man may be in living too long. *Pisistratus* push'd his Spear with such violence against *Adrastus*, that this *Daunian* Prince must needs have fallen, but that he avoided the Stroke ; and while *Pisistratus* who was somewhat discom-

pos'd by the false Thrust he had given, was recovering his Spear, *Adrastus* pierc'd him with a Javelin in the middle of his Folly. His Bowels immediately began to come out with a Torrent of Blood. His lively Colour vanish'd like that of a Flower, after the Hand of some Nymph has gather'd it in the Meadow; his Eyes were already almost extinguish'd, and his Speech falter'd, when *Alisius* his Governour, who was near him, supported him just as he was falling, and had only time to carry him to his Father, and throw him into his Arms; then he would fain have spoken, and have given him the last marks of his tender Affection, but as he open'd his Mouth to speak, he expir'd.

While *Philoctetus* spread Slaughter and Horror round him, in repulsing the Efforts of *Adrastus*; *Nestor* held the Body of his Son closely grasp'd in his Arms, and fill'd the Air with lamentable Cries, not being able to endure the Light any long-



longer! Alas! Infortunate Wretch  
 that I am! I said he; that I have been  
 a Father, and lived so long! Alas!  
 ye cruel Destinies! Why did you not  
 end my Life, either in Hunting the  
 Calydonian Boar, or in my *Aetolian*  
 Voyage, or at the first Siege of *Trois*?  
 Then I should have died with Glory,  
 and without bitterness and Sorrow.  
 Now I carry with me a miserable,  
 despis'd, and impotent Old Age; I  
 now live only to suffer Calamities;  
 and have no other Sentiment left me,  
 but that of Sorrow. O my Son! my  
 Son! O my dear Son *Pisistratus*!  
 When I lost thy Brother *Antiochus*,  
 still thou wast my Comfort; but now  
 I have thee no more, now I have no-  
 thing left; nothing can yield me any  
 Consolation more! All is at an End  
 with me. Hope, the only mitigation  
 of Human Troubles, is an Advantage  
 in which I have no Interest. O *Anti-*  
*lochus*, O *Pisistratus*, my dear Children,  
 this seems to me the fatal Day, wherein  
 I lose you both. The Death of one o-  
 pens again the Wound which that of

the other had made in the bottom of my Heart. I shall never see either of you again: Who now shall close my Eyes? Who shall gather up my Ashes? O *Pisistratus*, thou didst die as well as thy Brother, a Valiant Man; 'tis only I that cannot tell how to die. In uttering these Words he would have pierc'd himself with a Dart which he held in his Hand, if he had not been prevented by those that were about him; after which they took from him the Body of his Son; and this unfortunate Old Man falling into a Swoon, they carried him into his Tent, when after he had a little recover'd his Spirits, he would have return'd into the Battel, which they would by no means suffer him to do.

In the mean time *Adrastus* and *Philoctetus* were searching for each other. Their Eyes sparkled like those of a Lion and a Leopard, that are seeking to devour one another in those Fields which *Cocytus* waters. Menaces, warlike Rage, and cruel Revenge

Revenge glitter in their furious Eyes; they bring certain Death wherever they throw their Darts. All the Soldiers beheld 'em with Terror: And now they see one another: *Philoctetus* held in his Hand, one of those terrible Arrows, which never fail'd to do Execution in his Hands, and made Wounds that were incurable. But *Mars* who favour'd the Cruel and Intrepid *Adrastus*, would not suffer him to die so soon; having a Desire, by his means, to prolong the Horrors of War, and multiply Slaughter and Cruelty. *Adrastus* his Life was yet owing to the Justice of the Gods, as their Scourge to punish Men, and shed their Blood. In the very Moment *Philoctetus* design'd to attack him, he was himself wounded by the thrust of a Spear, given him by *Amphimachus*, a young *Lucanian*, whose Beauty exceeded the famous *Niceus*, as the Beauty of this latter gave place to none, but that of *Achilles* among all the *Greeks* that

Cc 3      fought

fought at the Siege of Troy. *Philoctetes* had no sooner receiv'd this  
 Wound, but he drew his Bow a-  
 gainst *Amphimachus* and sent an  
 Arrow to him, that pierc'd his  
 Heart. The Lustre of his lovely  
 Black Eyes was instantly extinguish'd  
 and cover'd with the Shades of  
 Death; his Vermilion Lips whose  
 Colour excell'd that of the Roses,  
 which rising Aurora flows along  
 the Horizon, grew Waxy, and a  
 dreadful Paleness tarnish'd his lovely  
 Cheeks. In a word, his tender  
 and delicate Countenance was all on  
 a sudden disfigur'd. *Philoctetes*  
 himself could not forbear to pity  
 him. And all the Soldiers that ob-  
 serv'd him, could not chuse but sigh  
 to see this Young Man fall, and roul  
 in his own Blood; his Head of  
 Hair, which, for Beauty, might  
 vie with that of *Apollo*, all dishe-  
 veld and defild in the Dust. *Phi-*  
*loctetes* having Conquer'd *Amphima-*  
*chus*, was constrain'd to retire from  
 the

the Battle; he lost his Blood and Strength, and even his Ancient Wound, seem'd in the heat of Action, ready to open again, and renew his Pain; for the Sons of *Esculapius*, with all their Divine Art, could not entirely cure it. And now he was just ready to fall among the Heap of bleeding Bodies, that were round about him; when *Archidamus*, the boldest and most dextrous of all the *Thebali*ans that he had brought with him to Found *Philelia*, carried him out of the Battel, in the very moment when *Adrastus* would have laid him at his Feet with ease: And now *Adrastus* finds no farther Obstacle, none daring to resist or retard his Victory. All fall or fly before him; and he becomes like a Torrent, which having overflown its Banks, sweeps away with its furious Waves, Corn and Cattle, Shepherds and their Cottages together.

*Telemachus* hears from far the shouts of the Conquerors, and sees



the Disorders of his Men, who fled before *Adrastus*, as a Company of timorous Deer, traverse the vast Plains, Woods, Mountains, and even the swiftest Rivers, when pursued by the Hunters.

*Telemachus* sigh'd; Indignation sparkles in his Eyes; he quits the Place where he had been so long fighting, with so much Danger, and Glory, and runs to the Succour of his discouraged Troops. He advances, all besmear'd with the Blood of a multitude of Enemies, whom he had spread upon the Dust. He gives a shout at a distance, that was heard by both Armies: *Minerva* had put something unexpressibly terrible, both in his Eyes and Voice, with which he made the neighbouring Mountains eccho. Never did *Mars* make his own cruel Voice to be heard louder in *Thrace*, when he call'd upon the infernal Furies, War and Death, to attend him. This shout of *Telemachus*, inspir'd the  
Hearts

Hearts of his Soldiers with Courage  
 and Boldness, and fills the Souls of  
 his Enemies with Fear and Dread.  
*Adrastus* is sham'd to feel himself thus  
 disorder'd. I know not how many  
 fatal Presages fills him with Terror,  
 and that which animates him, is ra-  
 ther Despair, than true Valour,  
 which is accompanied with Tran-  
 quillity of Mind. Three times his  
 trembling Knees began to slip away  
 from under him; three times he  
 stept back without thinking what  
 he was doing; a faint Paleness and  
 a cold Sweat ran through all his  
 Limbs; his hoarse and faltering  
 Voice could not finish any Sentence;  
 his Eyes, full of gloomy Fire, spark-  
 led and look'd as if they would start  
 out of his Head; he seem'd agitated  
 by the Furies, like *Orestes*; all his  
 Motions were Convulsive; he  
 thought he saw the Gods irritated  
 against him; and that he heard a  
 whispering Voice proceeding from  
 the bottom of Hell, to call him into

black *Tartarus*; every thing made him sensible there was a celestial and invisible Hand waving over his Head, which was going to exert its Force in striking him down: Hope was extinguish'd at the bottom of his Heart; his Resolution was enfeebled, and disappear'd like the Light of the Day, when the Sun lies down in the Bosom of the Sea, and the Earth wraps her self in the Shades of the Night. The impious *Adrastus*, too long suffer'd upon the Earth; too long, if Mankind had not stood in need of such a Scourge; the impious *Adrastus*, in fine, draws near his last Hour; he runs like a mad Man to meet his inevitable Fate: Horror, cutting Remorse, Consternation, Fury, Rage, and Despair, march along with him. No sooner does he see *Telemachus*, but he thinks he sees *Avernus* open it self; and the rowling Flames of black *Phlegethon* ready to devour him. He cries out, and his Mouth re-

remains open without being able to pronounce a word; he's just like a Man asleep, who in a frightful Dream opens his Mouth, and makes attempts to speak, but still wants Utterance, and seeks it in vain. However, *Adrastus*, with a trembling and precipitant Hand, throws his Dart at *Telemachus*; while the latter, intrepid, and calm as the Minds of the Gods, defends himself with his Buckler; Victory covering him with her Wings, seems already to hold a Crown over his Head; a sweet and orderly Courage shines in his Eyes; one would have taken him for *Minerva* her self, he appear'd so wise and regular in the midst of the greatest Dangers. The Dart which *Adrastus* cast being repuls'd by his Buckler, *Adrastus* made halt to draw his Sword to hinder *Ulysses's* Son of the Advantage of taking his turn to throw his Dart at him: *Telemachus* seeing *Adrastus's* Sword in his Hand, betakes himself immediately

diately to his own, omitting to throw his Dart. When they were seen in this Posture of fighting one another hand to hand; all the rest of the Soldiers laid down their Arms in silence, to look upon 'em with the greatest Attention, expecting from their single Engagement the destiny of the whole War. The two Swords glitter'd like the Lightning which sends forth terrible Claps of Thunder, they often cross one another, and deal Blows without Execution on their polish'd Armor, which resounded with the heavy strokes. The two Combatants stretch out and recover themselves, stoop down and rise up all in an instant; and in fine, they fall to grappling: The Ivy that grows at the Foot of a young Elm, does not more straitly wreath its twining Branches about the hard and knotty Trunk, till it climbs up to the loftiest Boughs of the Tree, than these two Combatants Clasp and Lock one another.

*Adrastus*



*Adrastus* had yet lost nothing of his  
 Strength, and *Telemachus* had not  
 muster'd all his together. *Adrastus*  
 made several Efforts to surprize his  
 Enemy, and over-set him; he en-  
 deavours to seize the Sword of the  
 young Greek, but in vain; while  
 he attempts this, *Telemachus* takes  
 him up from the Ground, and  
 throws him flat upon the Sand:  
 Then this impious Prince, that had  
 always contemn'd the Gods, mani-  
 fested an unmanly fear of Death;  
 he is asham'd to beg Life, yet can't  
 help signifying that he desir'd it;  
 he endeavours to move the Com-  
 passion of *Telemachus* by such words  
 as these: O thou Son of *Ulysses*, says  
 he, I now at last acknowledge that  
 the Gods are Just; they punish me  
 according to my Demerits. 'Tis  
 only by Calamities that the Eyes of  
 Men are open'd to see the Truth;  
 I see it, and it condemns me: But let  
 an unfortunate King put you in  
 mind of your Father, who is remote  
 from

from *Ithaca*, and let the thoughts of this touch your Heart.

*Telemachus*, who was holding him under his Knees, and had his Sword already lifted up to kill him, presently answer'd; I desire nothing but Victory, and the Peace of the Nations which I came to succour; I have no delight in shedding Blood. Live therefore, O *Adrastus*, but live to make Reparation for your Faults; restore all that you have usurp'd, re-establish Tranquility and Justice in the Confines of the great *Hesperia*, which you have defil'd with so many Massacres and Treacheries. Live and become another Man; learn by your Fall, that the Gods are Just, and that the Wicked are Miserable; that they deceive themselves in seeking Happiness, in Violence, Barbarity and Fraud: In short, that nothing is so happy and sweet as simple and steady Vertue. Give us for Hostages your Son *Metrodorus*, with twelve of the principal Nobles of  
your

your Nation. At these words, *Telemachus* suffers him to rise, and gives him his Hand, not suspecting his Disingenuity; for *Adrastus* threw at him the second time a short Dart which he kept conceal'd; the Dart was so sharp, and thrown with that force, that it would have pierc'd *Telemachus's* Armor, had it not been made by a Divine Hand; at the same time *Adrastus* cast himself behind a Tree, to avoid the Pursuit of *Telemachus*: Upon this, the latter cries out, O *Daunians*, the Victory's ours! This impious Man saves himself only by his Treachery; he who fears not the Gods, fears Death; on the contrary, he that fears them, has nothing else to fear. In uttering these words, he advances towards the *Daunians*, and gives a sign to his Men that were on the other side of the Tree, to cut off the Retreat of the perfidious *Adrastus*. *Adrastus* fearing he should be taken, makes as if he would return the same way

way he came, and went to fall upon the *Cretans*, that stood to obstruct his Passage; when on a sudden, *Telemachus*, swift as the Thunder which the Father of the Gods shoots from high *Olympus* upon guilty Heads, falls upon his Enemy; he seizes him with his victorious Hand, casts him upon the Ground, as the violent North-wind beats down the tender Ears of Corn that guild the Field. He now will hear no more, tho' the impious Wretch once again essays to abuse the Goodness of his generous Mind; he instantly thrusts his Sword into his Bowels, and precipitates him into the Flames of black *Cocytus*, a Punishment worthy of his Crimes.

*Adrastus* was scarce dead, when all the *Daunians* were so far from deploring their Defeat, and the loss of their General, that they rejoyc'd at their Deliverance, and held out their Hands to the Allies in sign of Peace and Reconciliation. *Metrodo-*

rus the Son of *Adrastus*, whom his Father had educated in Maxims of Diffimulation, Injustice, and Inhumanity, fled away like a Coward: But a Slave that was an Accomplice of his Infamies and Cruelties, whom he had enfranchized and loaded with Favours, and in whose hands alone he trusted himself in his Flight, thought of nothing but how to betray him for his own Interest. He kill'd him as he fled, by giving him a Wound in the Back, cut off his Head, and brought it into the Confederate Camp, hoping to receive a great Recompence for a Crime that finish'd the War: But the Act of this Villain was abhor'd, and he put to Death. *Telemachus* having seen the Head of *Metrodorus*, who was a young Prince of wonderful Beauty, and of an excellent natural Temper, tho' corrupted by Pleasures and vitious Examples, could not restrain his Tears. Alas! cry'd he, here is what the Poison of Prosperity



ty does for a young Prince; the more Elevation and Vivacity of Mind he has, the more he wanders and becomes a Stranger to all Sentiments of true Virtue; and now it may be my Condition had been like his, if the Misfortunes in which I was born and educated, Thanks be to the Gods, and to the Instructions of *Mentor*, had not taught me to govern my self.

The assembled *Daunians* desir'd, as the only Condition of Peace, that they might be permitted to make 'em a King of their own Nation, who might by his Vertues efface the Reproach which the impious *Adrastus* had brought upon the Crown. They thank'd the Gods for having cut off the Tyrant, and came in Multitudes to kiss the Hand of *Telemachus*, which had been embrew'd in the Blood of that Monster; so that their Defeat was a Triumph to 'em. Thus, in a moment, fell that Power without possibility  
of

of Recovery, which menaced all the rest in *Hesperia*, and made so many Nations tremble; like those Pieces of made Ground that appear firm and immoveable, but by degrees are mouldring below; for a great while the feeble Work of attacking the Foundations is derided; nothing appears the weaker for it, all is stable, nothing so much as shakes; yet all the subterranean Props are gradually destroy'd to the Foundation, and all on a sudden the Terrass sinks, and opens a prodigious Pit. Thus an unjust and fraudulent Power, what Prosperity soever it acquires by its Violences, digs a Precipice under its own Feet; Fraud and Cruelty gradually undermine all the firmest Foundations of unlawful Authority. Men admire it, fear it, tremble before it, till the moment it vanishes; it falls with its own weight, and nothing can raise it again, because it has with its own Hands destroy'd the true Props of Sincerity and

and Justice, which attract Love and Confidence.

The chief Commanders of the Army the next Day assembled to grant the *Daunians* a King. It was a very pleasant Thing to see the two Camps confounded together, by so unexpected a Friendship, so that the two Armies now made but one; the wise *Nestor* could not assist at this Council, because his Grief, added to his old Age, had wither'd his Heart, just as a Storm of Rain in the Evening beats down a Flower, and makes it languish, which in the Morning while *Aurora* was rising, was the Glory and Ornament of the verdant Fields. His Eyes were become two Springs of Tears, that could not be exhausted; soft Sleep that Charms the acutest Pains, fled far away from him. Hope, which is the Life of a Man's Heart, was extinct in him; all Food was bitter to this unfortunate old Man; the Light was odious to him, his Soul desir'd

desir'd nothing but to Die, and plunge himself into the eternal Night of *Plato's* Empire. In vain did all his Friends speak to him; his sinking Heart was disgusted with all Friendship, as a sick Man disrelishes the most dainty Meats. To all that could be said to him, to make the deepest Impression on his Mind, he return'd nothing but deep Sighs and Groans. From time to time he was heard to say, O *Pisistratus*, *Pisistratus*, *Pisistratus*, my Son, thou call'st me away, I'll follow thee, thou wilt render Death sweet to me. O my Son! all the Happiness I now desire, is to see thee again on the Banks of *Styx*. He pass'd whole Hours without uttering one Word, but was still Groaning, and lifting up his Hands and Eyes all drown'd in Tears to Heaven.

In the mean time the Princes being assembled, were expecting *Telemachus*, who was by the Body of *Pisistratus*; he strew'd handfulls of  
Flowers

Flowers upon the Corps, to which he added exquisite Perfumes, and pour'd forth bitter Tears; O my dear Companion, said he, I shall never forget how I saw thee at *Pilos*, and how I follow'd thee to *Sparta*, how I found thee again on the Coasts of the great *Hesperia*. I owe thee a Thousand and a Thousand kind Offices; I Lov'd thee, and thou hadst a like Love for me; I knew thy Valour, it surmounted that of many famous *Greeks*. But alas! 'tis extinguish'd with thy Glory; 'twas thy Valour that has rob'd the World of that improving Vertue of thine, which would have equal'd that of the greatest Men. Yes, thy Wisdom and thy Eloquence in a riper Age, would have resembled the like Endowments in the most celebrated Men of *Greece*. Thou hadst already acquired that sweet Insinuation, that could not be resisted when thou spakest, those natural and lively ways of relating Matters; that prudent



gent Moderation which is a Charm to appease irritated Minds; that Authority which proceeds from Prudence and the force of good Counsels. When thou spokest, every Ear was attentive; all were prepossess'd in thy Favour, every one was willing to find Reason on thy side. Thy Speech that was plain and simple, void of Pomp, sweetly instill'd it self into Men's Souls, like the Dew upon the springing Grass. But alas! all those Advantages which we were in possession of a few Hours ago, are taken away from us for ever. *Pisistratus*, whom I embrac'd this Morning, is now no more. We have nothing remaining but the sad remembrance of him. Ah! That thou hadst clos'd the Eyes of *Nestor*; and that we had not all been so unhappy to see thine clos'd; he would not then have seen what he is now forc'd to behold; he would not then have been the most unhappy Father in the World.

After

After these Words, *Tibullus* caus'd the bloody Wound which was in the side of *Pisistratus* to be wash'd; he order'd him to be laid out upon a purple Bed, where his Head inclining on his Shoulder with the paleness of Death, resembled a young Tree, which having cover'd the Earth with its Shadow, and stretch'd its flourishing Boughs towards Heaven, is wounded by the Edge of the Woodman's Axe; it no longer holds by its own Root, nor by the Earth, that fruitful Mother that nourishes her Branches in her Bosom; it languishes, its Verdure decays, and being no longer able to bear up, down it falls; its wide and thick Branches that lately were as a Veil to obscure the Light of Heaven, now lye extended in the Dust, wither'd and dry; 'tis now no more than a Trunk fell'd to the Ground, and spoil'd of all its Beauties. Thus *Pisistratus* being become a Prey to Death, was now carried away by

by those who were appointed to lay him on the fatal Pile. The Flame already began to ascend toward Heaven ; a Troop of *Pylians* with Eyes dejected and full of Tears, and with their Arms revers'd with a slow and mournful Pace attended him. The Body was soon Burnt, the Ashes put into a Golden Urne ; and *Telemachus* who took care to have all this perform'd, committed this Urne as a great Treasure to *Callimachus*, who had been *Pisistratus* his Governour. Keep safely, says he, these Ashes, the sad but precious Remains of him you Lov'd. Keep 'em for his Father, but wait till he recovers Strength enough to ask 'em before you give 'em to him ; that which irritates Sorrow at one time allays it at another.

At length *Telemachus* enter'd the Assembly of the confederate Kings, where every one kept Silence, in expectation to hear him Discourse ; when he perceiv'd it he blush'd, and

D d

they

they could by no means engage him to Speak: The Praises that were given him by publick Acclamations, and above all his late Actions augmented his bashful Disposition: So that he would have been glad to have hid himself. This was the first time that he appear'd embarrass'd and unsteady; in fine he desir'd as a Favour, that they would desist from speaking in his Praise: 'Tis not, said he, that I do not love Praises, above all when they are given by such good Judges of Vertue, but 'tis because I am afraid of Loving 'em too much; for they are apt to corrupt Men, they fill 'em with themselves, and render 'em Vain and Presumptuous. We ought both to merit 'em and avoid 'em. The justest Praises resemble those that are false and flattering. The most wicked of all Mankind, the *Tyrrians* are those that have made themselves prais'd the most by servile Flatterers. What Pleasure is there in being Prais'd

Prais'd like them ? Due Praises are such as you will give me in my absence, if I am so happy as to deserve 'em. If you believe me to be truly Good, you ought also to believe that I am willing to be Modest, and to be afraid of Vanity. Spare me therefore, if you value me, and do not Praise me as if I were a Man fond of Praises.

After *Telemachus* had thus express'd himself, he answer'd not a Word more to those that continued to extol him to the very Heavens ; but by an Air of Indifference he soon put a stop to the Encomiums that were made on him ; till they began to fear they should displease him in commending him. But their Admiration still increased ; every one knowing the Tenderneſs he had manifested to *Piſſistratus* , and the care he had taken to render him the last Devoirs ; the whole Army was more touch'd with the Marks of Tenderneſs and Generoſity of his

D d 2      Heart,



Heart, than with all the Prodigies of Wisdom and Valour, that had been shining so Conspicuously in him. He is Wise, he is Valiant, said they in secret one to another; he is the Friend of the Gods, and the true Hero of our Age; he is rais'd a degree above Mankind: But this is only matter of Wonder, all this does no more than fill us with Astonishment; he has Humanity and Goodness, he is a Friend, he is Tender, he is Compassionate, he is Beneficent, and entirely theirs whom he ought to Love; he is the Delight of them that live with him; he divests himself of his Dignity, of his Repose, and of his Grandeur: This is that which makes him useful; this is that which touches Mens Hearts; this is that which fills us with such tender Affections towards him, and renders us sensible of all his Vertues. This is that which makes us all ready to Sacrifice our Lives for him.

These

These Discourses were scarce finish'd, when they hasten'd to speak of the necessity of giving a King to the *Daunians*. The greatest part of the Princes that were in the Council were of Opinion, that it was best to divide the Country amongst 'em as a Conquer'd Land; and offer'd *Telemachus* the fertile Country of *Arpos*, which twice a Year bears the rich Bounty of *Ceres*, the sweet Presents of *Bacchus*, and the ever green Fruits of the Olive-Tree, which is sacred to *Minerva*. This Land, said they, ought to make you forget poor *Ithaca* with its Cottages, and the frightful Rocks of *Dulichia*, together with the savage Woods of *Zacchanthus*. Ne're persist longer to seek your Father, who was certainly lost in the Waves at the Promontory of *Caphaneus*, through the Revenge of *Nauplius* and the Anger of *Neptune*; nor your Mother who is long since in the possession of her Lovers; nor your Country, whose

Soil is not favour'd by Heaven, like this we now offer you. He patiently heard this Discourse, but the Rocks of *Thrace* and *Thessaly* are not more deaf and insensible of the Complaints of despairing Lovers, than *Telemachus* was of all these Proposals. For my part, replied he, I am not mov'd either with Riches or Pleasures; what signifies it to possess a greater extent of Ground, or to Command a greater Number of Men? One has therewith but the more Perplexity and the less Liberty: Life is full enough of Miseries, even for the wisest and most regulate sort of Men, without the additional Trouble of governing other Men, who are Untractable, Unquiet, Unjust, Treacherous and Ungrateful. If one has a Mind to have Dominion over Men, out of Self-love, looking at nothing but one's own Authority, Pleasures and Glory; this is to be Impious and Tyrannical, and become the Scourge of Mankind. If on the  
con-

contrary I have a Mind to govern Men only according to right Rules, for their own Good ; I am not so much their Master as their Guardian, I have nothing but the Trouble of it, which is infinite ; and this makes me very far from desiring to enlarge the Bounds of my Authority. The Shepherd, who devours not his Flock, but defends it from the Wolves with the hazard of his Life, who watches over it Night and Day, leading it into fat Pastures, has no great Mind to augment the Number of his Sheep, and to seize on those of his Neighbours ; this would be but to increase his Trouble. Altho' I have never govern'd, added *Telemachus*, I have learn'd by the Laws, and by those wise Men that made 'em, how toilsom a thing it is to have the Conduct of Cities and Kingdoms ; I am therefore content with my poor *Ithaca*, tho it be small and mean. I shall have Glory enough, provided I Reign there with

Justice, Piety and Courage ; and indeed I shall Reign there but too soon. May it please the Gods that my Father may escape the Fury of the Waves, and Reign there to extreme old Age, and that I may long learn under him to subdue my Passions, and to know the Art of regulating those of a whole Nation.

Afterward he thus proceeded ; Hear, O ye Princes who are here assembled, what I think I ought to tell you for your own Interest. If you procure the *Daunians* a just King, he'll govern them Justly ; he'll make 'em sensible how much it is for their Advantage, to pursue Faith and Sincerity , and never to usurp upon their Neighbours ; all which they could never come to understand under the impious *Adrastus*. As long as they shall continue under the conduct of a just and moderate Prince, you will have nothing to fear from them ; they will owe you this good King, whom they have receiv'd



receiv'd from your Hands; they will owe you all the Peace and Prosperity which they shall enjoy under his Government. These People will be so far from attacking you, that they will incessantly bless you; both the King and People will be the Work of your Hands. If on the contrary, you resolve to share their Country among you; I'll undertake to predict the Mischiefs that will ensue. These People driven to Despair, will begin a new War. They will have a just Cause to take up Arms for their Liberty. The Gods, who are mortal Enemies to Tyranny, will fight for 'em; and if the Gods intermeddle with the Quarrel, sooner or later you will be confounded, and all your Prosperity will be dissipated like Smoke. Counsel and Wisdom will be taken away from your Commanders, and Courage from your Armies, and Plenty from your Lands: You will flatter your selves, and act with precipitancy in your Enterprizes;

D d 5

zes ; you will silence Men of Integrity, when they go about to tell you the Truth ; you will fall on a sudden, and it will be said of you ; Are these then the flourishing Nations that were to give Laws to all the World, and now they fly before their Enemies ? They are the Sport of other Nations, who trample you under their Feet : This is the Work of the Gods ; this is what a People of Unjust, Proud, and Inhumane Minds deserve. Besides consider, if you attempt to divide this Conquest among you, you re-unite all the Neighbouring Nations against you. Your League form'd to defend the common Liberty of *Hesperia*, against *Adrastus* the Usurper, will become odious ; and 'tis you that all the World will with good Reason Accuse of having aspir'd to Usurp an Universal Tyranny. But we'll suppose you should prove Victorious both over the *Daunians*, and all other Nations that shall assist  
 'em ;

'em ; this Victory will destroy you, and this I'll make out to you. Consider, this Enterprize will dis-unite you all ; for since 'tis not founded upon Justice, you will have no Rule among you to bound each others Pretensions ; every one will have a Mind that his part of the Conquest should be proportionate to his Power : None of you will have Authority enough over all those Nations, to make this Division peaceably ; And this will be the source of a War, of which the Youngest of your Children will not see an end. Is it not much more eligible to be Just and Regular, than to follow one's Ambition through so much Danger, and amidst so many inevitable Misfortunes ? Are not profound Peace, the sweet and Innocent Pleasures that accompany it, the Happiness of Plenty, the Friendship of Neighbours, the Glory which is inseparable from Justice, the Authority which is acquired, in rendring  
 ones

ones self by Fidelity and Sincerity, the Arbiter of all Foreign Nations ; are not these, I say, Advantages much more desirable, than the foolish Vanity of an unjust, Conquest? O Princes! Oh Kings! you see I speak to you without seeking any Interest of my own: Harken therefore to one who loves you so well, as even to contradict and displease you, in setting the Truth before you in a clear Light.

While *Telemachus* spake thus with an Air of Authority, which they had never seen in any other; all the Princes struck with astonishment and in suspense, admir'd the Wisdom of his Counsels: There was hear'd a confus'd Noise, which spread it self throughout the Camp, and came to the very Place where the Assembly was held. A Stranger (say they) is come on Shore on these Coasts, with a Troop of Armed Men; this unknown Person is of a lofty Mien; every thing in him appears

pears Heroick ; 'tis easie to discern  
 that he has been long harrafs'd with  
 Sufferings ; and that his great Cou-  
 rage has set him above all his Ca-  
 lamities. At first, the People of the  
 Country who guard the Coasts,  
 would have repulsed him as an E-  
 nemy that was coming to make an  
 Invasion ; but after having drawn  
 his Sword with an Air of Intrepidi-  
 ty, he declar'd that he knew how to  
 defend himself if he were attack'd,  
 but that he asked nothing but Peace  
 and Hospitality. Immediately he  
 presented an Olive Branch as a Sup-  
 pliant ; upon this he was heard ; he  
 desir'd to be brought to those that  
 govern in this part of *Hesperia*, and  
 therefore he is conducted hither, to  
 speak to the Assembled Kings.

This Discourse was scarce finish'd,  
 but this Stranger was seen to enter  
 with a Majesty that surpriz'd the  
 whole Assembly. One might easily  
 have been induced to believe he was  
 the God *Mars*, he was so like him  
 when



when he assembles his bloody Troops upon the *Thracian* Mountains. He address'd himself to them after this manner.

O ye Shepherds of the People, who without doubt are here assembled either for the Defence of your Countries against your Enemies, or to make 'em flourish by your Righteous Laws: Harken to a Man who has been Persecuted by Fortune. (May it please the Gods that you never experience the like Misfortune) I am *Diomedes* King of *Etolia*, who incens'd *Venus* at the Siege of *Troy*; the Revenge of this Goddess pursues me throughout the *Universe*. *Neptune* who can refuse nothing to the Divine Daughter of the Sea, has deliver'd me up to the Rage of the Winds and Waves, which have often dash'd me against the Rocks. The inexorable *Venus* has depriv'd me of all Hope of ever seeing again my Kingdom, my Family, and the sweet Light of that Country, where

I first saw the Day at my Birth ; no,  
 I shall never more see what is most  
 dear to me in the World. I now  
 am come, after so many Ship-wracks,  
 to seek on this unknown Shore, a  
 little Repose, and a safe Retreat ; if  
 you fear the Gods, and above all,  
*Jupiter*, who has a respect for Stran-  
 gers, and takes care of 'em ; if you  
 have any sentiment of Compassion,  
 do not refuse me in these vast Coun-  
 tries, some spot of Barren Ground,  
 some desert Shades, or craggy Rocks,  
 that I with my Companions, may  
 Found a City there, which may be  
 at least, the Melancholy Image of  
 our lost Country. We ask but a  
 little Ground in a useless place ; we'll  
 live in Peace with you in a strict Al-  
 liance ; your Enemies shall be ours ;  
 we'll enter into all your Interests ;  
 we only desire the Liberty of living  
 according to our own Laws.

While *Diomedes* spake thus, *Tele-  
 machus*, who kept his Eyes atten-  
 tively fix'd on him, shew'd all the  
 different

different Passions in his own Countenance. When *Diomedes* began to speak of his long Misfortunes, he was in Hope it was his Father. As soon as he had declar'd himself to be *Diomedes*, *Telemachus* his Countenance languish'd like a Flower which the Envious *North*-wind had just wither'd with its cruel Blast. The following Words of *Diomedes* complaining of the Anger of a Deity, melted him with the Remembrance of the same Disgraces suffer'd by his Father and himself; Tears mix'd with both Grief and Joy, ran down his Cheeks, and he instantly threw himself upon *Diomedes* to embrace him. I am, says he, the Son of *Ulysses*, whom you once knew, and who was not unuseful to you, when you took the famous Horses of *Rhesus*; the Gods have treated him as well as you without Pity: If the Oracles of *Erebus* deceive us not, he is still alive; but alas! he is not alive to me: I have left *Ithaca* to seek him; and

and now I cannot see either *Ithaca* or him again: Judge by my Misfortunes, what Compassion I have for others. The Advantage that is gain'd by Calamities, is to know how to sympathize with others in the like Troubles. Tho' I am but a Stranger here, I am able, O Great *Diomedes* (for in spight of all the Calamities that overwhelm'd my Country during my Infancy, I have not been so ill Educated as to be Ignorant of the Glory you have acquir'd in Battle) I am able, O Prince most Invincible of all the *Greeks*, next to *Achilles*, to procure you some Relief. These Princes you see here, are Men of Humanity, without which they know there is no true Virtue, nor Courage, nor solid Glory. Misfortune adds a new Lustre to the Glory of great Men; they still want something, while they know not what 'tis to be Unfortunate. Examples of Patience and Firmness of Mind, are, 'till then, wanting

wanting in their Lives. Suffering Virtue softens all Hearts that have any vertuous Relish; leave to us therefore the care of consoling you; seeing the Gods have brought you to us, we receive you as a Present which they make us, and ought to esteem our selves Happy, that we are in a Capacity to alleviate your Afflictions.

While he spake, *Diomedes*, struck with Wonder, look'd intently on him, and felt a great Emotion in his Heart; they embrac'd one another, as if they had been united in the strictest Bonds of Friendship. O Worthy Son of the Wise *Ulysses*, said *Diomedes*, I discern in you the Sweetness of his Countenance, the Grace of his Discourse, the Force of his Eloquence, the Elevation of his Sentiments, and the Wisdom of his Thoughts. In the mean time *Philoctetus* in the like manner Embraces the Son of *Tidens*; they related to one another their sad Adventures;  
after



after which, says *Philoctetus* to him, without doubt, you will be glad to see the Wife *Nestor*; he has lately lost *Pisistratus*, the last of his Children, and now there remains nothing more to him in this Life, but a Way of Tears to lead him to his Tomb. Come and try to comfort him; a Friend under the Frowns of Fortune, is more proper than another to allay the Sorrows of his Heart. They immediately went into *Nestor*'s Tent, who scarce knew *Diomedes*, Sorrow had so depress'd his Spirit and Senses. *Diomedes* presently fell to weeping with him, and their Interview serv'd, at first, only to redouble their Sorrow; but by degrees the presence of this Friend appeas'd the Grief of the good Old Man; and one might easily discern, that his Sorrow was in some measure suspended, by the Pleasure of relating what he had suffer'd, and of hearing on the other side, what had befallen *Diomedes*.

While

While they thus entertain'd one another, the Kings assembled with *Telemachus*, were examining what they ought to do. *Telemachus* advis'd them to give *Diomedes* the Country of *Argos*, and to choose *Polydamas* for King of the *Daunians*, who was of their own Nation. This *Polydamas* was a famous Captain whom *Adrastus*, through Jealousie, was never willing to employ, lest the Success, all the Glory of which he promis'd himself alone, should be attributed to the Conduct of this able Man. *Polydamas* had in particular often advertis'd him that he too much expos'd his own Life, and the Safety of his Country in this War against so many Confederate Nations: He would often have engag'd him to keep a more regular and even Conduct with his Neighbours. But those Men that hate Truth, also hate such as have the boldness to declare it to 'em; they are not affected either with their

Sin-

Sincerity, or their Zeal, or their Disinteressedness. A deceitful Prosperity harden'd *Adrastus's* Heart against his most salutary Counsels. In not following them he every day triumph'd over his Enemies. Pride, Fraud, and Violence still brought Victory on his side; none of the Misfortunes that had been so long threatned by *Polydamas*, besel him. *Adrastus* laugh'd at that timorous Prudence, which is always foreseeing Inconveniences. *Polydamas* at length became intolerable to him; he remov'd him from all Places of Trust, and left him to languish in Solitude and Poverty. *Polydamas* was at first over-born with this Disgrace, but it soon yielded him what he wanted; in opening his Eyes to see the Vanity of great Fortunes, he became Wise at his own Cost; he began to congratulate himself on his Misfortunes; he gradually learn'd to Act, and live in good earnest, calmly to nourish his Soul with Truth, to cultivate in himself

self those secret Vertues, which are even more estimable than those that make the greatest show and noise in the World. In fine, to know how to live without Men, He dwelt at the foot of Mount *Gargan*, in a Desert, where a vaulted Rock serv'd for his House, a Rivulet that ran down from the Mountain appeas'd his Thirst, some Trees that grew there, yielding him their Fruits; he had some Slaves that cultivated a little Field for him, in which he wrought with them with his own Hands; the Ground recompens'd his Labour with large Increase, not suffering him to want any thing; he had not only Fruit and Grain in abundance, but all sorts of fragrant Flowers besides. There he deplor'd the Unhappiness of those People that are led to Destruction by the mad Ambition of a tyrannical Prince. There he every day expected that the just Gods, tho' patient for a time, would over-turn the  
 Throne

Throne of *Adrastus*; the more his Prosperity encreas'd, the more irrecoverable he thought his Fall would prove. For Imprudence, when prosperous in its failings, and Power when risen to the last excess of absolute Authority, are the fore-runners of the over-throw of Kingdoms, and their Kings. When he heard of the Defeat and Death of *Adrastus*, he manifested nothing of Joy; either for having fore-seen it, or for being deliver'd from the Power of this Tyrant; he sigh'd only for fear of seeing the *Daunians* in a State of slavery. This is the Man *Telemachus* propos'd for their King. He had for some time known his Courage and Valour. For *Telemachus*, according to the Advice of *Mentor*, did not cease to inform himself of all the good and evil Qualities of any Person that was in any considerable Employ, not only among the Confederate Nations, whom he serv'd in this War, but even among his

Ene-



**Enemies.** His principal care was every where to discover and examine Men, who had any particular Talent or Virtue.

The Confederate Princes at first had some reluctance against placing *Polydamas* in the Throne. We have had Experience, said they, how formidable a King of the *Danians* to his Neighbours, when he loves War, and knows how to manage it. *Polydamas* is a great Captain, and may cast us into very great Dangers: But *Telemachus* reply'd, 'Tis true, *Polydamas* understands War, but he loves Peace; and these are the two things that ought to be desired in a Prince. A Man who knows the Miseries, Hazards, and Difficulties of War, is much more capable of avoiding it than another, who has no manner of Experience in these Things. *Polydamas* has learn'd to relish the Happiness of a quiet Life. He condemn'd the Enterprizes of *Adrastus*; he foresaw their fatal Consequences;

a weak and ignorant  
 Prince is more to be fear'd by you,  
 than a Man who is able to under-  
 stand and determine every thing  
 himself. A weak and ignorant  
 Prince can be nothing but by the  
 eyes of a passionate Favorite, or a  
 flattering Minister, who is Turbu-  
 lent and Ambitious; so that a Prince  
 thus blinded, will engage himself in  
 War, when he has no mind to it;  
 and you can never know when you  
 are sure of him, because he can ne-  
 ver be sure of himself, he'll falsify  
 his Word to you, and soon reduce  
 you to that Extremity, that you'll  
 be under a Necessity, either of ru-  
 ing him, or of being ruined by  
 him. Is it not more advantageous,  
 safer, and at the same time more  
 just and noble, faithfully to answer  
 the Confidence the *Daunians* put in  
 you, and to give 'em a King wor-  
 thy to Command 'em? The whole  
 Assembly was convinc'd by this  
 speech; and it was order'd that Pe-

*Polydamas* should be propos'd to the  
*Daurians*, who expected an Answer  
 with impatience. When they heard  
 the name of *Polydamas*, they an-  
 swer'd, We are now well assur'd that  
 the Confederate Princes will act sin-  
 cerely, and make an everlasting Peace  
 with us; seeing they are willing to  
 grant a Man to Vertuous, and so  
 capable of Governing us, to be our  
 King. If a lewd, effeminate, and  
 ill instructed Person had been pro-  
 pos'd to us, we should have believ'd  
 an occasion was thereby sought to  
 destroy us, and to corrupt the Form  
 of our Government; we should  
 have secretly laid up in our Breasts  
 a lively Remorsement of so severe and  
 fraudulent a Piece of Conduct; but  
 the Choice of *Polydamas* discovers to  
 us true Candor: The Confederates  
 without doubt, expected nothing of  
 us; but what is just and noble; see-  
 ing they allow us a King, who is  
 incapable of doing any thing against  
 the Liberty and Glory of our Na-

sion. or And now in like manner can  
 protest in the Presence of the  
 Gods, That the Rivers should never  
 re-ascend to their Sources, If we  
 will cease to love each other as Bene-  
 ficial Na-  
 tions. May our latest Potentate re-  
 member the Favour we receive this  
 Day of renewing both Generation  
 to Generation, the Peace of the  
 Golden Age, in all the Borders of  
*Telemachus*, after this, propos'd to  
 give *Dionides* the Fields of *Arpion*,  
 to found a Colony there. This new  
 People, says he to em, will owe  
 their Settlement to you in a Coun-  
 try which you don't Occupy. Re-  
 member that all Men owe one an-  
 other Love, that the Earth is too  
 large for em all; that you must  
 have Neighbours, and tis best to  
 have such as are oblig'd to you for  
 their Establishment. Be mov'd with  
 the Misfortune of a King, who can-  
 not return into his own Country.  
*Polydamas* and he being united toge-

ther by the Bands of Justice and  
 Virtue, which are the only dura-  
 ble ones, will preserve you in pro-  
 found Peace, and render you for-  
 midable to all the neighbouring Na-  
 tions, that may think of aggrandiz-  
 ing themselves. You see, *O Da-  
 nians*, that we have given you and  
 your Nation a King capable of ad-  
 vancing its Glory to the Skies: Do  
 you also give a Piece of Ground that  
 is useless to you, seeing we ask it at  
 your hands, to a Prince who is wor-  
 thy of all kind of Relief.

The *Danians* reply'd, that they  
 could refuse nothing to *Telemachus*,  
 since it was he that had procur'd  
*Polydamus* to be their King: And  
 they immediately went to seek for  
 him in his solitary Dwelling, to  
 make him Reign over em. Before  
 they went, they gave the fertile  
 Plains of *Arpos* to *Diomedes*, for him  
 to found a new Kingdom there. The  
 Allies were extremely pleas'd with  
 it, because this Colony of *Greeks*

would



would considerably fortifie the Confederate Party, if ever the *Danians* should endeavour to renew the Usurpations, of which *Adrastus* gave 'em for ill an Example.

*Telemachus*, with Tears in his Eyes, took his leave of 'em, together with his Company, after he had tenderly embrac'd the valiant *Dionides*, the wise and inconsolable *Nestor*, and the famous *Philoctetes*, the worthy Possessor of the Arrows of *Hercules*. The brave Son of *Ulysses*, long'd with impatience to see *Mentor* again at *Salentum*, and to embark with him for *Ithaca*, where he hop'd his Father might by this time be arriv'd. When he approach'd *Salentum*, he was amaz'd to see the Country round, which he had left almost quite uncultivated and desert, matur'd like a fine Garden, and fill'd with industrious Labourers: he knew this must be the work of *Mentor*. When he enter'd the City, he observ'd there were fewer Artificers

for bluntness and the Pleasures of  
 life; and to make his great appear-  
 ance of nobility and confidence. *Telemachus*  
 was astonish'd at nothing as for a man  
 nally; loved all things that concern'd  
 Honour and Politick with them. But  
 his Mind was a long possessor of  
 other Thoughts. He was as ready  
 to praise *Menelaus* as to blame him  
 with his Men, and this infinitely mov'd  
 his Heart with Joy and Tenderness.  
 And notwithstanding all the Success  
 he had had in the War against *Al-  
 dostrus*, he was afraid lest *Menelaus*  
 should not be well pleas'd with him;  
 and as he advanced, he examin'd his  
 Eyes to see if he could find nothing  
 in him that might occasion him to  
 reproach himself. First, *Telemachus*  
 embrac'd *Telemachus* as his own Son,  
 after which *Telemachus* threw him-  
 self about *Menelaus*'s Neck, and wet-  
 ted him with his Tears. *Says Menelaus*  
 to him, I am well pleas'd with  
 you; you have committed great  
 Faults, but they have serv'd you  
 well.

make you know your self, and to  
 give you a diffidence in your own  
 Performances. Men often derive  
 more Advantage from their Defects  
 than from their great Actions; y<sup>e</sup> for  
 these swell the Mind, and inspire it  
 with a dangerous Presumption,  
 whereas a Man's Faults make him  
 recollect himself, and restore him  
 that Prudence which he had lost in  
 the time of his good Successes. It  
 which remains for you to do, is to  
 Praise the Gods, and not to desire  
 the Praises of Men your self; y<sup>e</sup> you  
 have done great Things, but con-  
 fess the Truth, 'tis scarce your self  
 that have done 'em. Did they not  
 enter like something Adventitious  
 that was infus'd into you? And  
 were you not capable of spoiling all  
 by your too great Temerity and  
 Imprudence? Do you not find that  
 Mistris has, as it were, transform'd  
 you into another Man above your  
 self, to perform by you that which  
 you have done? She has held all

your defects in suspense; as *Nereus* does when he appeares the *Tempests* and suspends the irritated *Waves*.

While *Idomeneus* was speaking to the *Cretans*, who were return'd from the War, *Telemachus* listen'd to the wife Counsels of *Mentor*. After which he look'd on every side with Astonishment, and said, what a Change do I see, the reason of which I cannot comprehend? Is some Calamity befallen *Salentum* during my absence? Whence is it that that Magnificence that reign'd in every part of it at my departure, is not discernible at present? I see here neither Gold nor Silver, nor precious Stones. The Habit of the People is plain; and the Buildings that are Erecting are not so magnificent and full of Ornaments; the Arts languish here, and the City is become a Desert.

Says *Mentor*, smiling upon him, Have you observ'd the Conditions of the Country round about this City? Yes, reply'd *Telemachus*, I see Husbandry

Repute every where,  
 and the Fields are clear'd and man-  
 nured. Which is best, added Men-  
 tors, a City Proud and Magnificent,  
 with abundance of Gold and Silver,  
 with the Country round it neglected  
 and barren; or a City mean in its  
 Ornaments and modest in its Man-  
 ners, with Fields about it cultivated  
 and fruitful? A great City of Ar-  
 tificers employ'd in soft Arts which  
 corrupt the Manners of Men, by  
 engaging them in a luxurious Cour-  
 se of Life; when 'tis surrounded with  
 a Kingdom that is poor and ill cul-  
 tivated, is like a Monster whose  
 Head is of an extravagant Size, and  
 whose whole Body is extremely thin  
 and depriv'd of Nourishment; so  
 that it bears no proportion to that  
 Head. 'Tis the number of People  
 and plenty of Provisions, in which  
 the true Strength and true Riches of  
 a Kingdom consists. *Idomeneus* has  
 now a People innumerable and in-  
 defatigable in Labour, who fill the



whole Extent of his Country. His  
 whole Country is as it were but one  
 chaire City. <sup>Salentini</sup> is only the  
 Center of it, no the more the People  
 multiply, no the more, are the Fruits of  
 the Earth multiplied by their La-  
 bour. This soft sweet and peaceable  
 Multiplication augments his Kings-  
 dom more than a Conquest. Only  
 those superfluous Arts are rejected  
 in this City, which doer the Poor  
 from seeking the supply of their real  
 Wants from the Earth, and corrupt  
 the Rich by casting 'em into a state  
 of Bride and Softness. On Thus Ma-  
 rino is much more powerful than  
 he was when you formerly admired  
 his Magnificence. That dazzling  
 Splendor hid under it a Weakness and  
 Misery, which would soon have  
 overturn'd his Empire; Now he has  
 a greater number of Men, who pro-  
 vides for 'em more easily; these Men  
 who are accusom'd to Labour and  
 to a hard labour generous contempt  
 of Life; by the Love they bear to  
 blood

good

good Laws, & are always ready to  
 fight to defend those Lands which  
 their own Hands have Cultivated  
 This State, which you suppose un-  
 der a declension, will soon become  
 the Wonder of *Hesperia* & *Rethenia*.  
 O *Telmachos*, that two Things  
 are very pernicious in the Govern-  
 ment of Nations, & scarce ever  
 admit a Remedy. The first is an  
 unjust and too violent Authority in  
 Kings; the other is Luxury, which  
 corrupts the Manners of the People.  
 When Kings accustom themselves  
 to know no other Laws but their  
 own Will, and compound no restraint  
 but their Passions, they may do any  
 thing, but by this Power of doing  
 any Thing, they weaken the Founda-  
 tion of their Authority, & they have  
 no certain Rule remaining, nor any  
 Maxims of Government. Every  
 one strives to exceed others in flatter-  
 ing them. Thus they lose their  
 People, and have nothing left them  
 but Slaves. Who shall tell on that  
 boog bold?

Bold Truth that may set Bounds to  
 this Torrent. Every thing gives  
 away to it. The wisest Men fly,  
 and hide themselves, and fight in secret.  
 Nothing less than a sudden and vi-  
 olent Revolution can bring back this  
 exorbitant Power into its natural  
 Channel. Nay, often times the  
 Blow that is design'd to regulate it,  
 overthrows it Irrecoverably. No-  
 thing so much menaces a fatal Fall  
 as an Authority which is push'd too  
 far; 'tis like a Bow too much bent,  
 which at last breaks all to pieces,  
 if it be not slacken'd. But who shall  
 dare to slacken this overstrain'd Pow-  
 er? *Monarch* lov'd Justice with  
 all his Heart; yet by this so flatter-  
 ing Authority, he had been over-  
 run'd from his Throne; and would  
 still have remain'd under the Power  
 of the same Delusion, had not the  
 Gods sent me here to unsiege him  
 about this blind and extravagant  
 Power, which does not agree with  
 the State of Men. Nay, there were  
 some

some kinds of Miracles necessary to  
 open his Eyes. The other almost  
 incurable Mischief is Luxury. As  
 too great an Authority poysons  
 Kings, Luxury poysons a whole  
 Nation. 'Tis commonly said that  
 Luxury serves to Feed the Poor at  
 the charge of the Rich; as if the  
 Poor could not get their Living  
 more profitably in increasing the  
 Fruits of the Earth, without render-  
 ing the Rich effeminate, by refining  
 voluptuous Arts. Thus a whole  
 Nation accustoms it self to look upon  
 the most superfluous Things as the  
 Necessaries of Life; and new Ne-  
 cessaries of this kind are invented  
 every Day. Men can't tell how to  
 Live without Things that were  
 quite unknown thirty Years ago;  
 This Luxury they call the *Bon goût*,  
 the perfection of Arts. This Polite-  
 ness of a Nation, this Vice which  
 draws so many others after it, is  
 commended as a Vertue, and spreads  
 its Contagion down to the very  
 Mob.

Job. <sup>21</sup> The nearest Relations of the  
 King are willing to imitate his Ma-  
 jesticnes, and the middle sort would  
 gain equal share of great Quality,  
 for <sup>22</sup> who is it that is willing to do  
 himself Justice? The lowest Rank of  
 Men desire to pass for the Middle  
 sort, and every one does more than  
 he is able, some for Ostentation, and  
 to make a show of their Wealth;  
 others from a foolish Shame, and to  
 conceal their Poverty: Even those  
 who are wise enough to condemn  
 so great a Disorder, are not so wise  
 as to dare to begin to stem the Tide,  
 and to give contrary Examples. A  
 whole Nation runs to Ruin, all con-  
 ditions and ranks of Men are con-  
 founded, the passionate Desire of  
 acquiring Riches to support a vain  
 Expence, corrupts the purest Minds,  
 And nothing is sought for but how  
 to become Rich. How to obtain this  
 End, Men Borrow, Cheat, and use  
 a Thousand unworthy Artifices.  
 But who shall remedy these Mis-  
 chiefs?



chiefs? The Beliefs and Habits of a  
 whole Nation must be chang'd, new  
 Laws must be given them; and who  
 shall attempt this? Unless the King  
 be so much of a Philosopher as to  
 know how by the pattern of his  
 own Moderation to cover all such  
 with Shame who love a pompous  
 Expence; and to encourage the Pru-  
 dent, who are glad to be author-  
 ized in an honourable way of Fru-  
 gality: Every thing will be conceal their Poverty:

*Telemachus* hearing this Discourse,  
 was like a Man just waking from  
 a profound Sleep: He conceiv'd the  
 Truth of these Things, and they  
 were deeply impress'd on his Heart;  
 by *Mentor's* Words; as a skilful Scul-  
 ptuary cuts what Liniments he pleases  
 on a piece of Marble, so that they  
 gave him Affection, Life and Mo-  
 tion. He answer'd nothing, but  
 resolv'd in his Mind all that he had  
 been hearing. His Eyes ran over  
 the Things that had been alter'd in  
 the City; in fine, he said to *Mentor*,  
 chiefs? you

you have made *Idomeneus* the wisest  
 of all Kings; I now neither know  
 him nor his People. Nay, I confess  
 that what you have done here is  
 infinitely greater than all the Victo-  
 ries we have been Winning. Chance  
 and Strength have a great share in  
 the Successes of War; and these  
 Successes are always Mischievous and  
 Odious. But what I see here is all  
 of it the Work of a celestial Will-  
 dom; all is sweet, all is pure, all is  
 lovely, all discovers an Authority  
 more than Humane. When Men  
 have a Mind to Glory, why do  
 they not seek it, in thus applying  
 their Minds to do Good? How  
 little do they understand what solid  
 Glory means, who hope to acquire  
 it in ravaging the Earth, and pour-  
 ing out humane Blood? *Mentor* dis-  
 play'd a sensible joy in his Face to  
 find *Telamachus* so happily undeceived  
 about his Achievements and Victo-  
 ries, at an Age in which it was  
 so natural for him to be intoxicated  
 with

with the Glory that surrounded him.

After this, Mentor added.

True, all you see here is good and laudable; but know that 'tis possible to do yet better things, than these.

*Idomeneus* governs his Passions, and applies himself to regulate his People;

yet he does not fail to commit a great many Faults still, which are the un-

happy Consequences of his Ancient Mistakes.

When Men have a Mind to forsake an Evil, this Evil seems

still to pursue 'em for a long time; Evil Habits, a weak Temper, in-

veterate Errors, and almost incurable Prejudices still attend 'em.

Happy are they who have never thus wander'd, they may be able to do good, after a more perfect manner.

*O Telemachus*, the Gods will require more of you than of *Idomeneus*.

Be-cause you have been acquainted with the Truth from your Youth, and

have never been deliver'd up to the seductions of too great Prosperity.

*Idome-*

Wise and Sagacious, but he applies  
 himself too much to the Devil, and  
 does not enough meditate on the Busi-  
 ness of his Affairs. That Capacity of  
 Governing, which is more than Hu-  
 mane, does not consist in doing all  
 on's self. 'Tis a gross piece of Van-  
 ity, to hope by this means to ob-  
 tain one's end; or to endeavour to  
 persuade the World, one is capable  
 of it. A King ought to Govern by  
 choosing and conducting those who  
 govern under him; he is not to de-  
 scend into every particular Matter;  
 this is to discharge the Function of  
 those whose business it is to labour  
 under him. He ought only to take  
 of 'em an Account of these things;  
 and to know enough of 'em, to be  
 able to enter into the Account with  
 Judgment. There is a wonderful  
 Art in Governing by choosing, and  
 applying those that are under one's  
 Government, according to their se-  
 veral Talents; by Judging of 'em  
 against

Correct-

Correcting, tempering, Moderating, and  
 and inspiring them with good Con-  
 duct. For a Prince to go about to  
 Examine every thing himself, is to  
 be very Distract, Tittleness of Mind  
 and a Jealousie about means and in-  
 dures Matters, which consumes that  
 Time and Liberty of Mind which  
 is necessary for great Things. For  
 forming great Designs, there is need of  
 a free and sedate Mind; so as to be  
 able to think at one's ease in an entire  
 disengagement from all Disputes  
 and perplexing Affairs. A Mind  
 exhausted by the detail of Things,  
 is like the Lees of Wine, which is  
 void both of Strength and Pleasure.  
 They who govern by the de-  
 tails are always determined by the  
 present, without extending their  
 Views to a distant Future; they  
 are always taken up with the Affair  
 of the present Day, and that Affair  
 alone possesses them, they are too  
 much impress'd by it; for there is  
 no passing a sound Judgment on  
 Things



Things without comparing 'em all together, and placing 'em in a certain Order, that their Connexion and Proportion may be seen. To omit to follow this Rule in Government, is to be like a Musician who should content himself in finding harmonious Sounds, and never give himself the trouble to Unite and Connex 'em together, to compose sweet and ravishing Musick. Or like an Architect that thinks his business done, provided he heap great Pillars, and abundance of new Stones together, without thinking of the Order and Proportion of the Ornaments of his Building; at a time when a Parlour is to be made, he thinks not of making a suitable Stair-case; when he works on the Body of the Building, he thinks neither of the Court nor the Portal; His Work is nothing but a confus'd Collection of Magnificent Parts, which are not made one for the other, such a Work as this is far from doing him Honour,

hear, that it will prove a Monument to eternize his Shame. For it shows, That this Workman had not a sufficient Compass of Thought to conceive at once, the general Design of his whole Work, which is the Character of a short-sighted and superficial Mind. When a Man is born with a Genius limited to Particulars, he is only proper to execute Affairs under another. Make no doubt of it, O my dear Telemachus, the Government of a Kingdom requires a certain Harmony like that of Musick, and just Proportions, as well as Architecture. If you please, I will again make use of the Comparison of these Arts, and make you understand how mean those Persons are who Govern by the detail. He who in a Consort, sings only some certain Parts, tho' he sings 'em perfectly well, is no more than a Sing-er; he only who conducts the whole Consort, and at once regulates all the Parts of it, is the Master of Musick.

fide M In like manner hitherto Carves  
 Pillars, or raises one side of a Build-  
 ing, is but a Carver or Mason, but  
 he only who contrives this whole Ex-  
 edifice, and has all its proportions in  
 his Head is the Architect; so those  
 who are labouring and making Dis-  
 patches, and do the most Business,  
 are such as Govern the least, and they  
 are but the fabrick Workmen.  
 The true Genius that conducts a  
 State, is he who while he does no-  
 thing himself, causes every thing to  
 be done; who Thinks, who De-  
 signs, who sees what is future, who  
 reflects on what is past, who dispo-  
 ses, and proportions all things, who  
 makes early Preparations, who in-  
 cessantly makes head against, and  
 grapples with the Obstructions which  
 Fortune throws in his Way, as a  
 Swimmer stems a swift Torrent of  
 Water. Who gives attention Night  
 and Day, that he may leave nothing  
 to the disposal of Chance. Do you  
 think Teloedaba, that a great Pan-  
 sum

serv<sup>ing</sup> assiduously labours from Morn-  
 ing to Night, the most speedily to  
 expedite his Work? No, this Sla-  
 very and Subjection would extinguish  
 the Flame of his Fancy; he would  
 no longer work from a regular Get-  
 ting on; all must be done with a kind  
 of Irregularity, and by Sallies, ac-  
 cording as his Gust conducts him,  
 and his Mind excites him. Do you  
 believe that he spends his Time in  
 pounding of Colours, and preparing  
 of Pencils? No, this is the Business  
 of his Servants; and he reserves to  
 himself the Business of Thought and  
 Contrivance; he ponders on nothing  
 but, how to make bold Strokes, that  
 may give Sweetness, a Noble Air,  
 Life, and Passion to his Figures. He  
 has in his Head the Thoughts and  
 Sentiments of those Hero's he is cal-  
 l'd to represent. He is transported  
 into the Ages wherein they lived,  
 and puts himself into all the Cir-  
 cumstances that have attended 'em.  
 To this kind of Enthusiasm, he  
 must

and yet is one of the greatest  
 advantages that a King has in  
 Time, Counsel, and everything else  
 that is necessary for the Govern-  
 ment. I know how that I see the  
 Nation of France, and the Court of France  
 is so much to make a great many  
 than to make a good Prince. I know  
 while they, that the Business of  
 Kings is to think, and to make use  
 of others to labour. I shall now say but

*Tell me,* reply'd he, what I  
 comprehend all you have been say-  
 ing to me, that if Things were  
 thus manag'd, a King would be off  
 his duties, for was caring him-  
 self about the particularities of Things.  
 No, 'tis you that are deceiv'd, re-  
 plied he, that which makes  
 a Prince from being impos'd on, is  
 the General Knowledge of Govern-  
 ment. Those that have no Prin-  
 ciples to guide them in Affairs, and  
 have not a true discerning of the  
 Minds of Men, who always are  
 were, groping in the Dark, and



'tis owing to Chance, if they are  
 not mistaken. They don't so much  
 as know precisely what it is they are  
 seeking for, nor which way they ought  
 to find it: They only know how to  
 be dissident; and they sooner dis-  
 sident those that are so Honest as to  
 contradict 'em, than Deceivers that  
 flatter 'em. On the contrary, they  
 that have Principles of Government,  
 and are well skill'd in Men, know  
 what they ought to aim at, and the  
 Means to attain it; they know at  
 least in gross, whether the Persons  
 they make Use of, are proper In-  
 struments for their Designs; and  
 whether they conceive their Intenti-  
 ons so far as to be able to tend to  
 the end they propose. Besides, see-  
 ing they do not cast themselves in-  
 to perplexing *Détails*, they have  
 their Minds more free to discover  
 the Body of the Work at one View,  
 and to observe whether it advances  
 towards its Principal End; and if  
 they make any Mistakes, at least they  
 Ff can

-can scarce ever happen to be essen-  
 -tial lones, <sup>and</sup> again, they are above  
 -whole little jealousies, that are Signs  
 of a narrow Spirit, and mean Soul;  
 they very well understand, that  
 -there is no avoiding being deceiv'd  
 -in great Affairs; because 'tis neces-  
 -sary to employ Men in them, who so  
 often prove deceitful. But more  
 it may be lost by that Resolution, into  
 low high Diffidence calls a Man, than  
 it would be lost by suffering one's self  
 to be in some degree deceiv'd. He  
 is really happy who is deceiv'd only  
 in Things of mean Consideration;  
 a great one will not fail to come to  
 you off, standing that. And  
 it is this only the Mind of a great  
 Man should be concern'd about. He  
 should not be concern'd about Decit,  
 when 'tis discover'd; but 'tis ne-  
 cessary to be upon meeting  
 with former Deceit, if a Man would  
 not be really deceiv'd.

in the, says *Mentor* to *Telamachus*,  
 the Gods love you, and I pre-  
 pare you a Reign, which shall be  
 bound with Wisdom: And that you  
 see here is not so much done for the  
 Glory of *Telamachus* as for your In-  
 struction; all these wise Establish-  
 ments, that you admire in *Salamina*,  
 are but the Shadow of what you  
 shall one Day make in *Ithaca*, if  
 your Virtues answer the height of  
 your Destiny. 'Tis time for us to  
 think of going hence; *Neptuneus*  
 keeps a Vessel ready for our Return.  
 Thus *Mentor*, who regulated the Mo-  
 ments of *Telamachus*'s Life, reorga-  
 nized him to the highest pitch of Glory,  
 stay'd him only so long in each  
 Place, as was necessary to Exercise  
 his Virtue, and furnish him with  
 Experience. Upon this, *Telamachus* opened his  
 Heart to his Friend, (tho' with some  
 difficulty concerning an Inclination  
 he had, which made him regret *Sa-  
 lamina*.) You will blame me, said he,

for too easily giving way to some  
 engaging Impression or other, in the  
 Places through which I pass; but  
 my Heart would make me continu-  
 al Reproaches, if I should conceal  
 from you that I love *Antiope*, the  
 Daughter of *Idomenus*. No, my  
 dear *Mentor*, is not a blind Passion,  
 like that of which you curd me in  
 the Island of *Calypso*; I know very  
 well the depth of the Wound Love  
 made in my Soul, in the company  
 of *Eucharis*; I cannot yet pronounce  
 her Name, without a sensible trou-  
 ble; Time and Absence have not  
 been able to efface it from my Heart.  
 This fatal Experience has taught me  
 to distrust my self. But as for *Antiope*,  
 what I feel on her Account, has  
 nothing like it; 'tis not a passionate  
 Love; 'tis Judgment, 'tis Esteem,  
 'tis a Persuasion that I should be  
 happy in spending my Life with  
 her. If ever the Gods restore my  
 Father to me, and permit me to  
 chuse a Wife, *Antiope* shall be the  
 Person,

Person: that in her which moves  
 me, is her Silence, her Modesty,  
 her Reluctance, her Labour in  
 working of Wool, and Embroid-  
 ery, her Application in the whole  
 Management of her Father's House-  
 since the death of her Mother,  
 her Contempt of vain and gaudy  
 Trimmings, that Forgetfulness  
 if not Ignorance of her own Beau-  
 ty that appears in her. When  
*Homereus* commands her to lead  
 the Dances of the young Ladies  
 of Crete, at the sound of Flutes, one  
 would take her for a smiling *Venus*.  
 She is attended with so many  
 Graces. When he carries her  
 Hunting with him into the Forest,  
 she appears Majestick and Dextrous  
 at drawing the Bow like *Diana* in  
 the midst of her Nymphs; only her  
 self does not know it, while all the  
 World admires her. When she en-  
 ters into the Temples of the Gods,  
 and carries the sacred Offerings on  
 her Head in Baskets, one would



think I she were the Deity vthall sit-I  
 habites those Temples With her what  
 Peake and with what Devotion have  
 we seen Her offer Sacrifices bland  
 avert the Anger of the Gods when  
 some Faults was to be expiated nor  
 some unhappy Presage prevented  
 In fine when one leas her with a  
 Company of her Women holding  
 a golden Needle in her Hand and  
 would think *Mener* her self were  
 come upon Barch in a Homard form  
 to inspire Mankind with the most  
 Arts: She excites others to work  
 she renders tedious Labour pleasant  
 to us by the sweetness of her Voice  
 when she sings all the marvellous  
 Histories of the Gods: She surpasses  
 the most exquisite Painting by the  
 delicacy of her Embroideries: Happy  
 will that Man be whom she hear-  
 ful *Hymen* shall unite with her  
 He'll have nothing to fear, unless it  
 be to lose her, and survive her: My  
 dear *Mener*, I here take the Gods to  
 witness that I am ready to be gone

I shall live ~~as long as I live~~ but shall not ~~return~~ my return  
 to ~~liberty~~ one moment. If another  
 should enjoy her, I should pass the  
 rest of my Days in Sorrow and Bit-  
 terness. But in fine, I am resolv'd  
 to leave her, tho' I know Absence  
 may make me lose her. I am in-  
 willing I to declare my Love either  
 to her, or to her Father; because  
 I think I ought to mention but to  
 none but you, till he ~~shall~~ ascend  
 his Throne, and give me his Con-  
 sent. You may know by all this,  
 my dear ~~Mentor~~, how different this  
 Inclination of mine is from that Pas-  
 sion with which you saw me blind-  
 ed for ~~Bathia~~. ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~History~~ of the Gods  
 of ~~Tetemach~~, reply'd ~~Mentor~~, I  
 grant there is a difference. ~~and~~  
 is mild, sincere and wise; her hands  
 disdain not to labour; she foresees  
 Things at a great distance; she  
 makes Provision for every Thing;  
 she knows how to be silent, and  
 acts regularly without Precipitation;

she is continually employ'd but never  
 embarrassed, because she does every  
 thing to good purpose. The good  
 Order of her Father's House is her  
 Glory, and is a greater Ornament to  
 her than her Beauty it self, tho' the  
 Care and Burden of all lies upon  
 her, so that she reproves, refuses,  
 and leaves as she pleases; (things  
 which make almost all other Wo-  
 men hated) she has render'd her self  
 amiable to the whole House: 'tis be-  
 cause they find in her, neither Ra-  
 son, nor Caprice, nor Levity, nor  
 Humour, as in other Women: She  
 knows how to make her self under-  
 stood only with a glance of her Eye  
 and every one is afraid to displease  
 her. The Orders she gives are Ex-  
 presses, and she commands nothing  
 but what may be perform'd: she  
 reproves with kindness, and even  
 encourages to do well in the time of  
 her Reproof. The Heart of her Fa-  
 ther rests upon her: as a Traveller  
 upon whose Head the Rays of the  
 Sun

soon have long beaten with violence  
 and sweet Repose upon the tender  
 bosom. You are in the light, and  
 I am in the dark. I treasure wor-  
 thy names, and I treasure your  
 Countries, but MIND is never deck'd  
 with vain Ornaments any more than  
 her Body; her Fancy, tho' full of  
 variety, is restrain'd by her Discre-  
 tion; she never speaks but when  
 'tis necessary, and when she opens  
 her Mouth, her Language, and the  
 Graces, in their native Simplicity,  
 flow from her Lips. When she  
 speaks, every body else is silent; the  
 her self shines, and could find in  
 her heart to suppress what she was  
 about to say, when she perceives  
 with what Attention she is heard.  
 For our parts, we have scarce heard  
 her speak. You may remember, Pe-  
 trarch, when her Father one day  
 made her come in, how she appear'd  
 with her Eyes toward the Ground  
 cover'd with a large Vail, and only  
 spoke to moderate the Anger of her  
 aunt

when he was about to be  
 met a rigorous Punishment on  
 of his Slaves. At first he took part  
 with him in his Trouble; then the  
 calm'd him, at last he made him  
 understand what might be alleg'd  
 in excuse of the poor Wretch; and  
 without letting the King know he  
 was too much transported with Pal-  
 lion, he inform'd him with senti-  
 ments of Justice and Compassion.  
 There when the Carcles and Ver-  
 does not appeale the Floods with  
 more sweetness. Thus Antiope with-  
 out assuming any Authority, and  
 without making a show of her  
 Charms, will one day manage the  
 Heart of her Husband; as she now  
 touches her Lyre, when she would  
 draw from it the softest harmonious  
 Sounds. Once again, I tell you, Te-  
 lemachus, your Love to her is reason-  
 able and just, the Gods design her  
 for you. You love her with a ra-  
 tional Affection, but you must wait  
 till *Ulysses* grant her to you. I com-  
 mend



mind you for not having discover'd  
 your sentiments to her: and know  
 that if you had by the by taken oc-  
 casion to let her know your De-  
 signs, she would have rejected 'em  
 and pleas'd to have had a value for  
 you: She will never promise her  
 self to any one, but will leave her  
 self to the Disposal of her Father:  
 she will never be married to any  
 one who does not fear the Gods, and  
 who does not demean himself ac-  
 cording to all the strictest Rules of  
 Decency. Have you not observ'd  
 as well as I, that she glances her  
 Eyes less, and inclines 'em toward  
 the Ground more since our return?  
 She knows all the Successes that has  
 attended you in War: she is not  
 ignorant of your Birth, or of your  
 Adventures, I or of all that the Gods  
 have confer'd on you: and 'tis this  
 that renders her so modest and re-  
 serves. Come, let us go, *Telemachus*,  
 let us go toward *Ithaca*; there now  
 remains nothing more for me to do  
 for

These words, which with an impatient de-  
 sire of returning home, he said. The  
 vessel was ready, and he had taken  
 care to cause it to be prepared for  
 him presently after his Arrival. But  
 Laertes, who could not without  
 a great deal of reluctance, see him  
 prepare for his Voyage, fell into a  
 mortal sorrow, and a deplorable  
 Melancholy, when he saw these  
 two Guests, who had been so use-  
 ful to him, about to forsake him.  
 He shut himself up in the most se-  
 cret Apartments of his House, where  
 he gave vent to his Grief in sighing  
 and pouring out Floods of Tears;

he forgot to Eat and Sleep could  
 no longer charm his pining Sor-  
 rows; he confus'd and blind away  
 in this uncac'd Condition, like a  
 giant Tree, whose Boughs are large  
 and thick, when a Worm begins to  
 gnaw the Stalk of it in those five  
 Channels, which convey the Sap to  
 nourish all the Parts of it: This  
 Tree which the Winds could never  
 shatter, and which the fruitful  
 Earth was pleas'd to nourish in her  
 Bosom; which was never wounded  
 by the Country-man's Axe, cannot  
 chuse but languish, while the cause  
 of its decay remains undiscover'd;  
 his wither'd and stript of its Leaves  
 that were its Glory and Ornament;  
 it has nothing now to show but its  
 Trunk cover'd with a Bark full  
 of Chaps and Flaws, together with  
 dry and sapless Branches: Thus  
 was it with Idomeneus in his Sorrow.  
 Telemachus was melted, but durst  
 not speak to him; he fear'd the day  
 of his Departure; he sought pre-  
 texts

texts to retard it, and would have  
 continued for a considerable time in  
 this uncertainty. I had not *Master*  
 spoken to him after this manner, I  
 am glad, says he, to see you so much  
 alter'd. You were naturally rigid  
 and haughty, not suffering your self  
 to be mov'd by any thing but your  
 own Interest and Advantage; but  
 you are at length become humane;  
 and the experience of your own  
 Misfortunes makes you begin to  
 Sympathize with others under like  
 Circumstances. Without this Com-  
 passion a Man has neither Vertue  
 nor Goodness, nor Capacity to go-  
 vern Men: but you must not push  
 it too far, so as to fall into a weak  
 sort of Friendship. I would wil-  
 lingly speak to *Idomeneus*, to en-  
 gage him to consent to your De-  
 parture: and would spare you  
 the trouble of so perplexing a Dis-  
 course: but I would not have an  
 unbecoming Shame and Rudeness  
 bear the sway in your Mind; you  
 ought

ought to use your self to mix Courage and柔懦 of Mind with a tender and sensible Friendship; you ought to be afraid of afflicting Men without necessity; you should share high with them their Troubles when you can't avoid making 'em uneasy; and moderate that Blow the most you can, which is impossible for you entirely to spare. 'Tis to give such an Alleviation to the Grief of Idomeneus, and woe'd Telemachus, that I should choose to have him know the time of our departure from your Mouth, rather than from mine. To which Mentor immediately return'd. You are under a mistake, my dear Telemachus. You are like the Children of Kings who are tenderly brought up in Purple; they would have every thing done after their own Fashion, and would have Nature entirely yield Obedience to their Humors, and yet have not Courage enough to oppose any one to his Face. 'Tis not that they

care



this so much, for Mankind perceiveth  
 that they have for much Godli-  
 ness been afflicted with afflictions, and  
 that they do in some of their own  
 vanities. They are not willing to  
 see such and such things. Their  
 ignorance and blindness. The Trou-  
 ble and Miseries of Men do not  
 afflict them, provided they are not  
 before their Eyes, or find it in their  
 Face; for Disguises of such Subje-  
 cts give them Trouble and Uneasiness.  
 To please them they most ways be  
 told that every thing goes well; and  
 while they are surrounded with  
 Pleasures, they are not willing to  
 see or hear any thing that may inter-  
 rupt their Mirth. If there be occa-  
 sion to reprove, or to correct any one  
 to oppose the Pretensions and Passi-  
 ons of a troublesome Man, they will  
 rather give Commission to another  
 to do it, than speak themselves with  
 a foolish readiness of Mind. On  
 such Occasions they would be ready  
 to suffer the most unjust Favours to  
 be

be extorted from 'em, and would  
 spend the most important Affairs, for  
 want of knowing how to determine  
 against the Sentiments of those Men  
 whom they have so often despised.  
 This Weakness which has found not  
 'em, but Every one who is thinking  
 only how to make an improvement  
 of our Selves. They possess and improve  
 'em; they weary 'em off; and forced  
 to do so. Again they flatter  
 and extol 'em to the Stars, to in-  
 sure themselves the better of  
 when they are become their Confi-  
 dents. And no plac'd near 'em in  
 Employ of some considerable  
 them, they lead 'em a great way  
 they impose the Yoke on 'em; un-  
 der which they Groan, and which  
 they would often shake off, but are  
 forc'd to bear as long as they live.  
 They are so jealous of their Autho-  
 rity, that they can't endure to be  
 thought to be govern'd by others;  
 but in reality are always under ma-  
 nagement; and indeed they know  
 not

not how to be without it. For they  
 are like those feeble Vines, which  
 are not able to support themselves,  
 and therefore always twist them-  
 selves about the Trunk of some  
 great Tree. I cannot suffer you to  
 fall into this Snare,  
 which renders a Man so weak for  
 Government. You who are to con-  
 sider as not to dare to speak to *Idam-  
 ear*, will be no longer touch'd with  
 his Sorrows, when you are once got  
 out of *Salentum*. 'Tis not so much  
 his Trouble that softens you, as 'tis  
 his Presence that embarrasses you;  
 Go speak to *Idamear*, and let him on  
 this Occasion be resolv'd and stan-  
 der at the same time. Let him know  
 the Trouble you feel in parting from  
 him; but let him know at the same  
 time by the decisive tone of your  
 Voice, the necessity of your depar-  
 ture. *Idamear* will neither any longer  
 oppose *Idamear*, nor go to *Idam-  
 ear*; he was ashamed of his Fear,  
 and

and yet had not the Courage to surmount it; he hesitated, made a step or two, and then return'd immediately to alledge to Mentor some new reason of delay. But Mentor's Look alone depress'd him of Speech, and made all his vain Pretences disappear. And as this, says Mentor smiling, the great Conqueror of the Danuvius? The Deliverer of the great Hesperia? The Son of the wise Ulysses, who is to be the Oracle of Greece after him? Who knows not how to tell Idomeneus, that he can no longer defer his return into his Country, so see his Father & ye People of Ithaca, how miserable will you one Day be, if you have a King, whose Mind is under the Dominion of an unbecoming Shame, and who will sacrifice his greatest Interests to his Weaknesses in matters of the smallest Consequence! See Telemachus, what a difference there is between Valour in the Field, and Courage in the Court. And You have not fear'd the Arms

Arms of *Marston*, and yet you are  
 now afraid of the Sorrows of *Marston*.  
 This is that which *Julius* and  
*Antony* Princes who have done the  
 greatest Feats, after they have ap-  
 peared to be Heroes in War, they  
 find themselves the meanest of  
 Men on common Occasions, where-  
 in others support themselves with  
 Vigour. *Telemachus* convinced of  
 the Truth of these Words, and  
 spurred on with this Reproach, went  
 on hastily, and would no longer  
 give ear to his Affections. But he  
 was scared come into the Room  
 where *Menelaus* was sitting, with  
 dejected Eyes, languishing and over-  
 whelmed with Sorrow, but they  
 were both afraid of each other. They  
 durst not look on one another: they  
 understood one another without say-  
 ing any thing, and each was afraid  
 that the other would break Silence:  
 both of 'em fell a Weeping, and in  
 fine, *Menelaus* pressed with excels of  
 Sorrow, cried out, To what purpose



is Vertue fought after, if the World  
 requires those that Love her? And  
 for my Weakness is remonstrated to  
 me, I am forsaken. If I must  
 fall back into all my Mis-  
 fortunes. Speak, no more to these  
 Governing well. I am not able to  
 do it. I am weary of Men. What  
 will you go *Telemachus*? Your  
 Father is Dead. You in vain seek  
 after him. *Isaac* is become a Prey  
 to your Enemies, they'll destroy you  
 if you return thither: you'll find  
 that one or other of them has married  
 your Mother. Continue here, and  
 Reign with me: at least leave *Alas*  
 with me: who is my only sup-  
 port. Speak, answer me. I know  
 how harden your Heart, have pity on  
 the most miserable Man in the  
 World. What do you say, nothing?  
 Ah! I very well perceive how much  
 the Gods are to me. I feel it even  
 more severely than I did in *Go*  
 when I was so unhappy as to pierce  
 my own Son.

At last *Telemachus* answer'd with  
 a disturb'd and timorous Voice, I  
 am not my own, the Destinies call  
 me back into my Country. *Mentor*,  
 who has the Wisdom of the Gods,  
 commands me in their Name to be  
 gone. What would you have me  
 do? Shall I renounce my Father,  
 my Mother, and my Country,  
 which ought to be dearer to me  
 than my Life? Being Born to Roy-  
 alty, I am not destin'd to a calm and  
 sedate Life, nor to follow my own  
 Inclinations. Did you not promise  
 me to send me back to *Ithaca*? Was  
 it not upon this Promise that I fought  
 for you against *Achæus* with the  
 Confederates? 'Tis time for me to  
 think of retrieving my domestick  
 Misfortunes. The Gods, who have  
 given me to *Mentor*, have also given  
*Mentor* to the Son of *Ulysses*, to make  
 him fill up the Decrees of the Fates.  
 Would you have me lose *Mentor*,  
 after having lost every Thing else?  
 I have now neither Estate, nor Re-  
 treat,

great, nor Father, nor Mother, nor  
 Country to receive me. I have on-  
 ly a Wife and Virtuous Man left me,  
 whom the most precious Gift of Fa-  
 ther Judge your self, if I can re-  
 nounce such a Treasure: and so a-  
 bandoning self to my own Conduct.  
 No, I would sooner die. Take away  
 my Life, that does not signify much,  
 but do not take *Mentor* from me.

As *Telemachus* went on to speak,  
 his Voice grew stronger, and his  
 Timorousness vanish'd. *Idomeneus*  
 knew not what to answer, and could  
 not tell how to consent to what the  
 Son of *Ulysses* said. When he could  
 no longer speak to him, he endea-  
 vour'd, at least by his Looks and Ge-  
 stures, to move his Compassion. At  
 the same moment he saw *Mentor* ap-  
 pear, who very gravely address'd  
 himself to him in these Terms. Do  
 not afflict your self; we leave you.  
 But Wisdom which presides in the  
 Councils of the Gods, will always  
 continue with you. Only believe  
 that

that you are very Happy, *Philadelphus* has sent us hither to visit your Kingdom, and to reduce you from your Mistakes. *Philadelphus*, whom we have restor'd to you, will serve you faithfully; the Fear of the Gods, the Relish of Virtue, the Love of the People, and Compassion for the Miserable, will always Reign in his Heart. Hearke to these, and make use of him with Confidence, and without Jealousie: The greatest Service you can desire from him, is to oblige him to tell you your Faults, without any Extenuation. This is that in which the Courage of a good King consists, to seek true Friends, who may point out to him his own Defects: Provided you have this kind of Resolution, our Absence cannot hurt you, and you may live happily. But if Jealousie, which insinuates it self like a Serpent, should again find a Way to your Heart, to make you distrust the most disinterested Counsels, you are undone.

Don't

I have told *Philoetes* all that  
 he ought to do for your assistance,  
 and have caus'd him never to a-  
 bush your Confidence in him: I can  
 undertake to answer for him. The  
 Gods have given him to you, as they  
 have given me to *Telemachus*. Every  
 one ought Couragiously to follow  
 his Destiny. 'Tis to no purpose to  
 afflict your self: If ever you have  
 need of my help, after I have re-  
 stor'd *Telemachus* to his Father, and  
 his Country, I will come and see  
 you again; and what can I do that  
 can give me a more sensible Pleasure?  
 I neither seek for Riches, nor Au-  
 thority upon Earth; all that I aim  
 at is, to assist such as are enquiring  
 after Justice and Virtue: And can  
 I ever forget the Confidence you  
 have put in me, and Friendship you  
 have shewn me? At these Words,  
*Idomeneus* was quite alter'd, and  
 found



found his Mind appeas'd, and calm  
 like the Sea, when *Neptune* with his  
 Trident, quells the tumultuous  
 Waves, and scatters the blackest  
 Tempests. There only remain'd in  
 him a calm and peaceable Sorrow;  
 which was rather a tender senti-  
 ment of Regret, than a lively Passi-  
 on of Grief. Courage, Confidence,  
 Virtue, and the hope of the assist-  
 ance of the Gods began to revive  
 within him. Well then, said he,  
 my dear *Mentor*, it seems one may  
 lose every Thing, and yet not be  
 discourag'd. At least, remember *I-*  
*domeneus*, when you are arriv'd at  
*Ithaca*, where your Wisdom will  
 Crown you with Prosperity: For-  
 get not that *Salentum* was your  
 Work, and that you have left an  
 Unfortunate King there, who has  
 no Hope but in you: Farewell, O  
 worthy Son of *Ulysses*, I'll no long-  
 er detain you; I am not willing to  
 resist the Gods, who sent me so great  
 a Treasure. And Farewell *Mentor*,  
 the

the wisest and greatest of all Mankind (if indeed a Human Creature is able to do what I have seen in you, and if you are not some Deity under a borrow'd Form, to instruct Weak and Ignorant Men) Go, and conduct the Son of *Ulysses*, who is more happy in having you with him, than in having been the Conqueror of *Adrastus*: Farewel both of you, I dare speak no more, forgive my Sighs; Farewel, live, and be Happy; there now remains nothing more to me in the World, but the Remembrance that I once possess'd you. Oh pleasant Days, too happy Days! Days which I knew not how sufficiently to value; Days that have too swiftly glided away. You'l never more return. My Eyes will never again see what they now behold.

*Mentor* suppos'd this Moment to be expir'd; he embrac'd *Philocles*, who bath'd him with his Tears, without being able to Speak. Te-

*Telemachus* went to take *Mentor* by the Hand, to take him out of the Hand of *Idomeneus*; but this last pressing towards the Door, placed himself between *Mentor* and *Telemachus*. He look'd upon 'em, he sigh'd; he began to speak, but his Words were cut off in the middle, so that he could not finish a Sentence.

Confus'd Cries were heard on the Shore, which was cover'd with Seamen; these fall to handling their Ropes, and spreading their Sails. A favourable Wind begins to present. *Telemachus* and *Mentor* take their leave of the King, who accompanies them to the Harbour, keeping his Eyes fixt on 'em; and having weigh'd Anchor, the Land seems to fly from 'em: The Experienced Pilot perceives, at a distance, the *Leucæan* Mountains, whose Head hides it self in a Cloud of frozen Rime; and the *Acroceraunian* Hills, which still held up their proud Foreheads

to Heaven, tho' they have been so often torn with Thunder.

During this Voyage, *Telemachus* said to *Mentor*: methinks I now conceive the Methods of Government which you have explain'd to me; at first, they seem'd to me like a Dream, but by degrees they unfold themselves in my Mind, and present themselves clearly to me. As all Objects seem cloth'd with Darkness at the first glimmerings of *Aurora*, and afterwards seem, as it were to come out of a Chaos, when the Light that increases insensibly, distinguishes them, and restores em their natural Colours: I am perswaded that the Essential Point of Government is to discern well the different Inclinations of the Minds of Men, to know how to make a prudent choice, and apply em to Business according to their respective Talents; but I want to know how to do this. He that knows this, is able to be well skill'd in Men. To this *Mentor* an-



fwer'd. You must study Men if you  
 would know 'em ; you must Con-  
 verse and treat with 'em. They that  
 govern ought to treat with their Sub-  
 jects, to make Proof of 'em by small  
 Employments, of which they may  
 make 'em render an Account, to try  
 if they are capable of higher Fun-  
 ctions. How, my dear *Telemachus*,  
 have you learn'd in *Ithaca* so much  
 skill in Horses ? It was by often see-  
 ing 'em, and by observing both their  
 Faults and good Properties, with  
 Men that were experienced in 'em.  
 Just so you should be so often speak-  
 ing of the Good and Evil Qualities  
 of Men, with other wise and virtu-  
 ous Persons, who have long studied  
 their Qualifications. You will in-  
 sensibly learn how they are made ;  
 and what you may expect from 'em.  
 Who is it that taught you how to  
 know Good and Bad Poets ? It was  
 frequent reading, and reflection with  
 such Persons as had a right Relish  
 of Poesie, Who is it that acquir'd  
 for



for you that Judgment in Musick? It was the same Application of Mind in observing Musicians. How can any one hope to govern Men well, if he does not know 'em? and how can that be, if he never lives with 'em? To see 'em all in publick, is not to live with 'em, for on such Occasions, there is scarce any thing said on one side or other, but about indifferent Things, and such as are prepar'd with Art. The great Business is to converse with them in private; to draw from the bottom of their Souls all the secret Springs that lie conceal'd there; to handle 'em on every side, and to sound their Maxims. But to judge well of Men, a Man should begin by knowing what they ought to be. He should know what true and solid Merit is, that he may discern those that have it from such as have it not. He ought to have certain Principles of Justice, Reason, and Vertue, by which to know who are Reasonable

and Vertuous ; he should know the Maxims of a good and wise Government, that he may know the Men that have these Maxims, and those that wander from 'em through a false Subtily. In a Word, to take the Dimensions of many Bodies, one ought to have a fix'd Measure ; and in like manner to judge well, one ought to have certain Principles to which all is reducible. A Man ought to know precisely what is the Design of Humane Life, and what end ought to be propos'd in governing Men. This only and essential End, is for a Man never to desire Authority and Grandeur for himself, which only tends to gratifie a Tyrannical Pride, but to Sacrifice himself in the Infinite Cares of Government, to render Men Good and Happy. Otherwise he gropes in the Dark, and steps at a venture, through the whole Course of his Life. He goes like a Ship in a high Sea without a Pilot, which can't  
consult

and world blunder, consist the Stars, and to which all the neighbouring Coasts are unknown, and therefore cannot chosse but suffer Ship-wrack. Princes often for want of Knowledge, wherein true Virtue consists, are Ignorant of what they ought to look for in Men. True Virtue has something Rough, Austere, and Independant in it, which frights 'em; and so they turn themselves towards Flattery, and from that time they can find no Sincerity and Vertue; they soon accustom themselves to believe, that there is no such thing in reality upon Earth; for the good Men very well know Ill Men, yet these do not know the Good, and can't tell how to believe there are any such to be found. Such Princes can do nothing but distrust every one alike, they conceal themselves, and shut up their Thoughts, and entertain Jealousie on the slightest Occasions; they are afraid of Mankind, they fly the Light; and dare not appear in that posture.

posture of Mind that is Natural to 'em. Tho' they desire not to be known, they can't help being discover'd; for the malignant Curiosity of their Subjects penetrates and divines every thing: But they know no body; those interest'd Creatures that are about 'em, are extreamly pleas'd to see 'em Inaccessible to others; and delight to blacken, by infamous Reports, all who are capable of opening their Eyes, and by this means, keep 'em always at a distance from 'em. They spend their Lives in a Savage and Barbarous kind of Grandeur: While they are incessantly afraid of being deceiv'd, they are always most certainly impos'd on, and deserve so to be. When one speaks only to a small number of People, one is engag'd to receive all their Prejudices and Passions; one is at the mercy of Tale-bearers, a base and malignant Generation of Men, who live upon Venom, and poison the most innocent Things;



Things; that magnifie small Matters, and invent Evil rather than they will cease to do Mischief; that for their own Interest, play with the diffidence and unworthy Curiosity of a Weak and Jealous Prince. Inform your self therefore, O my dear *Telemachus*; inform your self of Men, Examine them, make them speak of one another; try them gradually; deliver your self into the Hands of no Man; make improvement of your Experience. When you have been deceiv'd, as sometimes you may happen to be in your Judgment; Learn by that not to Judge too hastily of any one, either in respect of Good or Evil; both are very dangerous: The Evil are too subtil not to surprize the Good by their false Glosses: Thus your past Errors will instruct you with great Advantage. When you have found any considerable Talents, and Vertue in a Man; make Use of him with Confidence. For Men of Honour,



Honour and Honesty, love to have their Integrity taken notice of; they value Esteem and Confidence above Treasures; but take care you do not spoil 'em; by giving 'em an unlimited Power; for many a one might have been a Vicious who is not so, because his Master help'd on him too much Authority and Wealth. He who is so far belov'd of the Gods, as to find in a whole Kingdom two or three true Friends, that are Men of solid Wisdom and Goodness, will, by their means, soon find other Persons that resemble 'em to fill up inferiour Places. Thus a Prince, by a few good Men whom he can trust, learns that which it was not possible for him to discern himself alone.

But is it advisable, said *Telemachus*, to Employ Ill Men, when they have good Parts; as I have so often heard it is? Yes, says *Mentor*, Necessity often requires that they should be us'd. In a Nation that is in a Ferment and Disorder; there are often

often found unjust and politick Men in Authority. They have Employments that can't be easily taken from 'em; they have acquir'd the Confidence of some powerful Persons, who ought to be carefully manag'd. These wicked Men themselves must be manag'd with Caution, because there is reason to fear 'em, since they are capable of putting all Things in confusion. 'Tis proper therefore to employ 'em for a time, but this still with a Design to render 'em useless by degrees; as for real and intimate Confidence, beware of ever placing it in them, for they may abuse it, and hold you fast by the Secrets you have committed to 'em, in spite of all you can do; this is a Chain more hard to be broken than Fetters of Iron. Make use of 'em for trivial Negotiations, treat 'em well, engage 'em by their Passions to be Faithful to you, for you'll never hold 'em any other way: But do not bring 'em into your most secret Deliberations, have some Spring al-  
ways

ways ready to move 'em at your Pleasure, but never give 'em the Key of your Heart, and the knowledge of your secret Affairs. When a State comes to enjoy Peace, and good Order, and is under the Conduct of wise and good Men that you are sure of; those ill Men that you were constrain'd to Employ, will gradually become useless; and then you should not cease to treat 'em well; for you never ought to suffer your self to be ungrateful, even to ill Men. But in treating 'em well you ought to endeavour to make 'em Good; and while you tolerate certain Faults in 'em, which may be conniv'd at in humane Frailty; those Evils nevertheless ought to be check'd which they would openly commit, if not restrained. After all, there is an Evil in the very Good that is done by ill Men; and tho this Evil often becomes inevitable, 'tis however needful to endeavour to make it cease. A wise Prince

Prince, who is pleas'd with nothing but good Order and Justice, will in time come to be able to lay aside corrupt and fraudulent Men. He'll find good Men enough of a sufficient Capacity to serve him: But 'tis not enough for him to find good Subjects in a Nation; 'tis necessary he should form such himself. This, reply'd *Telemachus*, must greatly embarrass one. Not at all, reply'd *Mentor*. Your Application in seeking for able and vertuous Men to raise 'em, excites and animates such as have Capacity and Courage, so that every one puts himself forward in vertuous Actions. How many Men are there that languish in an obscure and unactive Life, who would become great Men, if they were animated to Business by Emulation, and hope of Success? How many Men are there, who are Tempted, by their Misery and the incapacity they are in, to raise themselves by Virtue, to endeavour to advance them-



themselves by Crimes; If therefore  
 you annex Rewards and Honours to  
 Industry and Vertue, how many  
 good Subjects will conform them-  
 selves? But what a number will you  
 form, in making 'em ascend Step  
 by Step, from the lowest to the  
 highest Employments? You'll here-  
 by exercise their Talents, you'll try  
 the extent of their Understandings,  
 and the sincerity of their Vertue.  
 Those that shall be advanc'd to the  
 highest Places, will be such as have  
 been brought up under your Obser-  
 vation. You will have trac'd 'em  
 all your time; and will judge of 'em  
 not by their Words, but by the  
 whole Train of their Actions.

While *Mentor* was reasoning thus,  
 they spy'd a *Pheacian* Vessel, that  
 had put in at a small Island, which  
 was desert and wild, and encom-  
 pass'd with prodigious Rocks. And  
 now the Winds were silent, even  
 the gentle *Zephirs* seem'd to hold  
 their Breath; the whole Sea became  
 smooth



smooth like a Looking-glass; the flagging Sails could no longer animate the Vessel; the Rowers that were already tir'd, now Labour'd to little Purpose. I was therefore necessary to make Ashore on this Island, which indeed was rather a huge Rock than a Habitable Place. In other Weather less Calm, there would be no approaching it without Danger. Those *Pheacians* who waited for the Wind, appear'd no less impatient to continue their Voyage, than the *Salentines*. *Telemachus* advances towards 'em upon this craggy Shore. He asks the first he meets with, whether he had not seen *Ulysses* King of *Ithaca* in the Palace.

This Person to whom he accidentally address'd himself, was not a *Pheacian*, but an unknown Stranger, who had a majestick Air, but sad and dejected; he seem'd to be deeply musing; and scarce heard *Telemachus* his Question at first; but at length

length he thus answer'd. You are not mistaken, *Ulysses* has been received by the King, as he ought to be in a place where *Jupiter* is fear'd, and Hospitality exercised; but he is not here now, and therefore 'tis to no purpose for you to seek him here; he is gone to see *Ithaca* again, if the appeas'd Deities will at last suffer him once again to Salute his domestic Gods. This Stranger had scarce pronounced these Words with a melancholy Tone, but he threw himself into a little thick Wood that was on the top of a Rock, from whence he view'd the Sea with a sad Aspect; flying from all the Men he saw, and seeming troubled that he could not get away. *Telemachus* look'd intently on him, and the more he look'd, the more he was mov'd and astonished. This unknown Person, said he to *Mentor*, has answer'd me, like one that can't hear a Man speak to him without Pain; and seems full of Grief and

An-

Anguish. I bewail the Unfortunate, since I am so my self; and I find my Heart strongly engag'd to this Man, tho' I know not why. He has treated me rudely enough, and yet I can't choose but desire he may see the end of his Troubles. *Mentor* replied smiling, you see what the Miseries of this Life serve for; they render Princes Moderate, and sensible of other Men's Afflictions; when they have never tasted any thing but the sweet Poyson of Prosperity, they are ready to believe themselves Gods; they would have the Mountains become Plains to satisfy their Humour; they make no Account of Men; they would even sport with whole Nature; when they hear any one speak of Suffering, they know not what it means; 'tis a mere Dream to 'em; they have never seen the distance between Good and Evil. But Misfortunes alone may give 'em Humanity, and change their Hearts of Flint into  
Hearts

Hearts of Flesh; for then they feel  
 they are but Men themselves, and  
 that they ought to treat other Men  
 kindly who are like themselves. If  
 a Stranger moves your pity so much,  
 because you find him wandering on  
 this Shore like your self; how much  
 more Compassion ought you to have  
 for the People of *Ithaca*; if ye shall  
 hereafter see *Ulysses* suffer for That Peo-  
 ple whom the Gods will commit  
 to you, as a Flock to a Shepherd,  
 will perhaps become Miserable by  
 your Ambition, or Pride, or Impu-  
 dence; for the People seldom suffer  
 but by the Faults of their Kings,  
 whose Duty it is to watch over 'em,  
 to secure 'em from Misery.

While *Mentor* was speaking thus,  
*Telemachus* was overwhelmed with  
 Trouble, and at last reply'd. If all  
 this be true, the Condition of a King  
 is very Miserable. He is a Slave to  
 all those he seems to Command;  
 he is not so much made to Com-  
 mand 'em, as he is made for them;  
 he



he pays himself entirely to them; he  
 is loaded with all their Cares; he  
 is the Man to whom all the People  
 together, and every one in particu-  
 lar, has a Right; he must accom-  
 modate himself to all their Weaknesses;  
 Correct 'em like a Father, tender  
 'em like a Mother, and happy is the Autho-  
 rity he seems to have is not his own;  
 he can do nothing, either for his own  
 Glory, or his own Pleasure; his  
 Authority is that of the Laws; he  
 must obey them to give a good Ex-  
 ample to his Subjects. In a Word,  
 he is only the Defender of the Laws,  
 to make them Reign; he must  
 Watch and Labour to maintain 'em.  
 He has the least Liberty and Tran-  
 quility of any Man in his Kingdom.  
 'Tis very true, reply'd *Mentor*, a  
 King is made King only to take care  
 of his People, as a Shepherd does  
 of his Flock, or as a Father does  
 of his Family. But, my dear  
*Telemachus*, don't think it hard  
 for him to go through some  
 Trouble



Trouble to be in a capacity to do good to so many People. He Reforms ill Men by Punishments, encourages good Men by Rewards; he represents the Gods, in thus leading all sorts of Men to Vertue; has he not Glory enough in causing the Laws to be observ'd? That of setting himself above the Laws, is but a false Glory, that produces nothing but Horror and Contempt. If he be given to Vice, he can't but be miserable; for he can find no Tranquillity in his Thoughts, no real Satisfaction; if he be good, he tastes the most pure and solid of all Pleasures in labouring for Vertue, thereby expecting an eternal Recompense from the Gods.

*Telemachus* oppos'd to these Reasons, Man's Ingratitude. What, said he, to take so much Pains to gain the Love of those Men, who perhaps will never love you, and to shew Kindness to such vile Persons as will perhaps turn the Favours you

you confer on 'em against you, to do you a Mischief? *Mentor* answered, You must expect to meet with Ingratitude from Men, and yet not cease to do 'em good: You ought to serve 'em not so much for their own sake, as out of love to the Gods who command it: The good you do is never lost; if Men forget it, the Gods remember and reward it: Besides, if the Multitude be ingrateful, there are always some vertuous Men that will be affected with your Vertue; nay, the very Multitude, as changeable as they are, do not fail to do some kind of Justice to Vertue; But would you hinder Men from being ingrateful? Do not endeavour only to make 'em powerful, rich, and formidable by Arms, and happy by Pleasures; this Glory and this Plenty corrupt 'em, they will be but the more wicked, and consequently the more ingrateful; but apply your self to inform their Manners, and to inspire 'em with

[ 43 ]  
with Justice, Generosity, and  
the Gods, Humanity, Piety, Con-  
sideration, and Disinterestedness: In  
making 'em good, you'll hinder 'em  
from becoming ingrateful: You'll  
give 'em the true Good, which is  
Vertue; which if it be solid, will  
always engage 'em to him who has  
inspir'd 'em with it. Is it to be  
wonder'd at, that Men should be  
ingrateful to such Princes as never  
shew'd 'em the way to any thing  
but Injustice, Ambition, and Jeal-  
ousie, Inhumanity, Pride, and  
Treachery, against their Neigh-  
bours? A Prince ought to expect no-  
thing of 'em, but what himself has  
taught 'em. But if on the contra-  
ry he has labour'd both by his Ex-  
ample and Authority, to make 'em  
good, he'll find the Fruit of his La-  
bour in their Vertues, or at least  
he'll find enough to console him  
in his own, and in the Friendship of  
the Gods. During this Discourse,  
*Telemachus* often turn'd his Eyes to-  
ward

The Waves, and surr'd against the  
 Rocks, which were whinn'd with  
 the Force. The Ship sail'd were  
 immediately full of Wind; a  
 cloud of Smoke at the Gunmen was  
 heard on the Shore, occasion'd by  
 the warmth and impatience they  
 were in to get to Sea. That un-  
 known Person with whom Fal-  
 cons had spoken, had been sometime  
 in the midst of the Island, climbing  
 up to the Tops of the Rocks, and  
 thence viewing all the immense spa-  
 ces of the Sea, with a profound de-  
 jection of Mind. Telemaque had  
 not lost sight of him, but continu-  
 ally observ'd his Motions. In fine,  
 this Man seeing the Vessel he be-  
 long'd to ready to sail, descended  
 from those craggy Rocks with as  
 much speed and agility, as Apollo in  
 the Forests of Lycia, when he has  
 tied up his white Locks, traverses  
 the Precipices with his Arrows to

H h

pierce

pierce the Stags and wild Boars.  
 This unknown Person soon gets a-  
 board the Vessel, which cuts the  
 blackish Waters, and flies from the  
 Land. A secret Impression of Sor-  
 row seizes the Heart of *Telemachus*;  
 he afflicts himself without knowing  
 for what Reason. The Tears run  
 down from his Eyes, and nothing  
 seems so pleasant to him as Weep-  
 ing: At the same time he perceives  
 all the Mariners of *Salentum* lying  
 upon the Grails, and in a sound sleep.  
 They were weary and dispirited,  
 and sweet Sleep had insinuated it  
 self into all their Limbs: the  
 Poppies of the Night were by the  
 Power of *Minerva* strew'd upon em  
 in the middle of the Day. *Telemachus*  
 was amaz'd to see this univer-  
 sal Drowziness of the *Salentines*,  
 while the *Phenicians* were so dili-  
 gent to make their advantage of a  
 favourable Wind: But he was yet  
 more engag'd in viewing the *Phenician*  
 Ship, ready to disappear in the  
 midst



midst of the Waves, than in going  
towards the *Salentines* to waken em.  
Something on other there was that  
held his Eyes fix'd on the Vessel that  
was already parted, of which he  
could now see nothing but the Sails,  
whose Whiteness he could just dis-  
tinguish from the azure Sky. He  
is so intent, that he does not so  
much as hear *Mentor* speak to him.  
He is transported beyond himself,  
in an Exaltation like that of the *Me-  
nades*, at the Feast of *Bacchus*, when  
they hold the *Thyrus* in their hands,  
and make their frantick Cries echo  
on the Banks of the *Hebre*, and on  
Mount *Rhodopus* and *Hymarus*.

At last he recover'd himself a lit-  
tle from this sort of Enchantment,  
and the Tears again began to flow  
from his Eyes. Upon this, says  
*Mentor* to him; I don't wonder, my  
dear *Telemachus*, to see you Weep;  
the cause of your Sorrow, tho' un-  
known to your self, is not unknown  
to *Mentor*. 'Tis Nature that speaks,

and makes her self felt; 'tis she that melts your Heart. The Stranger who gave you such a lively Emotion, is no other than the great *Olysses*; he is going to *Ithaca*, and is already very near the Harbour, and at last sees again that so long desired Place. Your Eyes have seen him, as it was formerly predicted to you, but without knowing who he was. You shall soon see him and know him, and he shall know you; but now the Gods did not think fit to permit you to know one another out of *Ithaca*. His Heart was mov'd no less than yours; but he is too Wise to discover himself to any Mortal, in a Place where he might be expos'd to Treachery, and to the Pursuits of *Penelope's* Lovers. *Olysses*, of all Men, his Heart is like a deep Well, there is no drawing any of his Secrets out of it. He loves Truth, and never speaks any thing that stifles it; but he does not speak it but on those occasions, when Convenience

vengeance and Wisdom require it.  
He keeps his Lips always clos'd up  
as it were with a Seal, from utter-  
ing any useless Word. How often  
was he mov'd in speaking to you?  
How often did he put a restraint  
on himself, that he might not dis-  
cover himself to you? And what  
has he not suffer'd in seeing you?  
It was this that render'd him so sad  
and dejected.  
During this Discourse, *Telemachus*  
was so melted and troubled,  
that he could not hinder a Torrent  
of Tears from gushing out; his  
Sighs prevented him for a time from  
returning an Answer. At last he  
cry'd out, Alas! my dear *Mentor*,  
I found something powerful (which  
I can't tell how to utter) in that  
Stranger which attracted me to him,  
and made an Emotion in all my  
Bowels: Why did you not tell me  
before he went away, that it was  
*Ulysses*, seeing you knew him? Why  
did you let him go without speak-

ing to him, and without signifying  
 that you knew him? What is the  
 Mystery of this? Shall I always be  
 unhappy? Will the provok'd Gods  
 hold me still in snare, like thirsty  
*Tantalus*, who is amus'd and flatter'd  
 by the deceitful Water, which still  
 glides away from his Lips? O *Ulysses*!  
 have you escap'd me  
 for ever? Perhaps I shall never see  
 you more: Perhaps *Penelope's* Lo-  
 vers will take him by the Ambushes  
 they prepar'd for me. If I had fol-  
 low'd him, I had at least died with  
 him. O *Ulysses*! O *Ulysses*! if no  
 Storm dashes you again against some  
 Rock, (for I have every thing to  
 fear from adverse Fortune) I trem-  
 ble lest when you arrive at *Ithaca*,  
 your Lot should be as fatal as that  
 of *Agamemnon* at *Mycene*. But why,  
 dear *Mentor*, did you envy my Hap-  
 piness? I should now have been em-  
 bracing him, I should have been al-  
 ready with him in the Port of *Itha-  
 ca*; and we should have fought  
 together



together to conquer all our Enem-  
 ies. Says Mentor, smiling; 'Tis to ex-  
 ercise your Patience that the Gods  
 Hold you thus in suspense: You look  
 upon this time as lost, but know  
 that 'tis the most useful part of your  
 whole Life, for it exercises you in  
 that Vertue, which of all others is  
 the most necessary for such as are  
 to Govern. You must Be Patient,  
 if you would become Master of your  
 self, and of others. Impatience, which  
 seems to be the force and vigour of  
 the Soul, is but a Weakness: He  
 that knows not how to wait and  
 suffer, is like him that knows not  
 how to keep a Secret in his Breast;  
 both of 'em want strength and firm-  
 nesses of Mind to restrain themselves;  
 as a Man who runs along in a Cha-  
 riot, and has not a hand strong e-  
 nough to stop his fiery Couriers  
 when he should, so that they no  
 longer obey the Bridle, but run  
 down a Precipice, and the weak  
 together



Man that cannot check 'em is dash-  
 ed in pieces by the Fall. Thus  
 an impatient Man is hurried along,  
 by his wild and furious Desires into  
 an Abyss of Miseries; the greater  
 his Power is, the more fatal is his  
 Impatience to him; he'll wait for  
 nothing, he will not give himself  
 Time to take any Measures; he  
 forces all Things, to satisfy his  
 Wishes. He breaks the Boughs to  
 gather the Fruit before it's Ripe.  
 He breaks down the Gates rather  
 than to wait till they are open'd;  
 he will needs Reap, when the  
 wife Husband-man is Sowing.  
 All he does in haste is ill done, and  
 can have no longer duration than his  
 volatile Desires. Such as these, such  
 as these are the senseless Projects of  
 that Man who thinks he is able to do  
 every Thing; and who gives him-  
 self up to his Desires to abuse his  
 Power. 'Tis to teach you to be  
 Patient, my dear *Telemachus*, that  
 the Gods exercise your Patience so  
 much.

- *Sucher* in The Good you hope for  
 shows it. Left to you, and flies from  
 you like a fleeting Dream which  
 vanishes as soon as a Man awakes;  
 then show you that the very Things  
 you think you possess in your Hands,  
 may escape you in an Instant. The  
 briefest Lessons you can have from  
 the Mouth of *Ulysses* will not be  
 so useful to you as his long absence,  
 and the Troubles you undergo in  
 seeking him. *Telemachus* heard all this with a  
 Mind full of Anguish; he look'd  
 upon the Sea, but could no longer  
 see the *Phœnician Ship*. Then he turn'd  
 his Eyes, flowing with Tears, to-  
 ward *Mentor* who was speaking to  
 him, when all on a sudden he per-  
 ceiv'd *Mentor* take a new Form. The  
 Wrinkles of his Forehead vanish'd,  
 as the Shades of Night disappear  
 when *Aurora* with her rosy Fringes  
 opens the Gates of the East, and in-  
 flames the whole Horizon. His  
 hollow and austere Eyes became  
 clear.

Blew

Blew and full of heavenly Sweet-  
 nels, and thine with a divine Flame;  
 His gray and neglected Beard chap-  
 pell'd; and noble and majestick Li-  
 nedaments mix'd with Sweetness and  
 Grace presented themselves to Te-  
 stify his wondering Eyes. He  
 saw a Woman's Countenance with  
 a Complexion finer than that of a  
 tender Flower when newly Blown  
 before the Sun. He saw the white  
 of Lillies mix'd with the red of  
 blooming Roses, and an eternal  
 Youth with a simple and unaffected  
 Majesty flourishing on this heav-  
 enly Countenance. The Sweet Scent  
 of Ambrosia spread it self from the  
 flowing Hairs of this glorious Per-  
 son, whose Garments shinn'd like  
 those lively Colours with which the  
 rising Sun paints the gloomy Arches  
 of Heaven, and the Clouds when  
 he has been gilding them. His  
 Dory did not let a Foot upon the  
 Ground, but lightly glided along  
 through the Air, as a Bird cleaves

it

it with its Wings. In her Hand she  
 held a glittering Spear, capable of  
 making the most warlike Cities and  
 Nations tremble. *Mars* himself  
 would have been Terrified at it: her  
 Voice was sweet and moderate, but  
 strong and insinuating; all her Words  
 were so many Darts of Fire, that  
 pierc'd the Heart of *Telemachus*,  
 and made him feel a strange kind of  
 delicious Sorrow. Upon her Helmet  
 appear'd the mournful Bird of  
*Athena*; and on her Breast there  
 shined a formidable Breast-plate.  
 By these Marks *Telemachus* knew it  
 was *Minerva*.  
 O Goddess, says he, 'tis you then  
 your self who have daign'd to con-  
 duct the Son of *Ulysses* for his Fa-  
 ther's sake. He would have added  
 more, but his Voice fail'd him: his  
 Lips in vain endeavour'd to ex-  
 press those Thoughts, that came  
 with Impetuosity from his Mouth,  
 and from the very bottom of his  
 Heart. The Presence of a Deity  
 over-



overwhelm'd him; so that he was  
like a Man in a Dream, oppress'd  
to that degree, that he looses Re-  
spiration, and cannot form a Voice  
by which the terrible Agitation of  
his Lips.

In this, *Minerva* pronounc'd these  
Words, O Son of *Ulysses*, hearken  
to me this last time: I never in-  
structed any Mortal with so much  
Wisdom as I have done you: I have  
led you by the Hand through Ship-  
wracks, unknown Countries, Bloo-  
dy Wars, and all the hard Adven-  
tures that can terrify the Heart of  
Man; I have by sensible Experien-  
ces, shewn you the true and false  
Maxims by which you may Reign:  
Your Faults have been no less use-  
ful to you than your Misfortunes;  
for where is the Man who can go-  
vern wisely, if he has never suf-  
fer'd any Hardship, or has never  
gain'd any thing by his Sufferings,  
into which his Faults have precipi-  
tated Him? You, as well as your  
Father



Father have fill'd Sea and Land  
 with your terrible Adventures;  
 Go, you are now worthy to follow  
 his Steps; there remains nothing  
 more but an Easie passage for you in  
 to *Abaca*, where your Father is this  
 very moment arriving: Go, fight un-  
 der him, with as much Obedience as  
 the meanest of his Subjects; and there-  
 by give others a good Example. He'll  
 procure *Antiope* for your Bride, and  
 you shall be happy with her; for ha-  
 ving sought her for her Wisdom and  
 Virtue more than for her Beauty.  
 When you come to Reign, make it  
 all your Glory to renew the Golden  
 Age: Hear every body, believe ve-  
 ry few, have a care of believing your  
 self too much; be afraid of imposing  
 on your self; but never fear to let  
 others see you have been mistaken.  
 Love your People, forget nothing  
 that may engage 'em to love you.  
 Fear is necessary when Love is want-  
 ing; but it always should be made  
 use of with regret, as violent and  
 dangerous

dangerous Remedies are; always  
 consider at a distance, all the Con-  
 sequences of what you are about to  
 undertake. Endeavour to foresee all  
 the most terrible Inconveniencies;  
 and know, that true Courage con-  
 sists in discovering all Dangers, and  
 in despatching them, when they be-  
 come unavoidable. He that is not  
 willing to see them, has not Cou-  
 rage enough calmly to forbear the  
 sight of 'em. He that takes a view  
 of them, and avoids all that can  
 be avoided; and breaks through all  
 the rest without a troublesome  
 Emotion of Mind, is the only  
 Wise and Magnanimous Man. A-  
 void Luxury, Pride, and Flattery;  
 let your Glory consist in sincerity;  
 let your Virtues, and good Works,  
 be the Ornament of the Person, and  
 of the Palace; let 'em be the  
 Guard to surround you; and let all  
 the World learn from you, where-  
 in true Happiness consists. Never  
 forget that Kings do not Reign for  
 their

their own own Glory, but for the  
 Good of the People: The Good  
 they do, reaches even to the remo-  
 test Ages, and the Evil they do,  
 multiplies from Generation to Ge-  
 neration, even to the latest Posteri-  
 ty. Fear the Gods, *Talmachar*,  
 this Fear is the Greatest Treasure  
 of the Heart of Man: it will be  
 attended with Wildom, Justice,  
 Peace, Joy, refin'd Pleasures, true  
 Liberty, sweet Plenty, and spotless  
 Glory.  
 I now leave you, O Son of *U-  
 lysses*, but my Wildom shall never  
 leave you; provided you always  
 remain sensible, that you can do no-  
 thing without it: 'tis time for you  
 now to go alone. I parted from  
 you in *Phenicia*, and at *Salentum*,  
 only to use you to be without the  
 Pleasure of my Company; as they  
 wean Children, when 'tis time to  
 deprive 'em of Milk, to feed 'em  
 with solid Aliment. No sooner had  
 the Goddess finished this Discourse,  
 but

but she mounted into the Air, and  
 wrapt her self in a Cloud of Gold  
 and Azure, in which she disap-  
 pear'd. *Telemachus* sigh'd, was struck  
 with Wonder, and in an Extracie,  
 prostrated himself on the Ground;  
 he lifted up his Hands to Heaven,  
 and recovering himself, went to  
 his Company and awaken'd them,  
 hasten'd away, and arriv'd at *Itha-*  
*ca*, where he found his Father with  
 the Faithful *Eumænia*.

**FINIS.**

